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ROGERS

AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

VOL. II.

ROGERS

AND

HIS CONTEMPORARIES

BY

P. W. CLAYDEN

AUTHOR OF 'SAMUEL SHARPE, EGYPTOLOGIST ETC.'
'THE EARLY LIFE OF SAMUEL ROGERS'
ETC.

7433

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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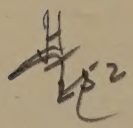

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The Second Part of Rogers's 'Italy' was published in 1828. He had not put his name to the First Part, which had been issued in 1822, but there had been no concealment of the authorship of the poem. He had spoken of it to his friends, and in letters from them, which I have already given, it is often referred to as his. When the Second Part was published he put his name to it, and the whole poem was at once publicly recognised as

Rogers's. But in the days when Byron was the rage, it was not probable that a poem like 'Italy' would succeed. The author had had great pleasure in writing it, for it had kept alive the recollections he most desired to cherish of his Italian journeys. It had enabled him to revive the impressions which Italian art and Italian story had made upon his mind, and to live again among the scenes which had stimulated his poetical fancy and gratified his artistic taste. He was not to have the additional satisfaction of public appreciation. Anything to which the name of the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' was attached was sure of audience from a cultivated few, and 'Italy' had that measure of success. It was talked about in literary parties, read in country houses where the author was known, appreciated and admired by many persons whose appreciation was worth having, but it was not noticed by the chief reviews nor bought by the public. From the publisher's point of view—the most important in many respects—it was a failure. Rogers took the failure in good part. Samuel Sharpe says, 'Mr. Rogers fancied that the cool manner in which the poem was at first received amounted to an unfavourable verdict. He was not disposed to question the taste of the public in the case of a work which was meant to please the public. So he made a bonfire, as he described it, of the unsold copies, and set himself to the task of making it better.'

This task occupied him for the next two years. He had published illustrations n many of the editions of his earlier poems, and he determined to issue an illustrated edition of 'Italy.' The whole poem was revised, en-

larged, and improved, points were carefully selected for illustration, and some of the chief artists of the time were engaged to make the drawings, and to engrave them on steel. Everything was done under Rogers's own constant direction and supervision. He chose the subjects, suggested the character of the pictures, superintended their execution, and made the illustrations almost as much his own as the letter-press they adorned. Of fifty five illustrations in the first edition—increased afterwards to fifty-six—twenty-five were from Turner's drawings, twenty from Stothard's, two from Prout's, one was from Colonel Batty's design, one from a picture of Titian's, and another from a picture of Vasari's. The others are mere ornaments and without names. Of the fifty engraved pictures, sixteen are by Goodall, seven by Wallis, six by Daniel Allen, five by W. Findon, four by W. R. Smith, three by J. H. Robinson, two each by H. Le Keux and J. Pye, and one each by Humphrys, W. Cooke, C. Rolls, S. Davenport, and F. C. Lewis. The three vases with no engraver's name are by D. Allen. It is curious to note the inequalities in the price paid for the work of the engravers. The largest sums for single plates were forty pounds each, paid to Humphrys and J. H. Robinson, the former for Stothard's picture of 'The Nun'—

> When on her knees she fell
> Entering the solemn place of consecration,—

and the latter for the same painter's 'Dancing Girls,' on page 196. Stothard's 'Brides of Venice' was engraved by C. Rolls, who received thirty-seven pounds for the work. Turner's 'Paestum' and 'Tivoli' were engraved

by J. Pye at a cost of thirty-five pounds each; Stothard's 'Jorasse' and 'The Fountain' were engraved by W. Findon, who received thirty guineas for each. Goodall had twenty-five guineas each for 'Como,' 'Foscari,' and 'The Tournament,' and twenty guineas for Turner's 'Florence,' 'Naples,' 'The Campagna,' 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' and 'The Lake of Geneva,' as well as for Stothard's 'Pilgrim.' Wallis had the same sum for engraving Turner's 'William Tell's Chapel,' 'St. Maurice,' and 'St. Peter's,' and Smith for each of the two views of 'The Great St. Bernard.' The total cost of producing the whole edition of ten thousand copies, including some separate proofs of the illustrations, was 7,335*l.* The sale was large enough to make even this immense outlay a good investment. On the 31st of December, 1830, 3,959 copies had been sold, producing 4,252*l.*; at the end of the next half-year 1,416 more had gone, yielding 1,521*l.*, and thirty illustrations 60*l.*—making 5,833*l.* On the 17th of May, 1832, the total sale had reached 6,800. That is the latest memorandum I find on the matter. There were then, the memorandum says, '648 copies to sell before expenses are paid.' The rest would be profit, and there is no reason to doubt that in the course of a few years the profit was made.

The reception which was given to this magnificent book encouraged Rogers to bring out an edition of his poems corresponding with it. This volume not only reproduced the artistic success of 'Italy,' but improved upon it. There were thirty-five drawings of Stothard's, thirty-three by Turner, and one by Flaxman. To these sixty-nine, were added an engraving by Daniel Allen of a

vase, and of one of Callow's 'Beggars,' and another by Engleheart of Parmigiano's 'Boy in a Window.' Of the engravings of Turner's and Stothard's designs, thirty-two were by W. Findon, twenty-seven by Goodall, four by Miller, and two by Wallis. Findon also engraved Flaxman's 'Sir Thomas More and his Daughter.' The publication of this exquisite volume was a marked event in the history of art. There can be little doubt that the illustrations to Rogers's 'Italy' and Rogers's 'Poems' first made Turner known to vast multitudes of the English people. One of the most vivid recollections of my own boyhood is the wakening up of a new sense of an ideal world of beauty as I lingered over the lovely landscapes on these delightful pages. The 'Village Green,' illustrating the opening lines of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' the boy at the stile with the village below him—

> The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
> And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
> Turns on the neighbouring hill once more to see
> The dear abode of peace and privacy.—

the view up Derwentwater with Lodore in the distance, and, loveliest of all, the evening vision at the end of the volume, inscribed, '*Datur hora quieti*'—still bring back much of the feeling with which one hung over them in the early days when it was hardly lawful to take the volume from the table. I venture to express this feeling of my own boyhood because there are many whose recollections of these two volumes harmonise with mine, to whom they were an education, and who learned from them to admire Turner before they had actually seen one of his paintings. Rogers did not buy the pictures

of Turner and Stothard, he paid those artists only for the right to engrave their drawings. There are only two memorandums left of the price paid for this right. I find one entry dated Christmas Day, 1831. Paid Mr. Turner 115*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* for twenty-two; 36*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* for seven, making together 152*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.* In another memorandum I find 1,522*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* down, 'for engraving large,' 157*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* 'for engraving small.' 'Paid Turner 147*l.*, paid Stothard 189*l.*, paid for embellishments 2,016*l.*' This is probably for 'Italy.'[1]

The prices paid for the engravings were a little less in the second volume than in the first. Goodall had thirty guineas for the view of Grantham Church, which illustrates 'The Wake,' as well as for 'Greenwich Hospital,' for 'Vallombrosa,' and for 'Columbus discovering Land.' He had twenty-five guineas each for 'The Gipsy,' 'The Village Green,' the 'Boy at the Stile,' and

[1] In some manuscript notes by the Rev. Alexander Dyce to his copy of Rogers's *Italy*, now in the library of South Kensington Museum, he says that Rogers told him: 'I paid Turner 5*l.* for each of the illustrations to my two volumes, with the stipulation that the drawings should be returned to him, after they had been engraved; and the truth is, they were of little value as drawings. The engravers understand Turner perfectly, and make out his slight sketches: besides, they always submit to him the plates, which he touches and retouches, till the most beautiful effect is produced. The mere engraving of each vignette (taking one with another) cost 40*l.*; the whole expense of the two volumes was 15,000*l.*' 'This vignette ["The Fountain," p. 175], by Stothard, was done from my description of what I actually saw—an Italian girl giving her little brother water to drink in the palms of her joined hands.' 'I never had any difficulty with Stothard and Turner about the drawings for my works. They always readily assented to whatever alterations I proposed; and sometimes I even put a figure by Stothard into one of Turner's landscapes. The two figures in the foreground of vignette p. 151 are Stothard's; the standing figure in vignett p. 248 is also Stothard's.'

others, while Findon had ten guineas for the smaller engravings, such as 'Sir Thomas More,' and the 'Two Boys in a Boat'; fifteen guineas for 'The Judges,' and twenty-five guineas for the larger plates, such as 'Lady Jane Grey,' 'The Italian Song,' and the 'Concert.' I find a memorandum of the whole cost, made at the end of the first year after the book was issued, which shows that the books cost 6,436*l.* 19*s.*, advertisements 50*l.*, and illustrations 898*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* A year's interest is added, making 7,755*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.* There had been received 6,354*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, leaving 1,620 copies to be sold before the sum was returned. The estimate is further carried out that the sale of the whole edition would produce 2,340*l.* more, leaving a profit when the books were sold of 1,309*l.*

There was something singularly appropriate to Rogers's reputation in this association of his writings with the most perfect productions of the art of the time. He was already widely known as a patron of art. For more than a quarter of a century his house had been regarded as the model dwelling of the man of taste and refinement, and his judgment on all such matters was looked up to as authoritative. The publication of these volumes confirmed and extended this reputation. For the next twenty years there were few drawing rooms in which one of these books was not on the table, and probably there were no cultivated people who had not turned to them again and again with ever increasing delight. There had been nothing like them before, there has been nothing fully equal to them since.[1]

[1] 'Apart from these adventitious charms,' says Professor Minto in his excellent article on Rogers in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, '*Italy*

The publication of the Second Part of 'Italy,' which was the immediate occasion of the issue of this adorned edition of his works, brought the productive period of Rogers's life to its close. Fifty years passed between the time at which he was writing his first essay as 'The Scribbler'[1] for 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' and that at which the success of the illustrated 'Italy' encouraged him to undertake the illustration of his poems. He was seventy before that edition was completed, and after its issue he wrote only the address to Lord Grey. There is, indeed, in his poems as now published, another poem, entitled 'Written in 1834,' but in the first illustrated edition the same poem, only seventeen lines long, is headed 'Written in 1815.' It was, in fact, written after the battle of Waterloo, and then, in 1834, rewritten so as to bring in the greater triumph of the abolition of slavery. These pieces and the lines to Lord Grenville, headed 'Written at Dropmore, July, 1831,' were nearly all that he produced after 'Italy' was published. He did much in the way of revision, but no more original work. The short poem on Strathfieldsaye was probably written on his visit to the Duke of Wellington in 1827, and the lines entitled 'Reflections' had been written for 'Italy,' but not used in that poem. Many of the notes at the

has much greater general interest than any other of Rogers's poems, and is likely to be read for long, if only as a traveller's companion. The style is studiously simple; the blank verse has quite an Elizabethan flavour, and abounds in happy lines; the reflexions have a keen point, and the incidental stories are told with admirable brevity and effect. Passages of prose are interspersed, wrought with the same care as the verses, and the notes are models of interesting detail concisely put.'

[1] *The Early Life of Samuel Rogers*, p. 53.

end of his poems, some of them short essays of great beauty, were written in his old age.

The Second Part of 'Italy' was sent to Wordsworth in sheets, as the proofs came in, but no record remains of his criticisms or other observations, if any were made. He was in London with his daughter Dora in May, 1828, on a visit to Mr. Quillinan, who had been his neighbour at Rydal, of whose younger daughter Wordsworth was godfather, and for whose deceased wife he had written an epitaph. On setting out for London he wrote to Rogers a letter which further illustrates the relations between them.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

[Postmark, 19 April, 1828.]

'My dear R.,—To-night I set off for Cambridge, passing by Coleorton, where I shall stay a couple of days with the Rector. My son accompanies me; being about to undertake a Curacy in a Parish adjoining that of Coleorton, near Grace Dieu, the birth-place of Beaumont the dramatist. At Cambridge I purpose to stay till the 10th or 11th of May, and then for a short, very short, visit to London, where I shall be sadly disappointed if I do not meet you. My main object is to look out for some situation, mercantile if it could be found, for my younger son. If you can serve me, pray do.

'I have troubled you with this note to beg you would send any further sheets of your poem, up to the 8th or so of next month, to me at Trinity Lodge, Cambridge. Farewell. My wife and daughter are, I trust, already at Cambridge. My sister begs her kindest regards. Miss

Hutchinson is here, who has also been much gratified by your poem, and begs to be remembered to you.

'Ever faithfully yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.'

This visit of Wordsworth's to London was opportune. Scott was then in town, and about the time Wordsworth was writing this letter was dining at Rogers's, with all his own family, and Sharp, Lord John Russell, and Jekyll. 'The conversation,' says Scott in his Diary, 'flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy.' On May 25 he puts on record a short account of one of those great conjunctions of which Rogers's life was fuller than that of any other man. Imagine a day at Hampton Court with Scott, Wordsworth, Tom Moore, and Sam Rogers! Scott writes on May 25, 1828: 'After a morning of letter-writing, leave-taking, papers destroying, and God knows what trumpery, Sophia and I set out for Hampton Court, carrying with us the following lions and lionesses: Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Wordsworth, with wife and daughter. We were very kindly and properly received by Walter and his wife, and had a very pleasant day. At parting, Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like S. R., and have always found him most friendly.' This account of Scott's differs curiously from that which Moore gives in his Diary. He tells us that Scott called for him at Rogers's, and the three went down together, finding the Wordsworths when they got to Hampton. On the way down they talked of ghosts, and Rogers told

a story he had heard from Lord Wriothesley Russell of a young couple at Berlin, over whom some guilty mystery hung. As they sat in their box at the opera somebody was seen from a distance to be sitting between them, but on going to the box nobody was found but themselves.

On the first of June the Wordsworths and Luttrell were breakfasting at Rogers's and Moore met them. Wordsworth produced an album, and Rogers, Moore, and Luttrell wrote in it. On leaving London Wordsworth went with Coleridge for a Continental tour, taking his daughter with him. In August he returned.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

Anvers (Antwerp, we call it): 2nd August (1828).

'My dear Rogers,—A note will suffice to tell you that here we are after a long and pleasant ramble upon the Rhine and through Holland and the Netherlands. On Tuesday I hope to be in London; shall drive to my old quarters in Bryanston Street, intending to stay not more than three days. Should be happy to meet you again.

'Farewell, with kind regards from my daughter, who is [in] the room where I write,

'Ever yours,

'Wm. Wor.'

During Wordsworth's visit to London in the spring, Cooper, the American novelist, was there, and, of course, was to be seen at Rogers's. Moore records a breakfast at Rogers's on the 22nd of May at which Sydney Smith came in, and told some stories of Cooper's touchiness. Moore

met him at Rogers's three days later and found him very agreeable. Rogers, talking of Washington Irving's 'Columbus,' said in his dry, significant way, as Moore calls it, 'It's rather long.' Cooper turned round on him and said sharply, 'That's a short criticism.' James Fenimore Cooper was then in the heyday of his fame. He had just written that series of novels which every man past middle age remembers as the charm and delight of his boyhood's reading. The 'Spy' had appeared in 1822, and when he was in London in 1828, 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 'The Red Rover,' and 'The Prairie,' the three novels by which he is chiefly remembered, were fresh in the public mind. Rogers not only welcomed him to his house, but introduced him to society, and showed him, as he did many other distinguished Americans, much attention. Some three years later (Cooper himself, with his whole absence from his own country in view, makes it four) Rogers received from him an interesting account of his doings, in a letter which is especially valuable for the political speculations which that revolutionary period suggested to an intelligent observer from the new world.

James Fenimore Cooper to Samuel Rogers.

'Paris: January 19th, 1831.

'My dear Sir,—So long a time has elapsed since we parted, that I am almost afraid to write you, though the object of my letter is a tardy but sincere expression of the grateful recollection of all your kindnesses when in London. I did write to you with the same intent from Florence early in 1829, but some circumstances have led me to infer that by an oversight the letter was never

sent—an accident of by no means rare occurrence in my correspondence. Both Mrs. Cooper and myself retain a pleasant remembrance of your good offices, and I ought to add, your good nature, while we were sojourners in the wilderness of your capital. I am willing to flatter myself with the impression that you still feel sufficient interest in our welfare not to shut your ears against an account of what we have been about during the last four years.

'From London, as you may remember, possibly, we went to Holland, and, after a short delay in Paris, to Switzerland, where we passed the summer. In the autumn we crossed the Alps. Our stay in Italy extended to near two years, and we left it by the Tyrol for Germany. After the late revolution we came back here for the purpose of giving our girls, of whom there are four, the advantages of the masters. I regret to say that my nephew, whom you may remember, a tall stripling, and who grew into a handsome man, died of consumption in September last. Little Paul often speaks of the Parc St. Jacques, and Monsieur Rogers, and of an old woman who sold fresh milk in your neighbourhood. I do not know that you ought to be much flattered by the association, but you will at least admit that it is natural.

'I continue, as George III. said to Johnson, to "scribble, scribble, scribble," though with something less of advantage to mankind than was the case with the great moralist. In one sense, however, I am quite his equal, for I do as well as I can. Since I saw you I have published three tales, and am now hard at work at a fourth. The last was on a subject connected with Italy,

the scene being in Venice, and I frequently stimulated the imagination by reading your own images and tales of that part of Europe. I know nothing of its reception among you, though I fancy there will be a disposition to drive me back again into my own hemisphere. There is a good deal of Falstaff's humour about me in the way of compulsion, and so I may prove hard-headed enough to try my hand again. Some one told me that I was accused of presumption for laying the scene of a story in a town rendered immortal by Shakespeare and Byron. Luckily there is a sort of immunity that is peculiarly the right of insignificance, and I confess that the idea of invading the domains of your great poets never crossed my brain. I had a crotchet to be delivered of, and produced it must be, though it were stillborn. I am far from certain that it ought to be imputed as a crime to any man that he is not Shakespeare or Scott, so I shall go on with the confidence of innocence.

'I heard through Mr. Wilkes that the picture which I wished you to accept as a feeble testimony of my recollection of your kindness was sent, and I hope it was not a bad specimen of the artist's talent, which I take to be of a very high order. I hear he is doing wonders, and that he is attracting notice in Italy. He is studying the figure, they tell me, with signal success. I picked up a little picture the other day in the open streets that is generally much esteemed. It is a female portrait of the time of Louis XIV., of the Flemish school, we think, and certainly an original from the hand of some eminent painter. I do not remember a dozen better portraits, though it is something the worse for exposure and time.

It cost me just a guinea! The only account I can find of it is a sort of tradition in a family that owned it thirty years that it is a portrait, by Teniers, of his own wife. The manner of Teniers is what may be termed silvery, and that of my portrait is rather in the style of Correggio. It is exquisitely drawn and coloured, but the face strikes everybody as being decidedly German, or at least Flemish. Could you help me to a hint, to a print, or to any book that would be likely to throw light on the matter.

'Wonderful changes have occurred since I had the pleasure of seeing you, but I think greater still are in store. Is not the tendency of the present spirit obvious? and ought not your aristocracy to throw themselves into the stream and go with the current, rather than hope to stem a torrent that in its nature is irresistible? If your system of Government has had its advantages in its pliable character (and it certainly has avoided many great dangers by quietly assuming new shades of policy), it has also one great and menacing disadvantage, that I do not see how it can resist. The contradiction between theory and practice has left your controlling power exposed to the unwearied and all-powerful attacks of the press, for though treason can [not] be written against the king the aristocracy has no such protection. The idea of defending any limited body by the press against the assaults of the press seems a desperate experiment, for, right or wrong, there is but one means of keeping physical force and political power asunder, and that is the remedy of ignorance. To me at this distance it seems an inevitable consequence of your actual social condition that both

your church establishment and your peerage must give way. America might furnish a useful example to warn the English aristocracy if they would consent to study it. Our gentry put themselves in opposition to the mass, after the revolution, simply because, being in the habit of receiving their ideas from the most aristocratic nation of our time, they fancied there were irreconcilable interests to separate the rich man from the poor man, and that they had nothing to expect from the latter class should it get into the ascendant. They consequently supported theories adverse to the amalgamation, and as a matter of course, the instinct of the multitude warned them against trusting men opposed to their rights. The error has been discovered, and although individuals among those who were prominent in supporting exclusive doctrines are necessarily proscribed by opinion, the nation shows all proper deference to education and character; when these are united to money and discreetly used they are of necessity still more certain of notice. Jefferson was the man to whom we owe the high lesson that the *natural* privileges of a social aristocracy are in truth no more than their *natural* privileges. With us, all questions of personal rights, except in the case of the poor slaves, are effectually settled, and yet every really valuable interest is as secure as it is anywhere else.

'It is curious to note the effect of the present condition of England. When the prerogative was in the ascendant, Charles made six Dukes of his illegitimate sons (Monmouth included), and George IV. scarce dared own his progeny. Even the first of the Hanoverian princes presumed to make a Duchess of his mistress,

but all that power disappeared before the increasing ascendancy of the nobles. Now the many and the few are in opposition, the King comes into the account, and we hear of lords and ladies among his offspring. A bold and able monarch would in such a crisis regain his authority, and we should again hear the phrase "*Le roi y pensera.*" The experiment would be delicate, but it might succeed by acting on the fears of the middle classes, the fundholders, and the timid. With the cast of character that has actually been made by Providence, I think, however, there is little probability that the drama will receive this *dénouement.*

'Here we have just got out of the *provisoire.* The *furor* of moderation is likely enough, I think, to put us all back again. There is an unfortunate and material distinction between the interests of those who rule and those who are ruled to come in aid of the floundering measures of the ministry. The intentions of the "*juste milieu*" are obviously to make the revolution a mere change of dynasties, while the people have believed in a change of principles. Could the different sections of the Opposition unite, the present state of things would not endure a month. Neither the National Guard nor the Army is any security against a great movement, for they are more likely to go against the Government than with it. There have been some very serious steps taken in the courts here of late which look grave. The judges have exercised a right of sentencing prisoners that a jury had acquitted. There is probably some show of law for the measure, but it is a very grave and hazardous course. On the whole, I am of opinion that King Louis Philippe's

Civil List may be worth some two or three years' purchase. I would not give him three.

'But I am boring you with politics, when apology for writing at all is the most material matter. Mrs. Cooper desires to be remembered to Miss Rogers and yourself, and I beg also to be mentioned to your sister. I should like exceedingly, did you not think it encroaching on your good nature, to be mentioned to Dr. and Mrs. Somerville.

'I can tell you nothing of Parisian society, not having dined or passed an evening out of my own house in five months. Nobody comes to see me, and I go to see nobody, or next to nobody. I have a pleasant and happy fireside of my own, and am quite content. I should be very glad to see you among us. There was a report some time since that you were about to visit Paris, and I had hopes of meeting you here. Perhaps you did come, and I was ignorant of your presence, for I am so much out of the world that it might very well happen. Should you not have been, and should you in truth come, I trust you will take the trouble to send a card with your address to me, and I add my street and number not to miss the occasion of seeing you.

'Believe me, dear Sir,

'Very truly and faithfully yours,

'J. Fenimore Cooper.

'Rue St. Dominique St. Germain, No. 59.'

Going back to 1828, there are a couple of letters worth preserving—one from Uvedale Price, who in this year was made a baronet, and the other from Miss Fanshawe, 'a woman of rare wit and genius, in whose society Scott

greatly delighted,' as Lockhart tells us. 'I read Miss Fanshawe's pieces, which are quite beautiful,' says Joanna Baillie in one of her letters. Miss Fanshawe's pieces were published by Joanna Baillie in her collection of 'Poetical Miscellanies.' She was the writer of the celebrated enigma often attributed to Lord Byron, beginning—

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught lightly the sound as it fell.

She writes to Rogers on the eve of her departure on a Continental tour—

Catherine Fanshawe to Samuel Rogers.

'Dover: 18th August (1828).

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—This is a P.P.C. card, for we are purposing in less than three weeks to traverse a little sea and much dry land (if any land be dry in such a season) and pass the coming winter at Nice. *Last* winter my dear invalid used to wish herself there *per wishing cap*, but I call for your congratulations on her now being sufficiently recovered to intend working her way thither by steam and coach, and your very good wishes I depend on receiving for those I hereby send you, together with the hope that we may all have a happy meeting next spring in London. I have a confused recollection of your having had some thoughts of visiting Switzerland in the course of the summer. In that case I hope that my adieux will not follow you, for they are certainly not worth 1*s.* 11*d.*, though acting as cover to the impertinence of talking over with you, in the only way left me, your "Italy," Part the Second. Really, it would

be ungrateful not to thank you for the great pleasure it has given me—*just* given—for we don't deal in poetry in Dover, but Mr. Bigge, whom perhaps you know, happily brought it with him. Will you have a list of my favorite poems? The opening of the first, "Rome": oh! how it recalls my feelings when first looking round me there, save that my historical recollections were few, and classical I of course had none. "The Campagna," of which so much has been said and sung, but *never* half so well. The whole as a composition is so fine, the succession of pictures so vivid, and the details as distinct and spirited as in the shield of Achilles. "The Tomb of Caius Cestius" strikes me as original, and is very touching; "The Nun" exquisite; "The Fountain," methinks, I had before seen and admired in Part the First, but it is with everything else I want in Berkeley Square; the piece called "A Character," not for the sake of Montrioli's, but of the just and beautiful sentiments it calls forth; lastly, "The Felucca." I believe people now make verse by steam, for one cannot otherwise account for the facility with which anyone writes it. Rhyme, metre, elegance, and even spirit are grown quite common—such brilliant execution and so little invention, design, or expression. All this drives the real poet to the utmost confines of simplicity, and Mr. Rogers's Muse, conscious of her genuine loveliness, disdained, perhaps too much, the aid of ornament, and when first she visited Italy lost some of her attractions. I am glad to see her again wearing, not for display, but as proper to her rank, some choice jewels—for example—

> 'When Raphael and his school to Florence came,
> Filling the land with splendour.

'I forget which poem this is in, but 'tis no solitary instance. That volume, consisting chiefly of narrative pieces and in a lower key of sentiment, I much wished had been written in prose, or interspersed with some, and now my wish is gratified. You know not your own strength in prose. It is almost an exploded art; its perfection lies in the simplicity and conciseness for which you stand unrivalled. Without the affectation of either, there is not to be found a superfluous word or sentence. All who know how to read can understand you, and all who examine style must feel the real elegance of yours. I am sure you have a virtuous horror of the slang and jargon that are now thrusting honest old English off the stage. Such overcharged epithets, such perpetual allusion to arts, sciences, and manufactures! Then, one is so palled with quotations from Shakespeare that one wishes for sumptuary laws to restrain the use of him. Some law you will desire to restrain my sputtering, but what cross fit would not be cured by your chapter on "Foreign Travel"? It is quite delicious, as Mrs. Weddell would say, and specially palatable to us vagabonds. "National Prejudices," exactly my own thoughts on the subject, which I thank you for clothing with your own language. How this little book is liked by the world I have no means of knowing, but to one small individual it has given unmingled pleasure from the union of so much goodness and benevolence with so much talent.

'Dover is a charming place, especially, as Gray says of Cambridge, when there is nobody in it. Next to very good society is the comfort of no society at all, or very very little, which is happily our case. Living close to

the sea, it affords an incessant and infinite variety, and is a noble object even in its gloomiest moods. Its bright ones have not affected my eyes, which suffer a little at times during long continuance of wet, but recovered as soon as I left my beautiful enemy, the Thames. Of chalk cliffs these are, as you must know, but never perhaps stayed to make their acquaintance, the finest and boldest imaginable, and the little old town and bay I delight in. The humours of the pier do not come into our account, and we have profited only by two or three of the birds of passage who know us to be here.

'It is high time to bring this *bavardage* to a conclusion, so, with kind regards to Miss Rogers, I beg you to believe me,

'Your sincerely obliged,

'C. M. Fanshawe.'

The letter from Sir Uvedale Price is the last. He was in his eighty-first year, and had been a frequent visitor to Rogers, who had sometimes found him a bore. He often outstayed his welcome, and Rogers had on one occasion to get rid of him by a manœuvre. He was a very interesting person, as his letters show. He had gone with Fox to see Voltaire at Ferney, and described the interview in a letter to Rogers, which Lord Holland borrowed and never returned. He published, in 1827, an 'Essay on the Modern Pronunciation of the Greek and Latin Languages,' in which he anticipates some modern changes, as he had in his essays on the Picturesque led to the reform of landscape gardening.

Sir Uvedale Price to Samuel Rogers.

'Foxley: 21st July, 1828.

'Dear Rogers,—Of all dilatory correspondents you certainly are the most so; and if you were also the dullest, the two qualities would be well suited to each other: as that is not exactly the case, you are the most tantalising. Here was I week after week in constant hope and expectation; a month passed, and then another fortnight, and at last the letter did come within the two months. I well know how constantly your time is occupied at home with a succession of visitors of every description, with all sorts of talents, whom you have the enviable art of collecting about you; and I allow a great deal for it: but I sometimes think you indulge yourself in delay, as it gives you an opportunity of making a number of the lightest, best turned excuses possible, and so prettily diversified, that your correspondent, though he may not give full credit to them all, is so amused that he cannot be angry; other parts of your letter, where my friends and acquaintance pass in review before me, are well calculated to disarm anger; but there is one small part which, if you perform what it seems to promise, will make ample compensation for your sin of delay, were it ten times as great; and if *you* are dying to see my new walk, *I* am dying to have you here and to show it you with other novelties. This new walk, you must know, Lady Sarah took a fancy to; it was made for her, and if you come, who knows whether she may not show it you herself? Come therefore, even for the chance, if you have a spark of gallantry about you;

as to passing a day or two, *è un modo di parlare.* "Mais parlons un peu de ma fille," says Madame de Sévigné; and so say I, with no less parental fondness; I need not say who she is, as you have so kindly introduced her to several of your acquaintance. I have had a very obliging and satisfactory letter from the translator of Dante (a title he may well be proud of), written in a remarkably simple, natural style. I shall be very glad to cultivate his acquaintance whenever I have an opportunity; next time I come to town you must be the go-between. I have also had a very amiable and pleasant letter from Jekyll, who seems to take a more lively interest in the subject than I expected. If Brougham has *read* the essay it is quite as much as I could hope for. There is one person to whom I particularly wished you to offer my essay that you have forgotten—Dr. Worthington, of whose talents you spoke to me in the highest terms; I had some little conversation with him on the subject at your house, and from that little should expect very useful remarks could he be prevailed upon to put them down. Pray send for a copy to Normaville and Fell, New Bond Street, and beg his acceptance of it, and lay the blame on yourself for the delay. I wish you could also persuade Mr. Cary to criticise and communicate.

'I will not say "Nil mihi rescribas," for I delight in your letters, and you are a man to take me at my word; but I do most strongly and earnestly say "ipse veni."

'Most truly yours,

'U. Price.'

This quaint octogenarian died at Foxley in September, 1829. That year had already brought Rogers a far greater loss in his eldest brother Daniel Rogers. There is a letter written to this brother in February, 1829, in which, after speaking of some domestic matters then of painful interest in the family, Rogers says—

'The great measure[1] is doing very well, though not so well as could be wished. I asked a minister the other night why they did not get a bishop to speak for them. He said, none will—and I believe the best thing expected from them is their absence (Norwich always excepted). Ireland is said to promise them a bishop or two and two archbishops. Whether the majority will be twenty or sixty is very doubtful. The commanding majority in the Commons must however tell in the other House. The Whigs are resolved to give all the support they can, though some, and Lord Holland most of all, make very wry faces at the bill they are first to swallow.[2] Plunket is come, and will speak, of course. How lucky it is, now that he is in the House when he is most wanted. His peerage was lamented six months ago—but we are poor, short-sighted beings. He and the Chancellor are to dine with me in a day or two, and that reminds me of Tom. I hope he is now doing comfortably again. My new edition is only an old one newly advertised. The last was in 1826.

'Poor Crowe is dead—at the same age as my aunt Anne. I had a very natural and affecting letter from his

[1] The Catholic Relief Bill.

[2] The Bill for the Dissolution of the Catholic Association.

son on the subject. One of the bitterest of the bishops is your old friend Law. So Lyttelton has opened his lips in the House. The day he took his seat, Dudley crossed the House to speak to him and took him home to dinner!'

A month after this letter was written Daniel Rogers died. He was two and a half years older than Sam, and had spent his life in quiet retirement as a country squire at Wassall Grove, near Hagley. I have already given his nephew Samuel Sharpe's account of him,[1] of his 'delightful guileless simplicity,' and of the enthusiasm with which he spoke of any of the studies which occupied his mind. The most perfect confidence existed between the three brothers, Daniel, Samuel and Henry; and Charles Lamb, who had met them together at St. James's Place and at Highbury, spoke of them as a three-fold cord. Daniel was in his sixty-ninth year, and as Samuel Rogers himself was beginning to feel the approaches of age, he naturally felt deeply his brother's loss. Two letters on the subject speak for themselves.

Charles Lamb to Samuel Rogers.

'Chase, Enfield: 22nd Mar., 1829.

'My dear Sir,—I have but lately learned, by letter from Mr. Moxon, the death of your brother. For the little I had seen of him, I greatly respected him. I do not even know how recent your loss may have been, and hope that I do not unseasonably present you with a few lines suggested to me this morning by the thought of

[1] *The Early Life of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 80, 81.

him. I beg to be most kindly remembered to your remaining brother, and to Miss Rogers.

'Your's truly,

'CHARLES LAMB.

'Rogers, of all the men that I have known
But slightly, who have died, your brother's loss
Touched me most sensibly. There came across
My mind an image of the cordial tone
Of your fraternal meetings, where a guest
I more than once have sate; and grieve to think,
That of that threefold cord one precious link
By Death's rude hand is sever'd from the rest.
Of our old gentry he appeared a stem;
A magistrate who, while the evil-doer
He kept in terror, could respect the poor,
And not for every trifle harass them—
As some, divine and laic, too oft do.
This man's a private loss and public too.'

Samuel Rogers to Mrs. Daniel Rogers.

25th May, 1829.

'Many thanks for your kind letter and for all your kindness ever since the happy days when we had no care and a long and a bright prospect before us; when we went to the toy-shop together and played at hide-and-seek in the hay-loft at Newington Green.[1] Much have we had since to be thankful for, as much, perhaps, as most people, for all must have their afflictions. But they have come fast and thick upon us of late; and yours have been the heaviest of all. That you may continue to support yourself as you have done is our earnest prayer, and if the attentions of affectionate children and the recollection

[1] They were cousins.

of the many years you have devoted to them and their father can give consolation under them, you must and will. We are all rejoiced to hear of Sam's success. He has excellent talents and his good sense will no doubt lead him to avail himself of the advantage thrown in his way. I wrote immediately to the Chancellor on receiving Edward's letter, and by accident saw him the next day—but I fear a day or two were lost before the application was made, for the living was promised—in such a case an hour is of importance. But to tell you the truth, I have little hope of him. He is very smooth but very shuffling, and can have no motive to serve me. Lord Lyttelton's offer is a very friendly one, and if the house was built, or *certainly* to be built, whether I took it or not, I should not hesitate. But considering the contingencies in this world, and our own sad experience just now shows how little we can trust to the future, it may admit of a doubt how far it is wise to consent to a scheme by which something of an engagement may be incurred which we may afterwards find it expedient to shake off. For myself I will own that the conviction that I ought to remain where everything was arranged by another for my own convenience would, such is my perverseness, make me wish to go elsewhere, as in a party I have always wished to escape when the chairs had blocked me up ; but I have no right to suppose others as wayward as myself. I need not say how anxious we are that you should settle to your mind. That you will determine wisely I have no doubt, and it is an offer not to be slighted. I am hardly a fair judge, for, though I have been acquainted with your neighbour near thirty years, and have really a great respect

for many parts of his character, I am not sure I should like to become his tenant on such terms. At all events, I should tell him frankly that circumstances might induce me to go, I could not say how soon, and that he must do nothing that would render it in the least ineligible for another tenant. There is, however, no judging for others; and we are confident you will decide wisely. We are very sorry that you are not to visit the sea in our part of the world. But you must not forget us on your return. Remember, we consider it as only a pleasure deferred.

'Ever very affectionately yours,

'Samuel Rogers.'

Crowe, to whose death Rogers referred in the last letter to his brother Daniel, is a true but neglected poet. He was one of the poor scholars at Winchester, whom his school sent to Oxford, where he became a Fellow of New College, and afterwards Professor of Poetry, and Public Orator, with the living of Alton Barnes, near Pewsey, in Wiltshire. His chief poem, 'Lewesdon Hill,' published in 1786, contains many passages which Rogers greatly admired and often repeated to his friends. One of these favourites was the conclusion of 'Lewesdon Hill,' where the poet, who has been contemplating the beauties of nature, is recalled to earth by seeing the villagers 'assembling jocund in their best attire' for the May-day feast—

Now I descend
To join the worldly crowd; perchance to talk,
To think, to act as they; then all these thoughts
That lift the expanded heart above this spot
To heavenly musing; these shall pass away
(Even as this goodly prospect from my view),

Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.
So passeth human life—our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on,
When we have naught to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift. Of this enough,
To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

Crowe's blank verse is always musical and Rogers took it as a model. In preparing for his 'Italy' he kept by him for constant study Milton and Crowe. Like other contemporary poets, Crowe not only found a welcome at St. James's Place, but ready aid and counsel in his transactions with publishers. He had an eye to business. Writing to Rogers in February, 1827, to ask him to negotiate with Murray for the issue of a new edition of his poems, in which he wished to include a treatise on English versification, Crowe says, 'If he is willing to undertake the publishing I will immediately furnish more particulars, and also submit the copy to your inspection. If the part on versification could be out before the middle of April it would find a present sale in Oxford, for this reason: there are above four-score young poets who start every year for the English prize, and as I am one of the five judges to decide it, they would (many of them) buy a copy to know my doctrine on the subject. The compositions are delivered in about the beginning of May.' Rogers conducted the negotiation with promptitude, and in a few days Crowe wrote a letter of thanks. He died in February, 1829.

For the next two or three years Rogers's life may again be followed in Moore's Diary. There are nearly a

hundred references to him in Lord John Russell's sixth volume; but curiously little about the work which was at this time filling Rogers's thoughts. There is, indeed, a reference to 'Italy' in December, 1830. 'Went to take leave of Rogers, who sends by me to Bessy a large-paper copy of his most beautiful book "Italy," the getting up of which has cost him five thousand pounds. Told me of a squabble he has had with the publisher of it, who, in trying to justify himself for some departure from his original agreement, complained rather imprudently of the large sum of ready money he had been obliged to lay out upon it. "As to that," said Rogers, "I shall remove that cause of complaint instantly. Bring me your account." The account was brought; something not much short of 1,500*l.* "There," said Rogers, writing a cheque for the whole sum, "I shall leave you nothing more to say on that ground. Had I been a poor author," added Rogers, after telling me these circumstances, "I should have been his slave for life." ' A couple of years later, when a publisher asked Moore to write a poem and have it illustrated in the manner of Rogers's 'Italy,' Moore writes, 'Asked him did he know what an enormous sum Mr. R.'s book cost him (7,000*l.* I think Rogers told me when I was last in town). Said he was perfectly aware of this.'

In this year, 1829, Moore had to be a good deal in London. In February he was at Rogers's looking over Lord Byron's letters; in May dining with him at Lord John Russell's—'table too full;' and on another day finding him 'in a most amusing state of causticity.' Moore made a remark about the Duke of Wellington's good

sense, and Rogers replied, 'Yes, I once thought Chantrey the most sensible man going; but now that he has been spoilt by vanity and presumption, the Duke is the man that takes that place in my estimation.' On another day Rogers makes one of the few political remarks Moore reports. Talking, in June, 1829, of 'the great mountain and mouse results of the great measure of [Catholic] emancipation,[1] R. said, "All our ancient bulwarks are removed, the barriers of law are broken down, the gates of the constitution are burst open, and in enter P—— and Lord ——."' Another day Rogers was very amusing at breakfast when Sharp and Lord Lansdowne and Hallam were present. He told of a club to which Sharp and he belonged, called 'Keep the Line,' their motto, written up in large letters, being—

> Here we eat, and drink, and dine,
> Equinoctial—keep the line.

Most of the members were dramatists, and 'the effect of a joke upon them, instead of producing laughter, was to make them immediately look grave (this being their business), and the tablets were out in an instant.' On the 5th of July Moore goes to spend the night at Rogers's, 'he having often asked me to take a bed at his house.' Rogers tells him a clever thing said by Lord Dudley—'On some Vienna lady remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London." "It is true, Madame," he answered; "we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."'

[1] The Catholic Emancipation Bill had been carried in the Commons on the 30th of March, in the Lords on the 10th of April, and had received the Royal Assent on the 13th of April.

Moore gives the true version of Rogers's question to Sir Philip Francis. 'Brougham was by, when Francis made the often-quoted answer to Rogers. "There is a question, Sir Philip (said R.), which I should much like to ask if you will allow me." "You had better not, sir," answered Francis, "or you may have reason to be sorry for it."' The addition to this story is that Rogers, on leaving him, muttered to himself, 'If he *is* Junius, it must be Junius Brutus.' Rogers himself used to tell a story of Lady Holland and Sir Philip Francis. He was talking with Lady Holland when Francis was announced. 'Now I'll ask him if he is Junius,' she said to Rogers as Francis was coming in. As soon as he was seated she asked him. He replied, 'Do you mean to insult me? When I was a younger man people would not have ventured to charge me with being the author of those letters.' Woodfall told Rogers that he did not know who wrote the letters. Rogers always maintained that they were written by Sir Philip Francis, but said that Malone persisted to the last that if they were not written by Burke, they were written by George Dyer with Burke's help. Rogers used to tell the story of a visit Mackintosh and he paid to Marlborough, where, it was said, the name of Junius had been placed on an unknown person's grave. They went to a bookseller's shop to ask for directions how to find it. 'I have heard of it,' said the bookseller, 'but I have not seen it.' So said his daughter, so said the sexton, and so said Rogers and Mackintosh after a visit to the churchyard and a diligent search. Mr. Dyce was told by a friend that the tomb is at Hungerford and not at Marlborough, that it has on it the

motto of Junius 'Stat nominis umbra,' and hence is called Junius's tomb.

Rogers's health this summer was precarious. He says in a letter to his sister Sarah, 'I am good for little and catch cold every moment.' But he was fully occupied with the illustrated 'Italy,' which was passing through the press. His memoranda of the deliveries of proofs and copies show that every part of the productive process was superintended by him with the minutest and most diligent care. A Continental journey undertaken with his sister Sarah and his niece Patty was cut short by bad health and bad weather, and when he got home he had rather a severe illness. But his attention was fully occupied, and even the interest of the political struggle was superseded by his great literary and artistic enterprise. Moore flitted occasionally through Rogers's circle at this period as at most others, but he records little of any interest, except that on one occasion Mrs. Norton is mentioned as 'at war all dinner time, and most amusingly, with Rogers.'

I find in Rogers's papers a pathetic letter which suggests a painful event then far in the future.

R. B. Haydon to Samuel Rogers.

'King's Bench: 23rd May, 1830.

'Oh, Mr. Rogers, my family are absolutely in danger of wanting food. I have paid 700*l.* since 1827, and this does not satisfy my creditors. Do I not deserve employment and aid?

'For God's sake help me, and I will paint an equivalent as soon as I begin, for any aid given me now at such

a crisis. Indeed, my brain begins to get bewildered at this repeated torture.

'R. B. Haydon.'

'Yours faithfully, &c.,' is added below the signature.

There was some correspondence with Wordsworth this summer, of which three letters remain.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Rydal Mount, Kendal: 5th June [1830].

'My dear Rogers,—I have this morning heard from Moxon, who, in communicating his new project, speaks in grateful terms of your kindness. Having written to him, I cannot forbear inquiring of you how you are and what is become of your "Italy." My daughter (who, alas, is very poorly, recovering from a bilious fever which seized her a fortnight ago) tells me that she is longing to see the work—and that it would do more for her recovery than half the medicines she is obliged to take. It is long since we exchanged letters. I am in your debt, for I had a short note from you enclosing Lamb's pleasing poem upon your lamented brother just before you set off for the Continent. If I am not mistaken, I heard, and I think from Lady Frederick Bentinck, that some untoward circumstance interrupted that tour. Was it so?

'My dear sister, you will be glad to hear, is at present quite well, but in prudence we do not permit her to take the long walks she used to do, nor to depart from the invalid regimen. The remainder of us are well. My daughter's illness was the consequence of over-fatigue while

she was on a visit to her brother at Moresby, near Whitehaven. I passed with her there a fortnight, which would have flown most agreeably but for that attack. An odd thought struck me there which I did not act upon, but will mention—it was to bespeak your friendly offices among your great and powerful acquaintances in behalf of my son, who enjoys the dignity of a Rector with an income of 100*l.* per annum. This benefice he owes to the kind patronage of Lord Lonsdale, who must be his main-stay, and who, we venture to hope, will not forget him upon some future occasion. But you know how much the patronage of that family has been pressed upon, and it would on this account please me much could something be done for him in another quarter. I hope it is not visionary to mention my wishes to you, not altogether without a hope that an opportunity may occur for your serving him. Testimonials from a father are naturally liable to suspicion, but I have no reason for doubting the sincerity of his late Rector, Mr. Merewether of Coleorton, who wrote in the highest terms of the manner in which he had discharged his duty as a curate. I will only add that he has from nature an excellent voice, and manages it with feeling and judgment.

'How is Sharp in health? When he wrote to me last he was suffering from a winter cough. He told me, what did not at all surprise me to hear, that the sale of your "Pleasures of Memory," which had commanded public attention for thirty-six years, had greatly fallen off within the last two years. "The Edinburgh Review" tells another story, that you and Campbell (I am sorry to couple the names) are the only bards of our day whose laurels are

unwithered. Fools! I believe that yours have suffered in the common blight (if the flourishing of a poet's bays can fairly be measured by the sale of his books or the buzz that attends his name at any given time), and that the ornamented annuals, those greedy receptacles of trash, those bladders upon which the boys of poetry try to swim, are the cause. Farewell! I know you hate writing letters, but let me know from inquiries made at your leisure whether you think an edition of my poems, in three volumes, to be sold for about eighteen shillings, would repay. The last of 1827 is, I believe, nearly sold. The French piracy (for in a moral sense a piracy it is) I have reason to think is against me a good deal; but unless I could sell four copies of a cheaper edition than my own where I now sell one it would scarcely [pay]. Again adieu.

'Faithfully yours,

'W. Wordsworth.

'What is likely to become of the Michael Angelo marble of Sir George—is it to be sold? Alas! alas! That picture of the picture gallery, is that to go also? I hope you will rescue some of these things from vulgar hands, both for their own sakes and the memory of our departed friend.'

'Wednesday, 16th June [1830].

'Being sure, my dear Rogers, that you take a cordial interest in anything important to me or my family, I cannot forbear letting you know that my eldest son is soon to quit that state of single blessedness to which you have so faithfully adhered. This event has come upon

us all by surprise; when I wrote a short time ago I had not the least suspicion of an engagement, or even an attachment in any quarter. I expressed to you some years since my regret at my son's being disappointed of a fellowship, to which he had very good pretensions till we discovered that his place of birth excluded him from being a candidate, and you then said, I remember, "It is lucky for him, he will have less temptation to build upon the life of a bachelor, and will be far happier." May your prophecy be fulfilled! I trust it will, for I have seen the young lady, am highly pleased with her appearance and deportment, and in a pecuniary point of view the alliance is unexceptionable. Their income, through the liberality of the father, who highly approves of the match, is, for the present, quite sufficient, for I trust their good sense will prevent them from giving an instance of the French phrase, *C'est un vrai gouffre que le ménage.*

'In somewhat of a casual way I recommended in my last my son to your thoughts, if any opportunity should occur in the wide sphere of your acquaintance of speaking a good word in his behalf. Had I known this delicate affair was pending, I should at that time have probably been silent upon the subject of his professional interests. It cannot, however, be amiss for anyone to have as many friends as possible, and I need not conceal from you that my satisfaction would, upon this occasion, have been more unmingled had my son had more to offer on his part. I shall merely add that if, through his future life, you could serve him upon any occasion I should be thankful. I regret that I am not at liberty at present

to mention the name of the lady to more than one individual out of my own family.

'Do you know Mrs. Hemans? She is to be here to-day if winds and waves, though steamboats care little for them, did not yesterday retard her passage from Liverpool. I wish you were here (perhaps *you* may not) to assist us in entertaining her, for my daughter's indisposition and other matters occupy our thoughts, and literary ladies are apt to require a good deal of attention. Pray give our kind regards to your brother and sister. We hope that you all continue to have good health. Do let me hear from you, however briefly, and believe me,

'My dear Rogers, faithfully yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.'

The above letter was evidently written before Rogers's answer to the one before it. Rogers then replied, probably saying that he had relatives of his own in the Church; and Wordsworth then wrote the letter which follows.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Rydal Mount: Friday [30th July, 1830].

'I cannot sufficiently thank you, my dear Rogers, for your kind and long letter, knowing as I do how much you dislike writing. Yet I should not have written now but to say I was not aware that you had any such near connections in the Church; I had presumed that your relatives by both sides were Dissenters, or I should have been silent on the subject, being well assured that I and mine

would always have your good word as long as we continued to deserve it.

'Lord Lonsdale, to whom I mentioned my son's intended marriage, naming (as I was at liberty to do in *that* case) the lady, has written to me in answer with that feeling and delicacy which mark the movements of his mind and the actions of his life. He is one of the best and most amiable of men, and I should detest myself if I could fail in gratitude for his goodness to me upon all occasions.[1]

'I wish Lady Frederick's mind were at ease on the subject of the epitaph. Upon her own ideas, and using mainly her own language, I worked at it, but the production I sent was too long and somewhat too historical, yet assuredly it wanted neither discrimination nor feeling. Would Lady F. be content to lay it aside till she comes into the North this summer, as I hope she will do. We might then lay our judgments together in conversation, and with the benefit of your suggestions and those of other friends with which she is no doubt furnished, we might be satisfied at last. Pray name this to her if you have an opportunity.

'Your "Italy" can nowhere out of your own family be more eagerly expected than in this house. The poetry is excellent we know, and the embellishments, as they are under the guidance of your own taste, must do honor to the Arts. My daughter, alas, does not recover her strength. She has been thrown back several times by

[1] On the 11th of October, 1830, Mr. Wordsworth's eldest son, the Rev. John Wordsworth, then Rector of Moresby, was married to Isabella Christian Curwen, daughter of Henry Curwen, Esq., of Workington Hall, Cumberland, and of Curwen's Isle, Windermere (*Life*, vol. ii., p. 232).

the exercise, whether of walking in the garden or of riding, which she has, with our approbation, been tempted to take from a hope of assisting nature.

'We like Mrs. Hemans much; her conversation is what might be expected from her poetry, full of sensibility, and she enjoys the country greatly.

'The "Somnambulist" is one of several pieces, written at a heat, which I should have much pleasure in submitting to your judgment were the Fates so favourable as that we might meet ere long. How shall I dare to tell you that the Muses and I have parted company, at least I fear so, for I have not written a verse these twelvemonths past, except a few stanzas upon my return from Ireland last autumn.

'Dear Sir Walter, I love that man, though I can scarcely be said to have lived with him at all; but I have known him for nearly thirty years. Your account of his seizure grieved us all much. Coleridge had a dangerous attack a few weeks ago; Davy is gone. Surely these are men of power, not to be replaced should they disappear, as one has done.

'Pray repeat our cordial remembrances to your brother and sister, and be assured, my dear Rogers, that you are thought of in this house, both by the well and the sick, with affectionate interest.

'Ever faithfully yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.'

From the correspondence of this summer, much of it in response to gifts of his 'Italy,' I select a few letters, all from distinguished persons, and each letter interesting

for itself as much as for the writer. I have put them in chronological order, including one from Rogers to his sister.

William Stewart Rose to Samuel Rogers.

'Thursday: No. 1, St. Peter's Place, Brighton.
[25th June, 1830.]

'My dear Rogers,—I am most thankful to you for your promise; for I would fain go off the stage as gracefully as I can. You are right in supposing that I contemplate the conclusion of my labours[1] with mixt sensations: but mine are not worthy of being compared with those of the men with whom you have confronted me. To use an ignoble, but very exact, similitude, I resemble a solitary *ennuyé*, who regrets (for want of something else to do) seeing the remains of his dinner taken away, though he has not appetite enough to renew the charge. I heard a melancholy account of your last expedition on the Continent, last autumn, from Lord and Lady Holland; but it was, by your account, yet more deplorable than I had imagined it to have been. May this summer, if you meditate a flight, be more propitious to you, though we have hitherto had more dripping, I believe, than during any given month of the last summer. I received a few days ago from Fazakerley certain queries, sent to England by a Florentine lady, respecting Foscolo; and yesterday a letter from herself; from which it appears that she is collecting materials for a life of him. A life of him, moreover, has been already written by Pecchio, which is printing in Italy; but in which he reserves an appendix

[1] He was then occupied with his spirited translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, which was published in the following year.

for any interesting letters of his, should any such fall into his possession. He is, however, severe in his notions on such subjects: inveighs against "our gossiping and voluminous biography"; and will make no sacrifice to the English fashion of the day. This brings me to Moore, whose book, though it would not suit Pecchio, has entertained me greatly; and I rejoice that he will so soon launch his second volume. I have just had a most useful and amusing letter from Christie, upon the taste of the English public in pictures, in answer to certain queries; which answer was to determine whether two pictures should be sent to England from Italy for sale. I think I shall have it lithographed (that is, if I can obtain his permission) and address it, as a circular, to all my Italian friends. Pray put him on this subject, if you get a good opportunity. I did not know that he was animated by such *splendida bilis* as has flowed from his pen. His gall, however, has not spoiled his "milk of human kindness," as is proved by his very good-natured and disinterested advice, which will save a friend of mine from being a sufferer through exaggerated notions of English taste and English riches.

'I rejoice to hear of your labours. You are one of those who know how to use the file; and I should think that the *limæ labor et mora* would be entertaining to you. Pray tell Miss Rogers that I am much gratified by her kind recollection of me, and remember me to Hallam or any common friends who care for me.

'Believe me, my dear Rogers, your faithful and much obliged,

'W. S. Rose.'

Washington Irving to Samuel Rogers.

'Argyll Street: 6th July, 1830.

'My dear Sir,—Notwithstanding the knot you tied in your handkerchief last evening, I won't trust you. I know you to be so beset by the choice things of this life that a tit-bit must be put to your mouth and you must be coaxed to taste it. I send you, therefore, the first volume of the "Tales of an Indian Camp." Read anyone of the tales I have marked, or, in fact, read any tale in the volume, and if you do not feel induced to read more send back the book and I will say no more about it.

'I am piqued to have you look into this work because I have the vanity to think I know something of your taste, and to hope that in this instance it will coincide with my own.

'I am, my dear Sir,

'Yours ever,

'Washington Irving.'

The letter from Rogers to his sister was addressed to her at Paris, where she was following the traces of the three days of July.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'7th Sept., 1830.

'My dear Sarah,—I wish I had more to do than to thank you for your letter, and to say that I am just where you left me. A few minutes after you went from my door, Cuvier and Mdlle.[1] called to inquire for you.

[1] Mdlle. Duvaucel, Cuvier's stepdaughter. Rogers had known her in Paris, where he used to say she fascinated everybody; and a wager was

I found their cards when I returned, which I did after sleeping two nights in Bedfordshire. I am glad Paris is itself once more. Mr. Honey, who breakfasted with me the other day, and who was so sorry to miss you here and there, was in the thick of it, and very entertaining on the subject. He saved himself on one occasion by jumping into the Café de Paris through an open window. I fear the chairs in the garden are the worse for their campaigning, as they were piled with the omnibuses in the Rue de Rivoli. The Berrys and Lady Charlotte are come, and very eloquent, but I have not seen them. Charles X. and his party were very cheerful off Cowes. When the ships moved farther, the Duchess de Berry desired her ladies to ask where they were going: "À St. Helènes, Madame." "Mon Dieu!" she cried, as well she might, having little geography in her head and having never heard of our St. Helens. Charles X. sent the other day to Manton's for two guns, and is using them, I dare say, at this moment against the partridges. When Marmont came, dinners and assemblies were given to exhibit him, and the Duke of Wellington called upon him in Leicester Fields and had a long conversation with him. Beaudrain called twice on Lord Holland and gave a very plain and sensible account of the whole. The King, William, was very gracious to him, and our ministers are all *couleur de rose* on the subject.

'What do you say to Mrs. Ottley's, or, rather, Miss O.'s evidence on the inquest?[1] You of course see "The

laid that she would fascinate even the giraffe. It really so happened. The great animal, twenty-two feet high, followed her like a lamb. (*See* Campbell's *Life*, vol. iii., p. 68.)

[1] See note, p. 46, on St. John Long.

Times." The Callcotts are come back from Scotland; she was ill on the journey, and is so still. I have seen him, not her. He asked me no questions about anybody, and seemed very formal. I suppose you have met with Washington Irving in your rambles. I have called twice on Millingen without success, and perhaps you have [seen] him. It must have been very amusing to land with Miss Slater in a foreign land, and will be very pleasant to both parties to meet again at Boulogne. I am glad you are so near the ground, and conclude you have fine weather, as we have it here. I have been twice to the Adelphi to hear Phillips in "Don Giovanni" and "Così fan tutte." Two days I have spent at the Priory and three at Richmond, with the Hollands, and these visits, with two or three to Holland House, make all I have to tell of myself. I have sometimes thought of the North, but despair comes over me, and I begin to think I shall never venture far again. How to get through the day just now is rather difficult. I call on Madame d'Arblay, and Lord St. Helens, and Moxon, and Stothard, who groans more than ever and looks ill. Maltby is gone to the sea, and, I hear, means to cross it. So, perhaps, you may see him sipping his coffee, through a window of the Café de Foy. I hope you have bought some *objets précieux*, or, at least, ordered some. Yours is the hotel in which Charles Fox was robbed and from which he ran and overtook the thief on the Boulevards. So Mr. Lister and Miss Villiers have announced their marriage. Ottley, I see, is one of the bail for St. John Long.[1] I

[1] St. John Long was a portrait-painter, who had discovered an infallible ointment for all complaints. The inquest of which Rogers speaks was

saw Millingen yesterday (Sunday) and he sets off to-day or to-morrow. I have now seen the Berrys, who are very animated. They were at St. Germain's during the war in Paris, and went to Paris for a few days afterwards. Pray give my love to your fellow travellers, and believe me to be,

'Ever yours,

'S. R.

'Etty is said to have been in the Louvre when an armed mob rushed through it. Have you seen him? Perhaps you will look at Brussels on your way home. I know nothing of Highbury, but conclude all is going on well there. Lady H. talks of giving you some commissions, but I shall not remind her on the subject, as I dare say you do not wish for any particularly. There is an excellent likeness of Charles—"Je ne suis pas Roi; je suis Capucin"—and there is a good caricature of the gens d'armes at war with the mob, and barricades between them. Pray buy them for me, if you meet with them on the Boulevard des Italiens.'

Lord St. Helens to Samuel Rogers.

'With many thanks, my dear Sir, for the accompanying volume.

'The "Chanson des Deux Cousins" is certainly excellent; besides the merit of being so wonderfully pro-

on one of his victims, and it led to his trial and conviction for manslaughter. At a later trial it came out that he was making 12,000*l.* a year by his illegal practice, but his victims were the rich, and in this second trial so many fashionable people gave evidence for him that he was acquitted. On his death, in 1834, the secret of his nostrum was sold for several thousand pounds.

phetical. And I should say that the next best are those dated from Ste. Pélagie; a proof that, whatever may be M. de Béranger's passion for liberty, his Muse, on the contrary, is like

'the imprisoned bird
Which makes the cage its quire and sings most sweetly
When most in bondage.

'Yours ever very faithfully,
'St. Helens.

'Grafton Street: Wed., 8th Sept., 1830.'

Lord Ashburnham to Samuel Rogers.

'Ashburnham Place: 20th Sept., 1830.

'My dear Rogers,—Very many thanks for the welcome testimony of your kind remembrance are all that I can offer you in return, unless it be a remark or two on the subjects noticed by you; for since I came here, nearly three months ago, I have seen none but my own family; never once been at the distance of a mile from my hall-door, nor exchanged letters, but once with Lady Spencer and the same with Lord Camden, since I last wrote to you. Though I know not how in conscience I could have asked you to make us a visit, I should not have been restrained by that consideration alone. But in truth we have been, are still, and shall be for some time to come, in a state of so much confusion and uncertainty as to put all forming of plans out of our power. Lady Ashburnham will be again obliged to go to town next week on account of her wrist; the use of which she is still far from having recovered, though it is now almost six months since the injury was sustained. And when there, she

will be detained in consequence of our house in Dover Street being restored at Michaelmas, and to examine into the state of it, and as to its furniture, so minutely as she will think necessary, and to make suitable arrangements for so numerous a family will require some time. If you should chance to pass through London, she would be delighted if you would call on her at her much cleaner and pleasanter residence in South Audley Street.

'You bid me to prepare for a review of my book. I had rather look forward to a view of yours; and this I will have by hook or by crook, long before the next number of "The Edinburgh Review" can make its appearance.[1] I think that I might hazard a guess as to who is the anonymous acquaintance of ours, to whom you allude. If I am right, I know him to be in the habit of speaking favorably of me: and therefore trust that he will treat my work with indulgence. Hitherto it has escaped even the hebdomadal critique, or rather notice, of the "Literary Gazette." When I left London, my publishers, Messrs. Payne and Foss, informed me that I was not much in request. So that, till I received yesterday your notice to brace my nerves to the encounter of a review, I was fortifying myself to endure a similar mortification to that of the late Poet Pybus, who got rid of none but his presentation copies. This was evident from the glut of waste-paper which the market experienced soon after his

[1] The review appeared as the second article in the October number of the *Edinburgh*. Lord Ashburnham's book consisted of a vindication of his ancestor, John Ashburnham, groom of the bedchamber to Charles the First, from the misrepresentations and aspersions of Lord Clarendon, and of John Ashburnham's own narrative of his attendance on the King.

death. Alas, poor Pybus! Yet neither you nor your poem—

> 'si quid mea carmina possunt,
> Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

> 'As Qui through all its various cases
> The young Grammarian slowly traces,
> Declining down to Quibus;
> By a like scale our poets try,
> And if the first be Laureate Pye,
> The last of course is Pybus.

'I beg you to pardon me, or, rather, to make in my favour the law's humane distinction between murder and manslaughter. It is not of *malice prepense* that, like "the sage Montaigne," I have deviated from my purpose. It is not in imitation, or from affectation, but because it is as natural to me, as ever it was to him, to write very differently from what I had previously intended. Even more than this—I seldom read with so much perseverance as when I have seated myself at my writing desk: and am most disposed to talk when I have taken up a book.

'Contrary, therefore, to my declared intention to comment on the topics of your letter, I shall let you off with observing only that, of all the changes and chances which you enumerate as having been crowded together within the narrow compass of a few weeks, the only fact that I contemplate with pleasure is simply the expulsion of that incorrigible Charles the Tenth, of whom I verily think that there is less to say in excuse than of the execrated Charles the Ninth; justification being in either case equally out of the question. But I have no intention at

present, however unengaged, to favour you and the world with a vindication of the character and conduct of Charles of Valois.

'I hope that we shall meet ere long. Whenever I can hold out any temptation to you, besides my pictures, which, though as deaf as I am, will not trouble you to repeat the compliments addressed to them, I shall try to tempt you hither. My Lady would not forgive me were I to propose it to you in her absence.

'Adieu. I can hardly see what I am now writing, but I know what I feel, that

'I am truly and sincerely yours,

'ASHBURNHAM.'

Lord Ashburnham to Samuel Rogers.

'Ashburnham Place: 30th Sept., 1830.

'My dear Rogers,—I know not whether the one of all your friends who has the most often read over and over again your poem on our beloved Italy, be the best entitled to a presentation-copy of it. But, I am sure, on that and on other accounts, the copy for which I have to thank you has not been ill-bestowed. Most especially as to what relates to Florence and its environs, with which,

'Of all the fairest cities of the earth,

I am historically and topographically most acquainted. I have followed your traces in all directions as diligently and exactly as you did those of that celebrated *giro*, beginning and ending with the Santa Maria Novella. And I can say of many such walks (thanks to you) what you have said of that one—"delightful in itself, and in its

associations." Your new edition may, like Galileo's villa, be justly called—Il Giojello. Yet I should be better pleased with some of the illustrations if I were less well acquainted with the subjects which they represent, the former being much less picturesque as well as poetical, especially with regard to figures and costume.

'I hope that Lady Ashburnham will have prevailed so far at least as to obtain from you the promise of a visit. Nothing would please me more; particularly if I could contrive that you might meet some whom you would like to meet; for a family-party is less inviting than a *tête-à-tête*. For myself, I am growing gradually, if not rapidly, more and more a poor, infirm creature; and never expect to be the inmate of any but my own house, in town or country. Nor between these will my oscillations be of a pendulum-like frequency.[1]

'I hope that your health is, for the sake of your numerous friends, as well as your own, such as when we last parted at Spencer House. I wish that there were as much of selfishness in this hope as there is of sincerity in my profession of being

'Ever faithfully yours,

'Ashburnham.'

Charles Lamb to Samuel Rogers.

'Dear Sir,—I know not what hath bewitch'd me that I have delayed acknowledging your beautiful present. But I have been very unwell and nervous of late. The poem was not new to me, tho' I have renewed ac-

[1] Lord Ashburnham died within a month after writing these words.

quaintance with it. Its metre is none of the least of its excellencies. 'Tis so far from the stiffness of blank verse—it gallops like a traveller, as it should do—no crude Miltonisms in [it]. Dare I pick out what most pleases me? It is the middle paragraph in page thirty-four. It is most tasty. Though I look on every impression as a *proof* of your kindness, I am jealous of the ornaments, and should have prized the verses naked on whity-brown paper.

'I am, Sir, yours truly,

'Oct. 5th' [1830]. 'C. LAMB.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Castle, Whitehaven: 19th October [1830].

'My dear Rogers,—Not according to a cunning plan of acknowledging the receipt of books before they have been read, but to let you know that your highly valued present of three copies has arrived at Rydal, I write from this place, under favor of a frank. My sister tells me that the books are charmingly got up, as the phrase is, and she speaks with her usual feeling of your kind attention; so does my daughter, now at Workington Hall, where she has been officiating as bridesmaid to the wife of her happy brother. The embellishments, my sister says, are delicious, and reflect light upon the poetry with which she was well acquainted before.

'Lady Frederick is here with her father and mother. She is among your true friends. Lord and Lady L. are quite well. In a couple of days I hope to return with Mrs. Wordsworth and Dora to Rydal. We then go to Coleorton, and so on to Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, where

Dora will pass the winter. I shall take a peep at London; mind you be there, or I will never forgive you. Mrs. Wordsworth sends her kind wishes to yourself and sister, in which I cordially unite, not forgetting your good brother. When you see the Sharps, and that most amiable person Miss Kinnaird, thank them for giving us so much of their company; and believe [me], my dear friend, eager to have your books in my hand, much of the contents being in my heart and head,

'Ever faithfully yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.

'Lady Frederick begs me to say she is sorry they have not seen you in the North this year. We also had looked for you anxiously at Rydal.'

William Roscoe to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of receiving, a few days ago, a large paper copy of your beautiful poem on Italy, which you have had the goodness to present for me to my son Thomas, who has availed himself of his brother Robert's recent visit to Lancashire, to convey it safely to my hands. I do not consider this, your obliging remembrance of me, merely as an interesting and truly original poem, decorated with exquisite engravings, but as a production in which the sister arts of poetry and painting are united to produce a simultaneous effect, as brilliant jewels are only seen to full advantage when set off by a beautiful face. The art of engraving has hitherto aimed only to please the eye; but it may now be said to have arrived at its highest excellence; and

touched the deepest feelings of the mind. We must now acknowledge that the finest effects of the pencil may be produced by the simple medium of light and shadow.

'In the state of partial seclusion from the world in which I have lived for some time past, it is a merciful dispensation that I am still able to enjoy my books: amongst these I may enumerate, as lately acquired, the works of Lorenzo de' Medici, in four vols. folio, commented upon and published by the present Grand Duke of Tuscany, to whom I am indebted for a present—a copy of them. I also highly value a large paper copy of the "Landscape Annual," and am at present employed in illustrating a similar copy of the translation of Lanzi's "History of Painting in Italy," which will be a splendid work; but none of these seem to me so truly to deserve the name of a literary gem as your delightful publication; for which I must now beg leave to offer you my most grateful thanks. This is intended to be delivered to you by my highly valued friend Sig. Antonio Panizzi, Professor of the Italian language in the London University who lived some years in Liverpool, and from whence he is just returned from visiting the numerous friends whom he has made during his residence here. He is probably already known to you by his literary works, particularly his edition of Bojardo and Ariosto now publishing; in addition to which I beg leave to add my testimony, not only to his abilities as an elegant scholar, but to his experienced worth as a sincere friend and his character as a man. It is, therefore, with great satisfaction I introduced him to your better acquaintance; being convinced

it cannot fail of being productive of both pleasure and advantage to both parties.

'I am, my dear Sir, always most faithfully yours,

'W. Roscoe.

'Lodge Lane: 30th Oct., 1830.'

Lord Dudley to Samuel Rogers.

'Park Lane: 3rd Dec., 1830.

'My dear Rogers,—I have been worried to death these two or three last weeks by some troublesome business in Staffordshire, which, until it was settled, almost hindered me from thinking of anything else, or I should not have left so long unacknowledged the very gratifying present I had received. The finished excellence of the works that compose this beautiful volume, and the specimens of art, in the purest taste, by which it is adorned, render it a most desirable possession even to those that acquire it in the ordinary way; but the value of it is increased tenfold when given, as I flatter myself it is, as a mark of recollection after an acquaintance of near thirty years, from a man of whose friendship one should be proud, for the qualities of his heart and understanding, even if he had never written a single line. Accept my thanks, and believe me,

'Yours sincerely and faithfully,

'Dudley.'

This is the last letter from Lord Dudley—the J. W. Ward of earlier years—and it pleasantly shows how completely the early friendship had been restored after the alienation of 1813. Lord Dudley died on the 6th of March, 1833.

Lord Holland to Samuel Rogers.

'10th Dec., 1830.

'My dear Rogers,—I am quite sorry to hear of your being ill, and the more so as my business, my leg, and my cold prevent my having a chance of seeing you. The House of Lords knocked me up last night in spite of two admirable speeches in their different ways, of Grey and Radnor. The latter was acute and lively as usual, but patriotic and eloquent beyond anything I have ever yet heard [from] him ; a speech that must do him credit and, I must selfishly add, will do the Ministers great good with the public. Young Stothard the engraver writes to me about an office he holds and the manner in which it has been awarded, and, moreover, about the late King's order to execute a Duchy of Lancaster seal. I do not quite understand his application exactly—but pray tell me what you know of him, and give, if you have any, some information about his office.

'Yours,

'Vassall Holland.'

Sir Walter Scott to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Sir,—I should do my sentiments towards you, and all your kindness, great injustice did I not hasten to send you my best thanks for your beautiful verses on Italy which [are] embellished by such beautiful specimens of architecture as form a rare specimen of the manner in which the art of poetry can awake the Muse of Painting. It is in every respect a bijou, and yet more valued as the mark of your regard than either

for its literary attractions or those which it draws from art, though justly distinguished for both.

'My life has undergone an important change since I saw [you] for the well-remembered last time in Piccadilly, when you gave me the spy-glass, which still hangs round my neck, with which I might hope to read, not only more clearly, but with more judgment and better taste. Since that time I have felt a gradual but decisive pressure of years visiting me all at once, and, without anything like formal disease, depriving me of my power to take exercise either on foot or horseback, of which I was once so proud. It is this that makes me look at your volume with particular interest. Having resigned my official connection with the Court of Session, I had promised myself the pleasure of seeing some part of the Continent, and thought of visiting the well-sung scenes of Italy. I am now so helpless in the way of moving about that I think I must be satisfied with the admirable substitute you have so kindly sent me, which must be my consolation for not seeing with my own eyes what I can read so picturesquely described.

'I sometimes hope I shall prick up heart of grace and come to my daughter Lockhart's in spring weather. Sometimes I think I had best keep my madness in the background, like the *suivante* [confidant] of Tilburina in "The Critic." At all events, I wish I could draw you over the Border in summer or autumn, when we could at least visit some places in that land where, though not very romantic in landscape, every valley has its battle and every stream its song.

'Pray think of this, and God bless you. I beg my

respects to your sister, to Sharp, whom I wish you could induce to visit me with you, and to Lord and Lady Holland, if they remember such a person. The worst of this world is the separation of friends as the scene closes; but it is the law we live under.

'Believe me, very affectionately,

'Yours truly obliged,

'WALTER SCOTT.

'Abbotsford, Melrose: 15th January [1831].'

CHAPTER II.

1831–34.

Rogers and Wellington and Talleyrand – Rogers and Macaulay—Death of Mrs. Siddons—Letters from Wordsworth, Henry Hallam, and Brougham—Campbell and 'The Metropolitan'—Rogers and Earl Grey—Mrs. Joanna Baillie—Death of Mackintosh and of Walter Scott—Moore on Rogers's House—Death of Henry Rogers—Letters from Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Macaulay – Rogers's Tour—Letters to Wordsworth, Sarah Rogers, and Richard Sharp—Richard Sharp on Ministerial Changes—Rogers and the Gossip at Brooks's—The King and his Ministers—'The Queen has done it all'—Lord Brougham's Eccentricities—Letter from Campbell.

The period in which Rogers was occupied in preparing the illustrated edition of his poems is very barren of correspondence. He had arrived at the time of life at which men learn with a shock that they are being spoken of as old men by younger people. He was beginning to feel the approach of age, though he always urged his friends not to realise that they are old, and himself acted on the injunction. He had a good deal of ill-health, and so many friends were gone that he began to say that a walk through the streets of London was like a walk in a cemetery. In March, 1831, he had one of the conversations with the Duke of Wellington, which is reported in the 'Recollections,' and one with Talleyrand, also recorded in the same volume. It was in October of the same year that, meeting Sir Walter Scott on the day

but one before he set sail for Naples, Scott told him the story of the clever boy at school whom he could not pass, who, he noticed, always fumbled with a button on his waistcoat when under examination, but who was utterly dumbfounded and passed at once when Scott had cut off the button, and the boy, during examination, found out his loss.

It is just at this period that the life of Samuel Rogers seems to touch our own times. The names we begin to meet with are those of men, some of whom middle-aged men have personally known. It is not clear when Rogers first met Macaulay; but Macaulay, in writing to his sister Hannah on the 28th of May, 1831, says that on the day before, he had lounged into the ante-rooms of 'old Marshall's house' in Hill Street, where he found Samuel Rogers. 'Rogers and I,' he says, 'sate together on a bench in one of the passages, and had a good deal of very pleasant conversation. He was—as, indeed, he has always been to me—extremely kind, and told me that if it were in his power he would contrive to be at Holland House with me, to give me an insight into its ways. He is the great oracle of that circle. He has seen the King's letter to Lord Grey about the Garter.' On the 3rd of June, he says Rogers told him to write no more reviews but to publish separate works, 'adding what, for him, is a very rare thing, a compliment: "You may do anything, Mr. Macaulay."' On the 7th he writes to his sisters Hannah and Margaret—

'Yesterday I dined at Marshall's, and was almost consoled for not meeting Rammohun Roy by a very

pleasant party. The great sight was the two wits, Rogers and Sydney Smith. Singly I have often seen them: but to see them both together was a novelty, and a novelty not the less curious because their mutual hostility is well known, and the hard hits which they have given to each other are in everybody's mouth. They were civil, however. But I was struck by the truth of what Matthew Bramble, a person of whom you probably never heard, says in Smollett's "Humphry Clinker": that one wit in a company, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a flavour: but two are too many. Rogers and Sydney Smith would not come into conflict. If one had possession of the company the other was silent; and, as you may conceive, the one who had possession of the company was always Sydney Smith, and the one who was silent was always Rogers. Sometimes, however, the company divided, and each of them had a small congregation. I had a good deal of talk with both of them; for in whatever they may disagree, they agree in treating me with very marked kindness.

'I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with Rogers. He was telling me of the curiosity which attached to the persons of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. When Sir Walter Scott dined at a gentleman's in London some time ago all the servant-maids in the house asked leave to stand in the passage and see him pass. He was, as you may conceive, greatly flattered. About Lord Byron, whom he knew well, he told me some curious anecdotes. When Lord Byron passed through Florence, Rogers was there. They had a good deal of conversation, and Rogers accompanied him to his car-

riage. The inn had fifty windows in front. All the windows were crowded with women, mostly English women, to catch a glance at their favourite poet. Among them were some at whose houses he had often been in England, and with whom he had lived on friendly terms. He would not notice them, or return their salutations. Rogers was the only person he spoke to.'

Three days later he tells his sister he had met Rogers at the Athenæum, and he had asked him to breakfast and promised to make an interesting party, and, he adds, 'If you knew how Rogers is thought of you would think it as great a compliment as could be paid to a duke.' His account of the breakfast is valuable as giving a contemporary description of Rogers's house. He writes on the 25th of June—

'I breakfasted with Rogers yesterday. There was nobody there but Moore. We were all on the most friendly and familiar terms possible; and Moore, who is, Rogers tells me, excessively pleased with my review of his book, showed me very marked attention. I was forced to go away early on account of bankrupt business, but Rogers said that we must have the talk out; so we are to meet at his house again to breakfast. What a delightful house it is! It looks out on the Green Park just at the most pleasant point. The furniture has been selected with a delicacy of taste quite unique. Its value does not depend on fashion, but must be the same while the fine arts are held in any esteem. In the drawing-room, for example, the chimney-pieces are carved by

Flaxman into the most beautiful Grecian forms. The book-case is painted by Stothard, in his very best manner, with groups from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Boccaccio. The pictures are not numerous, but every one is excellent. In the dining-room there are also some beautiful paintings. But the three most remarkable objects in that room are, I think, a cast of Pope taken after death by Roubilliac; a noble model in terra-cotta by Michael Angelo, from which he afterwards made one of his finest statues, that of Lorenzo de' Medici; and, lastly, a mahogany table, on which stands an antique vase.'

There are the usual accounts of breakfasts and dinners with Rogers in Moore's Diary this summer. At one of these Rogers violently opposed Moore, who had said 'after all it is in high life one meets the best society.' Rogers always maintained the contrary. His father had advised him never to go near titled people, but that was based on his own youthful experience of them in his Worcestershire home in the middle of the eighteenth century. Rogers confessed to his nephew, Samuel Sharpe, that he had not followed his father's advice, but that there was truth and wisdom in it. On the 26th was the breakfast party Rogers had made for Macaulay, and Tom Moore gives his account of it. 'Macaulay,' he says, 'gave us an account of the present state of the Monothelite controversy.' Macaulay himself tells a story, which Moore also tells, of this same occasion. Writing to his sister, he says—

'I have breakfasted again with Rogers. The party was a remarkable one, Lord John Russell, Tom Moore,

Tom Campbell, and Luttrell. We were all very lively. An odd incident took place after breakfast. While we were standing at the window and looking into the Green Park, somebody was talking about diners-out. "Ay," said Campbell,

"Ye diners out from whom we guard our spoons."

Tom Moore asked where the line was. "Don't you know?" said Campbell. "Not I," said Moore. "Surely," said Campbell, "it is your own." "I never saw it in my life," said Moore. "It is in one of your best things in 'The Times,'" said Campbell. Moore denied it. Hereupon I put in my claim, and told them that it was mine. Do you remember it? It is in some lines called "The Political Georgics," which I sent to "The Times" about three years ago. They made me repeat the lines, and were vociferous in praise of them. Tom Moore then said, oddly enough, "There is another poem in 'The Times' that I should like to know the author of: 'A Parson's Account of his Journey to the Cambridge Election.'" I laid claim to that also. "That is curious," said Moore. "I begged Barnes to tell me who wrote it. He said that he had received it from Cambridge, and touched it up himself, and pretended that all the best strokes were his. I believed that he was lying, because I never knew him to make a good joke in his life. And now the murder is out." They asked me whether I had put anything else in "The Times." "Nothing," I said, "except the 'Sortes Virgilianæ,'" which Lord John remembered well. I never mentioned the "Cambridge Journey" or the "Georgics" to any but my own family; and I was, therefore, as you

may conceive, not a little flattered to hear, in one day, Moore praising one of them and Campbell the other.'

In this month of June Rogers had lost one of his oldest friends in Mrs. Siddons. She had not been quite happy since her retirement from the stage. When Rogers was visiting her she often said, 'This is the time I used to be thinking of going to the theatre; there was the pleasure of dressing, then of acting, but all is over now.' Rogers was always fond of telling stories about her. He regarded her as a far greater performer than John Kemble, and sympathised with her disappointment at the little attention that had been paid to her at the time of her retirement, and from that time to her death.

There is a letter of about this date which may be given in illustration of an aspect of Rogers's character which did not come out frequently, but which his closer friends knew to exist. It was to a relation who had disgraced himself, and had an opportunity of recovering his position, and did recover it. I suppress the name as it is of no interest or importance.

Samuel Rogers to ——.

'Dear ——,—Many thanks for a letter which, mournful as it was, gave me sincere pleasure, and over which your poor father and mother, could they read it where they now are, would shed tears of delight; for what signifies wealth or poverty, good report or evil report, but inasmuch as they affect our own minds.

'I need not say, I am sure, how sorry I am for the sad change which has taken place in your circumstances, but much more unhappy I was before it took place; for then how gloomy was the prospect; and how fortunate you must think yourself, how much more so than many, in being roused to reflection before it was too late. Providence has given you an asylum among kind and considerate friends, you have good talents, great attainments, and have still many years before you, and if you resolve to exert yourself, and to assist those who have a natural claim to your exertions, what we now regard as an affliction will perhaps be the happiest event in your life. When I look back on mine, I feel that I am too faulty myself to blame another, and have only on my knees to ask forgiveness.

'Pray remember me to ——, and believe me,

'Yours as ever,

'S. R.'

Wordsworth, as usual, writes to Rogers for advice.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Rydal Mount: 14th June [1831].

'Let me, my dear friend, have the benefit of your advice upon a small matter of taste. You know that while I was in London I gave more time than a wise man would have done to portrait-painters and sculptors. I am now called to the same duty again. The Master and a numerous body of the Fellows of my own college, St. John's, Cambridge, have begged me to sit to some eminent artist for my portrait, to be placed among "the

worthies of that house" of learning, which has so many claims upon my grateful remembrance. I consider the application no small honour, and as they have courteously left the choice of the artist to myself, I entreat you would let me have the advantage of your judgment. Had Jackson been living, without troubling you, I should have inquired of himself whether he would undertake the task; but he is just gone, and I am quite at a loss whom to select. Pray give me your opinion. I saw Pickersgill's pictures at his own house, but between ourselves I did not much like them. Phillips has made coxcombs of all the poets, save Crabbe, that have come under his hand, and I am rather afraid he might play that trick with me, grey-headed as I am. Owen was a manly painter, but there is the same fault with him as the famous Horn one has heard of—he is departed. In fact, the art is low in England, as you know much better than I; don't, however, accuse me of impertinence, but do as I have desired.

'We stayed three or four days at Cambridge, and then departed for the North; but I was obliged to leave dear Mrs. Wordsworth at Nottingham, suffering under a most violent attack of sciatica. Her daughter was left with her. We fell among good Samaritans, and in less than a fortnight she was able to renew her journey.

'Her stay here, however, was short. My sister was summoned to Cheltenham by our old friend Dr. Bell, and as we did not dare to trust *her* so far from home on account of her delicate state of health, Mrs. W. was so kind and noble-minded as to take the long journey in her stead. The poor doctor thought himself dying, but

he has rallied, and I expect Mrs. W. back with Southey, who left us this morning for the same place. Southey is gone upon business connected with the doctor's affairs. Excuse this long story, but I know you are kind enough to be interested about me and my friends in everything. Dora is writing by me, both she and my sister and Wm. join me in kindest regards to yourself and your sister.

'Most faithfully yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.'

In spite of the objection to Pickersgill's portraits, he was eventually selected, and went down to Rydal and painted the picture now in St. John's College. Wordsworth's sonnet, 'Go, Faithful Portrait,' testifies to his satisfaction with it. In the autumn he is anxious about Rogers's health, and writes for information.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Rydal Mount: 7th Nov., 1831.

'My dear Rogers,—Several weeks since I heard, through Mr. Quillinan, who I believe had it from Moxon, that you were unwell, and this unpleasant communication has weighed on my mind, but I did not write, trusting that either from Mr. Q. or Moxon I should hear something of the particulars. These expectations have been vain, and now I venture, not without anxiety, to make enquiries of yourself. Be so good then as let me hear how you are, and as soon as you can. If you saw Sir Walter Scott, or have met with Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart since their return to town, you will have learned

from them that Dora and I reached Abbotsford in time to have two or three days of Sir Walter's company before he left his home. I need not dwell upon the subject of his health, as you cannot but have heard as authentic particulars as I could give you, and of more recent date. From Abbotsford we went to Roslin, Edinburgh, Stirling, Loch Kettering [Katrine], Killin, Dalmally, Oban, the Isle of Mull—too late in the season for Staffa—and returned by Inverary, Loch Lomond, Glasgow, and the falls of the Clyde. The foliage was in its most beautiful state, and the weather, though we had five or six days of heavy rain, was upon the whole very favourable; for we had most beautiful appearances of floating vapours, rainbows and fragments of rainbows, weather-galls, and sunbeams innumerable, so that I never saw Scotland under a more poetic aspect. Then there was in addition the pleasure of recollection, and the novelty of showing to my daughter places and objects which had been so long in my remembrance. About the middle of summer a hope was held out to us that we should see you in the North, which would indeed have given us great pleasure, as we often, very often, talk, and still oftener think, about you.

'It is some months since I heard from Moxon. I learned in Scotland that the bookselling trade was in a deplorable state, and that nothing was saleable but newspapers on the Revolutionary side. So that I fear, unless our poor friend be turned patriot, he cannot be prospering at present.

'We, thank God, are all well, and should be very glad to hear the same of yourself and brother and sister.

My son William is gone to Carlisle as my sub-distributor, how long to remain there, heaven knows! He is likely to come in for a broken head, as he expects to be enrolled as a special constable, for the protection of the gaols and cathedral at Carlisle, and for Rose Castle—the bishop's country residence which has been threatened. But no more of these disagreeables. My heart is full of kindness towards you, and I wish much to hear of you. The state of my eyes has compelled me to use Mrs. W.'s pen.

'Most affectionately yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.'

'Notwithstanding the flourish above, I have written to my son to stay at home and guard his stamps.'

Rogers had before this fully recovered from his illness. Moore calling to surprise him at breakfast on the 16th of October, found him just returned from the country, entirely restored, and full of good humour and playfulness. There is a double interest in a letter received in the course of the autumn from another of his eminent friends.

Henry Hallam to Samuel Rogers.

'Friday night.

'My dear Rogers,—I have been unfortunate in missing you twice, yet with the consolation that it proved you were recovered in health, which I had heard was not as good as we all wish. For myself I am a mere rustic, but not as yet *oblitus meorum*, and therefore, I hope, not *obliviscendus illis*. But in a fortnight more I shall be once more in the whirl of the world, though I

have always coveted the eddy, and shall probably do so more and more, *accedente senectâ*. It is no compliment to say that I prefer two hours of your tea to four hours of most men's claret.

'I send you another little production of Arthur's; it is much superior to the other. You have candour to make allowance for the cloudy state of new wine, which will not disguise from a connoisseur's taste a racy flavour and strong body. You must always keep in mind that he is not quite twenty-one, and with this allowance I am not perhaps quite misled as a father in thinking his performances a little out of the common.

'Tunbridge, whatever you may fancy, is excellent wintering. We have a very small society of people we like, and play sixpenny whist when it might be dull else, not otherwise. . . .

'Yours very truly,

'H. Hallam.

'Wimpole Street and Rose Hill, Tunbridge Wells.'

A brief note, not dated, but belonging to the same autumn, is the first I find among Rogers's papers from another eminent person.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Wednesday [1831].

'My dear R.,—I have this instant been *commanded* by Talleyrand to meet Don Pedro on Friday, and I must obey, as your absolute sovereigns when they go *incog.*, like Peter I., are offended if you take them at their word and don't treat them as sovereigns.

'Therefore I hope you will be able to put off Lord P. and your party to any other day, except Monday.

'Ever yours,

'H. B.'

There are two examples in this autumn of the kind of service Rogers was always performing for his literary friends. Campbell was in London in October negotiating for a share in the magazine he was conducting—'The Metropolitan.' 'I am ten inches taller than when you saw me,' he tells Mrs. Arkwright. 'Let the name of my brother poet Rogers be ever sacred,' he writes; 'he has bought me a share in the partnership, and with noble generosity has refused even the mortgage of my Scotch property, as security for the debt.' He offered to insure his life, but Rogers would not hear of it. Five hundred pounds was advanced, and a third share in the magazine purchased. There was eventually some hitch in the arrangements, and the partnership was given up. After weeks of agitation and many a sleepless night, poor Campbell got back his money and restored it to Rogers, who, however, offered to let him have it for another purpose. He writes—

Thomas Campbell to Samuel Rogers.

'St. Leonards: 6th December, 1831.

'My dear Rogers,—I beg leave to introduce to you Mr. Madden, whose travels and other writings are most probably known to you. He is an extremely sensible and amiable man, and constitutes, I may say, all my conversible society at this place.

'I am very happy to tell you that the five hundred pounds which you so generously lent me is at my bankers' in James's Street, and awaits your calling for it. Blessed be God that I have saved both it and myself from being involved as partner in "The Metropolitan." Respecting the history of this transaction, though I have made it known to my friends confidentially, yet I should not wish that there should be any public talk, for though I blame the publisher Cochrane for swaggering and putting on the airs of a wealthy capitalist all the time he was but a needy, seedy . . . . still, poor devil, he may keep above water if his credit does not sink; and he has a wife and several children, of whom it pains my heart to think. I therefore abide by him and "The Metropolitan" out of sheer compassion. But I have got out of the scrape of being a sharer in the periodical.

'The pain I suffered before I made this rescue was not slight. Amidst the horror of bad news, public and private, I felt at times misanthropic enough to pronounce my species all rascals. But still I recalled your loan. Ah, there, I thought to myself, there is a fact to show that benevolence has not left the earth. Aye, and days and sleepless nights went over my head in which I knew not whether even that loan was not to be thrown into a gulf of bankruptcy. All, however, is now safe. And my feeling of obligation to you is as thoroughly grateful as if all my chimerical dreams had been realised. I shall now go on with Mrs. Siddons's life. Have you seen Haynes Bayly's song on the "Italian Boy," the music by "Bishop"? Query, what Bishop? There has been more than one composer of that name.

'Adieu, my dear friend. Believe me most affectionately yours,

'T. CAMPBELL.'

Moore, in recording this loan of Rogers's, says Rogers does more of such things than the world has any notion of, and Lord John Russell adds, 'Not only more than the world has any notion of, but more than any one else could have done. Being himself an author, he was able to guess the difficulties of men of letters, and to assist them not only with his ready purse, but with his powerful influence and his judicious advice.' There is an example in Moore's own case—for on the very day he records Campbell's loan, he says that Rogers had undertaken to negotiate for him with Murray as to what sum to get for his name and co-operation in the new edition of Byron. Rogers thought Moore ought to have a thousand pounds. The negotiation failed, and as Moore had a bill for 500*l.* falling due, Rogers wrote and offered him the money; but an arrangement with Longmans rendered the advance needless.

The accession to power of his political friends necessarily exerted considerable influence on Rogers's life. It did not bring him back into politics, for he was never wholly out of them nor deeply immersed in them. Lord Lansdowne's surprise at receiving through him Lord Grenville's opinion that he should join the Government in 1827 exactly illustrates Rogers's political position, when it is viewed in connection with the fact that Lord Grenville entrusted him with the message. Rogers was in fact one of the literary Whigs. The time was gloomy.

Perhaps there has never been a period in our history when so much excitement and apprehension was in the air as at the beginning of 1832. 'My sense of the evil of the times and to what prospects I am bringing up my children,' wrote Dr. Arnold, 'is overwhelmingly bitter.' There was political unrest at home, there was the dread of the cholera, there was negro insurrection in Jamaica, and there were complications abroad. Rogers communicated some alarming news to Lord Grey, and received in reply the following letter, which I reproduce, though unable to explain it, as it illustrates the terms on which he lived with the most eminent political persons of his time.

Earl Grey to Samuel Rogers.

'East Sheen: 12th Janry., 1832.

'My dear Rogers,—I unfortunately allowed the messenger to go back to-day without an answer to your very kind note; but I hope you will not think me the less obliged to you for it.

'I have no doubt that there are plenty of people at work to do all possible mischief; and as far as I am myself concerned, I care little about it. But in a situation of so much embarrassment and danger, it requires a degree of malignity, not common, to risk all the confusion which, in their desire to overthrow the government, they are exerting themselves to produce. You are quite right. If the question of Reform was settled, all our foreign politics would go right; and the King of Holland, whose obstinacy is encouraged by the belief

that there will be a new administration here which will be favourable to him, would not long hesitate in acceding to an arrangement which is very much for his advantage.

'If our house had not been full we should have asked you to come to meet the Hollands. They leave us on Saturday, and we go ourselves to town, for good, on Monday; when I hope we shall frequently have the pleasure of seeing you. Holland is suffering from a threatening of gout. Lady Grey desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

'Ever most sincerely yours,

'GREY.'

Rogers lived so completely between the two worlds of politics and literature—as he did also between two literary and political eras—that a letter from Joanna Baillie, one of the vast number he received from her, may properly follow one of Lord Grey's.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie to Samuel Rogers.

'Hampstead: Friday, 2nd Febry. [1832].

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—You once called me, and not very long ago, an ungrateful hussey, and I remember it the better because I really thought I deserved it. But whether I did or not, when I tell you now that I have read Sir John Herschell's book twice, or rather three times over, have been the better for it both in understanding and heart, and mean to read parts of it again ere long, you will not repent having bestowed it upon me. And

now I mean to thank you for another obligation that you are not so well aware of. Do you remember when I told you, a good while since, of my intention of looking over all my works to correct them for an edition to be published after my decease, should it be called for, and you giving me a hint never to let a *which* stand where a *that* might serve the purpose, to prefer the words *while* to *whilst*, *among* to *amongst*, &c.? I acquiesced in all this most readily, throwing as much scorn upon the rejected expressions as anybody would do, and with all the ease of one who from natural taste had always avoided them. If you do, you will guess what has been my surprise and mortification to find through whole pages of even my last dramas, "whiches," "whilsts," and "amongsts," &c., where they need not have been, in abundance. Well; I have profited by your hint, though I was not aware that I needed it at the time when it was given, and now I thank you for it very sincerely. I cannot imagine how I came to make this mistake, if it has not been that, in writing songs, I have often rejected the words in question because they do not sound well in singing. I have very lately finished my corrections, and now all my literary tasks are finished. It is time they should, and more serious thoughts fill up their room, or ought to do.

'I hear of your sister from time to time by our neighbours here, and of yourself now and then. I hope you continue to brave this variable winter with impunity. We hear also that your nephew continues to recover, though more slowly than his friends could wish. Being so young a man gives one confidence in the progress he

makes. My sister and I are both confined to the house, but with no very great ailments to complain of. We both unite in all kind wishes and regards to you and Miss Rogers.

'Very truly and gratefully yours,

'J. Baillie.'

Another eminent contemporary, who was not much in London, and was little seen in society, makes his appearance in Rogers's correspondence in the same month. The first volume of 'The Curiosities of Literature' appeared just before 'The Pleasures of Memory,' and had a similar success. But Isaac D'Israeli preferred studious retirement to social pleasures, and hence his name is rarely met with in the memoirs of the time. His letter is interesting from the reference it makes to his own previous writings, but especially in the indication it gives of a literary purpose which was never carried out. The 'fugitive thing' he sends to his 'old acquaintance' was a pamphlet entitled 'Eliot, Hampden, and Pym,' which was published at the beginning of 1832.

Isaac D'Israeli to Samuel Rogers.

'Athenæum: Monday [February, 1832].

'My dear Sir,—Accept a fugitive thing on a permanent topic in my "Reply" to Lord Nugent. Should you have patience and forbearance, you will pick up, I think, some amusement in the fifty pages.

'But what you will find on the back of the last fly-leaf interests me more while I am addressing you. I

imagine that you know how I formerly fully avenged the cause of Pope in the "Quarterly" against our amiable editor, Bowles. "Modes," that is myself, triumphed, and stroked his ears with much self-complacency, for he did hear his own words resound in the House of Lords, and more than one edition of Pope followed; and Pope was righted. He has of late again been wronged in the recent "Edinburgh Review."

'I recollect that you have many of the first editions of Pope. I have some, particularly the "Essay on Man," in four parts, as they were published. I never could find, as the anecdote runs, the *false* claim which Pope expressly made to keep the world in doubt whether he were the writer.

'Should anything occur to you on the subject of Pope, your communication will delight an old acquaintance of yours, who never imagined he should have written so much poetry and such little verse. My intention is to enter at large into the literary period of Pope, to mark out its influence on him, and trace the consequences in his writings. His friends and his enemies are well known to me, and it is an active era in our literature.

'My visits to the metropolis are rare and short, and should you have occasion to address me it must be at Bradenham House, High Wycombe, where, should [you] ever stray, the sun will shine on us that day. It is four miles from High Wycombe.

'Believe me, with great regard, dear Sir,

'Faithfully yours,

'I. D'Israeli.'

In Moore's diary this year he frequently speaks of talking politics with Rogers; but the political talk is not reported. On the 3rd of April, Moore, Macaulay, Luttrell, Lord Kerry, and Whishaw were at breakfast at Rogers's, and there were 'some strong politics talked, condemning Lord Grey's hesitation to make peers.' Sydney Smith writing to Lady Grey enumerates Mackintosh, Whishaw, Robert Smith, Rogers, Luttrell, Jeffrey, Sharp, Ord, Macaulay, Fazakerley and Lord Ebrington, and says there would not be a dissentient voice among them on any point connected with the honour, character and fame of Lord Grey. It is literature, however, and not politics that is uppermost in Rogers's circle even in the most exciting times. The death of Sir James Mackintosh on the 22nd of May, and of Sir Walter Scott on the 21st of September, occupied a larger place in their thoughts than even the passing of the Reform Bill. Mackintosh was two years younger than Rogers, Sir Walter Scott was eight years his junior. Meanwhile Sydney Smith, who was of the same age as Walter Scott, had been appointed by Lord Grey a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and as his new duties called him frequently to London, had thus become a permanent member instead of an occasional visitor of Rogers's circle of familiar friends. In September, 1832, Rogers was at Bowood, and Moore reports a conversation in which he enumerated a long list of distinguished men who had been poured into England by Ireland, and expressed the opinion that Irishmen were beyond most other men in genius, but behind them in sense. In March, 1833, Moore was at Rogers's house and there was again political talk. 'Even he,' says Moore (whose views

of politics are in general so manly and consistent), 'has got bitten a little with this new Whig frenzy, and tries to defend their apostasy; for it is apostasy.' The Bill which had excited Moore's wrath was what he calls 'this new Algerine Act of my friends, the Whigs, against Ireland, the Coercion Act.' In the same month Rogers was occupied with some business of Moore's, who describes him as 'most hearty and anxious on the subject, and (as he never fails to be on matters of business) clear-sighted and judicious.' In the summer Moore took some friends to see Rogers's house, and he says, 'was astonished myself at the variety and rarity of his treasures.' The house was at this period one of the sights of London. We meet Rogers now and then in Macaulay's letters. Writing at Christmas, 1832, he tells of a party at which he says Rogers was to have been present, 'but his brother chose that very day to die upon, so that poor Sam had to absent himself.' So heartlessly do we sometimes speak and write of those who are not personally known to us. This brother was Henry Rogers, the youngest brother of 'poor Sam'; who, but for him, might perhaps have almost deserved Macaulay's pitying phrase. Henry Rogers was a man of taste and culture, but he had chosen a quieter and more domestic sphere than his older brother. The family of their nephews and nieces, as I have said elsewhere, justly regarded him as a second father. It is sufficient here, however, that I should reproduce what I have said of him in my Life of his nephew, Samuel Sharpe: 'Henry Rogers is still remembered by friends and neighbours at Highbury as the light and charm of the circle he moved in. He was

the kind of man Emerson may have had in view when, in his essay "On Character," he wrote, "I revere the man who *is* riches, so that I cannot think of him as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unhappy, or a client, but as a perpetual patron, benefactor, and beatified man." ' Such was the brother about whom Macaulay writes with such unfeeling levity. He writes of Rogers again some months later to his sister Hannah—

'I have been racketing lately [November 1833], having dined twice with Rogers, and once with Grant. Lady Holland is in a most extraordinary state. She came to Rogers's, with Allen, in so bad a humour that we were all forced to rally, and make common cause against her. There was not a person at table to whom she was not rude: and none of us were inclined to submit. Rogers sneered; Sydney made merciless sport of her; Tom Moore looked excessively impertinent; Bobus put her down with simple straightforward rudeness; and I treated her with what I meant to be the coldest civility. Allen flew into a rage with us all, and especially with Sydney, whose guffaws, as the Scotch say, were indeed tremendous. When she and all the rest were gone, Rogers made Tom Moore and me sit down with him for half an hour, and we coshered over the events of the evening. Rogers said that he thought Allen's firing up in defence of his patroness the best thing that he had seen in him. No sooner had Tom and I got into the street than he broke forth: "That such an old stager as Rogers should talk such nonsense, and give Allen credit for attachment to anything but his dinner! Allen

was bursting with envy to see us so free, while he was conscious of his own slavery."'

Moore says of a dinner at Rogers's, in company with Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Byng, and Greville, 'Talking of words that had become degraded, Macaulay mentioned "elegant" as a word he would not use in writing, and all agreed with him except Sydney and myself. "You'll stand by elegant, won't you?" says he to me, and on my answering—"Here's Moore," he exclaimed, "as firm as a rock for elegant." All agreed that "genteel" was no longer fit for use, though the word *gentille*, from which it sprang, was still so graceful and expressive. In the course of the evening Smith said to me, "You'll be pleased to hear that there has been a very respectable captain of infantry converted by your book."'

A letter from Charles Lamb must be reproduced here, though it has already been printed.[1] It was written in acknowledgment of an early copy of the illustrated 'Poems,' and Canon Ainger dates it in December, 1833.

Charles Lamb to Samuel Rogers.

'Saturday.

'My dear Sir,—Your book, by the unremitting punctuality of your publisher, has reached me thus early. I have not opened it, nor will till to-morrow, when I promise myself a thorough reading of it. "The Pleasures of Memory" was the first school present I made to Mrs. Moxon, it had those nice wood-cuts; and

[1] Talfourd's *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, vol. ii., p. 107; and Canon Ainger's *Letters of Charles Lamb*, vol. ii., p. 291.

I believe she keeps it still. Believe me, that all the kindness you have shown to the husband of that excellent person seems done unto myself. I have tried my hand at a sonnet in "The Times." But the turn I gave it, though I hoped it would not displease you, I thought might not be equally agreeable to your artist. I met that dear old man at poor Henry's—with you—and again at Cary's—and it was sublime to see him sit deaf and enjoy all that was going on in mirth with the company. He reposed upon the many graceful, many fantastic images he had created; with them he dined and took wine.

'I have ventured at an antagonist copy of verses in "The Athenæum" to *him*, in which he is as everything and you as nothing. He is no lawyer who cannot take two sides. But I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle apart. What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery" do me with Shakespeare?—to have Opie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-headed West's Shakespeare (though he did the best in "Lear"), deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakespeare, instead of my, and everybody's Shakespeare. To be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! To have Imogen's portrait! To confine the illimitable! I like you and Stothard (you best), but "out upon this half-faced fellowship." Sir, when I have read the book I may trouble you, through Moxon, with some faint criticisms. It is not the flatteringest compliment in a letter to an author to say you have not read his book yet. But the devil of a reader

he must be who prances through it in five minutes, and no longer have I received the parcel. It was a little tantalizing to me to receive a letter from Landor, *Gebir* Landor, from Florence, to say he was just sitting down to read my "Elia," just received, but the letter was to go out before the reading. There are calamities in authorship which only authors know. I am going to call on Moxon on Monday, if the throng of carriages in Dover Street on the morn of publication do not barricade me out.

'With many thanks, and most respectful remembrances to your sister,

'Yours,

'C. Lamb.

'Have you seen Coleridge's happy exemplification in English of the Ovidian elegiac metre?—

> 'In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery current,
> In the Pentameter aye falling in melody down.

'My sister is papering up the book—careful soul!'

Wordsworth and Macaulay write on the same topic.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'14th Jan. [1834].

'My dear Friend,—Yesterday I received your most valuable present of three copies of your beautiful book, which I assure you will be nowhere more prized than in this house. My sister was affected even to the shedding of tears by this token of your remembrance. When a person has been shut up for upwards of twelve months

in a sick room it is a touching thing to receive proofs from time to time of not being forgotten. Dora is at Keswick to attend as bridesmaid upon Miss Southey, who loses her family name to-morrow. Your book has been forwarded, and we hope it will be received at Greta Hall to-day.

'Of the execution of the plates, as compared with the former vol., and the merit of the designs, we have not yet had time to judge. But I cannot forbear adding that, as several of the poems are among my oldest and dearest acquaintance in the literature of our day, such an elegant edition of them, with their illustrations, must to me be peculiarly acceptable. As Mr. Moxon does not mention your health, I hope it is good, and your sister's also, who, we are happy to hear, has drawn nearer to you. Pray remember us all most kindly to her, and accept yourself our united thanks and best wishes.

'I remain, my dear R., faithfully yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.

'We were grieved to notice the death of the veteran Sotheby.[1] Not less than fourteen of our relatives, friends, or valued acquaintance, have been removed by death within the last three or four months.'

T. B. Macaulay to Samuel Rogers.

'Gray's Inn: 14th Jany., 1834.

'My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your beautiful present. Beautiful as it is, the scrap of your writing in

[1] William Sotheby—translator of Wieland's *Oberon*, of the *Georgics*, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*, dramatist and poet, of whom Byron said that he imitated everybody and occasionally surpassed his models—had died on the 30th December, 1833, aged 76.

the first page is more valuable to me than the finest engraving in the volume.

'The poems, as far as I have yet examined them, are all such as I have long known and admired. I do not perceive anything new. But such a series of illustrations I never saw or expected to see. I used to say that if your "Italy" were dug up in some Pompeii or Herculaneum two thousand years hence, it would give to posterity a higher idea of the state of the arts amongst us than anything else which lay in an equally small compass. But Italy is nothing to the new volume. Everybody says the same. I am charged with several copies for ladies in India. How the publishers of the annuals must hate you. You have certainly spoiled their market for one year at least.

'Ever, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

'T. B. Macaulay.'

Moore writes on the 3rd of February—

'Dined early with Rogers. Nobody but himself, his sister, and young Mason, for whom he had got a situation (a writership, I believe) in India, and who is to sail in the same ship as Macaulay. . . . Rogers to-day quoted as a fine specimen of Addison's humour, the parson threatening the squire that if he did not reform his ways, he should be obliged "to pray for him the following Sunday, in the face of the congregation."'

Mr. C. Grey writes from Downing Street on the 25th of April that his father, being very busy, desires him to say that he has spoken to the King about Mr. Millingen,

'and that he has great pleasure in announcing His Majesty's consent to give him a pension of 100*l.* a year.'

On the 29th of July Moore writes—

'To breakfast at Rogers's, where we had Lord Lansdowne, Whishaw, and afterwards the Duke of Sutherland, whom Rogers had asked and forgot, till Lord Lansdowne informed him that he was coming. "Asking Dukes and forgetting them," as I told Rogers, "is now-a-days the poet's privilege." Conversation agreeable. The great Correggio just purchased by the Government is pronounced, it seems, by some critics *not* to be a Correggio; such is the uncertainty of all *picture* knowledge. Rogers, too, showed me after breakfast a small picture of Ludovico Caracci's, for which he himself gave twenty-five louis at Milan; while Lord Lansdowne, for apparently the same picture, gave, some years since, more than 500*l.* in London. Wishing to compare the two, Rogers one morning, having some artists with him to breakfast, wrapped up his Caracci in a napkin, and all went off together to Lansdowne House (the Lansdownes being out of town) for the purpose of comparing the two pictures, when, as he told me, the only difference the artists could see between them was a somewhat greater degree of finish in some parts of his.

'*August 3rd.*—Took the boys to breakfast at Rogers's, where he had Hughes the American. Some discussion about the existence of slavery in America, and the sort of incubus it is on the breast of that country. Difficulty of shaking it off; "the highest *gentlemen*," Hughes said,

are to be found in the Slave States, and seemed to argue as if they were the more high and free-minded from having slaves to trample upon. Rogers opposed to this the instance of England; but certainly almost all free nations have had some such victims to whet their noble spirits upon, and keep them in good humour with themselves. The Athenians had their *οἰκέται*, the Spartans their Helots, the Romans their *Servi*, and the English, till of late, their Catholic Irish.

'*August 6th.*—Out early for the purpose of seeing Rogers off on his tour. Met him in his carriage in St. James's Place, quarter-past nine, and got in with him. Had wished me to go as far as the lakes with him, and I should have liked it much could I have spared the time. Left him in the New Road, and went to Moore's (the sculptor) to breakfast.'

The story of this autumn is told in a series of letters.

Samuel Rogers to Wordsworth.

'St. James's Place: 5th August, 1834.

'My dear Wordsworth,—I intend to set out for the North to-morrow, and if my course is prosperous, to be at your door on Monday or Tuesday evening, and if you are at home and disengaged, to drink tea with you. Perhaps, too, if you are inclined, you will accompany me onward to Lowther, where I have led Lady Frederick to expect us.

'But all this will depend upon circumstances beyond my control. Let me, however, hope for the best, and perhaps you will send me a line to the Post Office at Kendal. Pray, pray say "yes."

'Remember me very kindly to one and all, and believe me to be

'Yours ever,

'Saml. Rogers.'

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Bolton Abbey: Friday morning [8th August, 1834].

'My dear Sarah,—You see I begin at the top of the page like a traveller who has much to tell. I set out at a quarter-past nine, and had just driven from the door when I met Anacreon. Him I conveyed to Portland Place, and set him so far on his way to breakfast with the celebrated H. B., who lives in the region of Fitzroy Square. Leaving Barnet, I met, of course, the Hadley chaise. The Colonel and Isabella were in it, but as they did not observe me, we passed without a parley. The flies soon began to sting, and gave me no quiet for the rest of the day; the sensation was new to me, but I bore it pretty well. The North Road, as it calls itself everywhere in the notices, is a noble road, running with a breadth and a directness such as I was not prepared for, and I was carried along with such a rapidity that before nightfall I had left a hundred miles behind me. At every stage I walked on till I was overtaken, though I seldom was allowed above fifty yards. Still, it was a great refreshment to me, and I arrived in good spirits and with no fatigue at Witham Common, where I slept in a very nice lone house, after a dish of tea. So far well—but I waked many times in the night, though I thought nothing of it, and was in the carriage again before six o'clock.

'I shall now take a new paragraph, as I must in more senses than one turn over a new leaf; for when I tried to walk at the next change, I could not stir a foot. At first I thought nothing of it, and endeavoured to walk it off. But alas, to no purpose. All would not do, so I gave up the point. The evil, when I examined further, was in what Lady Cork would call the third finger of the right foot. I pronounced it to be a corn, and procured some corn plaster. Then a sore, and bought some lint—in the carriage it gave me no pain, only when I walked—but now it burns a little. So I shall treat it as the gout, and have just taken some physic.

'I am here, alas, at the gates of Paradise and a cripple. What to do I am utterly at a loss, but I have this great consolation that I am no incumbrance to others; the inconvenience is all my own. I shall write to the Dunmores to prepare them for a change of measures in case I cannot surmount the obstacle. Small, indeed, it is in appearance, but, as the Italians say, there is no little enemy.

'Yours ever,

'Samuel Rogers.

'The Hollyhocks are splendid everywhere in the cottage gardens. On the first day the showers were very frequent and heavy, but it was pleasant in the intervals. Yesterday no rain; this morning rain, but clearing off a little. Pray give my love to Patty. I shall write again soon, but take it for granted that no news is good news. I arrived here last night at dusk, and as I am comfortably lodged shall stay till to-morrow at all events. Of the

future I can say nothing. I have just taken a drive in an open carriage through the woods, and have seen the Strid and had delicious glimpses of the abbey, the river, and Barden tower, which were enough to repay me if I returned to-morrow. Barden tower, if Turner meant it at all in the *first* view, he must have drawn, as well as most others, from his imagination, not his memory. The whole is a glen, but infinitely on a greater scale, like Roslin, with a religious house at one end and an old mansion at the other. I am now reading the "White Doe," which, strange to say, is not forthcoming here, but which I brought among other things.'

A letter from Campbell received during this journey is so characteristic that a portion of it is worth giving. I have omitted a long paragraph which explains and supports a request for a loan, which he afterwards found he did not want.

Thomas Campbell to Samuel Rogers.

'Paris: 15th August, 1834.

'My dear Friend,—This is the anniversary of the Ascension, and all the church bells in Paris (God damn them!) are pealing away as if it were for a wager—at the expense of my heretical ears. In the midst of all the confusion of ideas which this jangling has produced, I have recollection enough left me to consider that, as my letter is to contain a request, I had better get over that disagreeable part of it first in order to have more pleasure in writing the rest. [Having explained about the loan, and said that he was going to Algiers, and

meant to write a book about the colony, he proceeds.] When I explain my sole reason for wishing to visit Algiers, provided the means reach me, not to be known yet for a little time, I am sure your kind heart will enter into my feelings, though I have not had the means of joining my fate with a certain inestimable person whom you have seen, and whom I perhaps need not name, yet our friendship is unabated, and her anxiety about my health and welfare is as watchful as ever. In good time I shall communicate to her my intention, but if I did so suddenly and at present her imagination would conjure up all manner of deaths and dangers as awaiting me—fevers, Arabs of the desert, &c. Now though I know there is a sort of fever at present in the colony, yet I have not the least apprehension of the climate in November, and I am one of the fearless creatures who never catch contagion. Altogether I would rather wish that my African scheme were not mentioned at present. I am sorry to find that neither you nor I are half so popular in Paris as either Galt or Bulwer. They call us the two Purists– "sed mallem mehercule cum Platone errare quam cum aliis recte sentire." We have both, however, gone through more than one edition. I have said Galt. No, I am wrong. It is Allan Cunningham who is the fashion at present, and the arrivals that have been most frequently announced are those of the celebrated Dr. Bowring and Dr. Lardner!!!.... At the distribution of prizes, however, among the *élèves* of the Institution for the Sourds-Muets, a French lady sent in my name to the President, and we were transferred from a bad station near the door to the daïs, and were seated

fast by the President's chair. One of the ex-*élèves*, a remarkably sprightly young man, came up to me making signs of great cordiality, and wrote a very complimentary note on the crown of his hat, saying that he knew English well, and proved to me that he had read my poems, by a quotation. He sat near me and we conversed on paper. He mentioned also your works with evident acquaintance and admiration. I was going to say he spoke, for there was almost speech in his gesticulations. The exhibition of the poor young creatures was touchingly interesting—but the effect was a little spoilt by a pedantic schoolmaster, who was their showman. I saw at one exchange of looks that my friend, the ex-*élève*, had the same opinion of him with myself, and I wrote to him, "My faith, your orator makes me begin to doubt if speech be such a blessing, for I have been this half-hour wishing myself deaf and him dumb." My dumb friend rubbed his hands with a look of delight, and immediately turned round to another ex-*élève*, telling him my joke on his fingers. He again told it to his neighbour, and in a few minutes it was telegraphed through the whole benches of the ex-*élèves*, and was everywhere received with nods and smiles.

'The heat has been intolerable here; I hope your weather is behaving better. Somehow or other I have not seen so much of Paris as I ought, though I have been at the opening of the Chambers, and was hugely delighted. But I am sanguine in the hope that I shall glean a good deal of instruction in my tour to come, and be able to send you some more interesting accounts of it. Have the kindness to address to me: Chez

Madame Fleury, No. 43 Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.

'I beg to be kindly remembered to Miss Rogers.

'THOS. CAMPBELL.'

Rogers meanwhile had been continuing his northern tour, meeting with some of the most interesting people of his time.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Dunmore Park: Tuesday [9th September, 1834].

'My dear Sarah,—Your kind letter I found on Saturday last on my way from the Marshalls at Ulleswater. I slept there two nights, coming back so far with Wordsworth from Lowther. At Carlisle Jno. W., who stamps there for his father, sat with me while I breakfasted, and a very amiable and pleasing young man he is. I came on to Selkirk, having travelled only eighty miles that day—a short journey for me, and next Sunday saw Abbotsford, Melrose, and Roslin, and slept at Edinburgh, where I stopt till noon on Monday to get my bandage re-adjusted, and then came on to Dunmore, where I need not say how I was received. They are all alone, and I must stay here at least a fortnight. Indeed, they will not hear of my going then—but I hope by that time I may be off, for, as the Greys are now at Howick, I must look in upon them as I go by, if they are then there. But my malady, my dear Sarah, has so damped all the little pleasure I looked for, that sometimes I think I had better give all up at once and come back to my own home directly. My foot is no better, and at every step

I have to drag it after me, but when I sit I forget it. However, when I leave this door, I have done all I came out for, and may come back as fast as I like. At Abbotsford all is as he left it, a small closet excepted, which is hung with his hat, his boots, his gaiters, his pruning-knife and gardening, or rather farming, coat—a melancholy sight, but which will become every year more and more sacred in the eyes of his countrymen. He died in the drawing-room, in a bed fitted up for him there. The house is really very prettily furnished in the old style; the walls wainscot and the rooms larger than I expected to find them. Over the chimney in his study are Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims." I made that round-about, as I was afraid of arriving before my letter at Dunmore. Pray write, and let me know your plans, and how you are. I wrote to you from Lowther, and write to-day to Patty.

'Ever yours,

'S. R.

'P.S. I have said nothing of Dunmore. It is a very nice house in the Gothic style, and the views across the Forth are very pleasing. Sails and steamers are passing continually at a quarter of a mile's distance, intercepted here and there by the trees in the Park.

'As for him, he struck me at first as much altered, and his first question was whether I thought so. To-day he looks as he used to do, and I forget that so many years have gone by since last I was here—twenty-two years, as the old gardener tells me. The inns in Scotland have changed greatly for the better. The hotels in Edinburgh

are palaces, and affect a refinement and luxury that must alarm many a poor traveller. Have you heard from Mary yet? I am glad you went to Cashiobury on every account. As for the Wordsworths, they have an affliction I was not aware of at first. Their daughter Dora looks cheerful before other people, but is in a sad melancholy way, and eats nothing, says nothing, and goes nowhere. They are very wretched about her. The elder Dora delights, as I told you, in adorning a little rock, four or five yards in circumference, with rock flowers. It is as rich as a little bit of enchantment, and when she goes, as her nephew John said very prettily, will be *her* monument as long as it lasts.'

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Howick House, Alnwick: 7th Oct. [1834].

'My dear Sarah,—I am delighted to think you all liked Beaumaris so much. As far as I remember it, it is beautiful, and you cannot be sorry that you had not to see what R. Sharp saw—the hats upon the water. He has published a third edition with many additions, and after a short tour has set down at Torquay for the winter, but this you know already. I left Dunmore on the 27th, spent two days with the Jeffreys at their house two miles from Edinburgh, spent a night with the Lord Advocate in Edinburgh, and on Wednesday came on to Chillingham—Lord Tankerville's—which I left for Howick on Saturday the 5th. The weather has been very pleasant, everybody but myself complaining of the heat. Here

I think of staying a fortnight, and shall then proceed southward, probably by Castle Howard and Bishopthorpe and Sandon and Trentham. (I fear I shall be too late for Liverpool.) But I have settled nothing. A letter to Howick will, however, always find me, as before, a letter to Dunmore. I am sorry you think me negligent, but perhaps I am not so much to blame, for how could I tell where you were? When I was told to direct to Malvern you were within a day of leaving it. So I sent my frank to Hanover Terrace, from which it might have been forwarded to you wherever you were, the frank not losing its virtue. It must be lying there now, as you don't seem to know its contents. So, also, if I had written to Beaumaris, you would have gone before it came, staying only so long as you first intended. Perhaps you are not aware how cross the cross-posts are. I was at Dalmeny when your last came to Dunmore. I am sorry to hear your account of Patty. As for my foot, it is certainly better, and Rees and I can bind it pretty well ourselves; but I never expect it to be quite sound again. However, I have no great right to complain—others are worse off, and as everybody here is kind to me I am on tolerably good terms with myself. I jog on at my age as well as most. Poor Pringle sets off for the Cape in ten days (being ordered to a milder climate) without money, or plan, or the prospect of any. I have just sent him 200*l.* at his request, and think my money well spent if I never see it again. Poor Miss Leach, when her uncle died, did not know a soul in Edinburgh. He caught cold at Staffa, when he *would* leave the steamboat in a pouring rain when nobody else did. It

brought on an erysipelas. Pray give my kind love to all, not forgetting my aunt, and believe me to be,

'Yours ever,

'S. R.'

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Howick House: Tuesday [21st Oct. 1834].

'My dear Sarah,—Your kind letter came just after Patty had sent me her namesake's. I write to thank you, but I have nothing to say—for we go on in one monotonous way here. Before breakfast I lounge a little, all alone, in a very pretty flower garden; then come many newspapers, but not much talk, as the family is rather silent, and there are no visitors but Lord John Russell and Lady Russell, who came here on Thursday last for a fortnight. On Saturday next I think of going for two nights to Lady Mary Monck; on Monday and on Thursday to the Archbishop of York; and on the Saturday afterwards to Castle Howard. I have not yet proposed myself to them, but I must, having left them so abruptly before, when, in the North with Sir George Beaumont, I broke a tooth and hurried to town, as Patty has done, for repair. Here I am left much to myself—my foot is certainly much better, though I cannot stir without binding, which Reece and I manage together pretty well. For the last three or four days I have had a sore throat and a little bile, but am getting better with abstinence. There is a very pretty walk from the house through a deep, woody glen by a brook-side, that brings you out on the sea beach, and the garden and the shrubberies are most luxuriant. It is an inland place by the seaside.

At Chillingham it is wilder and more mountainous, and the wild cattle, as white as snow, in herds at a distance, add to the wildness. I paid them a visit on a pony, but they would not let us approach them. What will become of me, when I leave York, I cannot say. I have certainly a great desire to see Liverpool and the railroad, as you have done, and I have little chance of coming this way again, but I am very anxious to get homeward, as I feel queerish, and should not like to be ill from home. Nothing would delight me more than to join you at Stourbridge, if you remained there, but I fear, indeed I know, I cannot well contrive it. Farewell, my dear Sarah—I have talked too much about myself, and you must be well tired of me. My love to all. I have never thanked young Tom for his landscape, or, rather, his seascape. Pray thank him for me, I think it wonderful, and if I had done it I should have been as vain as possible.

'Ever yours,

'S. R.

'Pray direct to me under cover to the Earl of Carlisle, Castle Howard, York.'

The tour lasted another month, and it was the twentieth of November when Rogers got back. He had meanwhile sent to Lord Grey the lines beginning—

> Grey, thou hast served, and well, the sacred cause
> That Hampden, Sydney, died for. Thou hast stood
> Scorning all thought of Self, from first to last
> Among the foremost in that glorious field.

They are headed, 'Written in July, 1834.' Their significance is in the date. Lord Grey had believed it to be his duty to propose a Coercion Bill for Ireland, which Mr. Littleton, the Irish Secretary, regarded as inexpedient and needless. Lord Althorp resigned, and the Whig Government fell to pieces. On the eighth of July Lord Grey resigned, on the ninth he communicated his resignation to the House of Lords. It was a scene almost without its parallel. The old Minister, then in his seventy-first year, full of the conviction that his great political career was closing, was overpowered by his feelings. He rose, began a few words, and sat down. He rose again and sank back. The House cheered, the Duke of Wellington presented some petitions, which gave him a few moments to recover himself, and then he rose a third time, and made a speech which everybody felt to be worthy of his great and honourable career. It was not till October that Rogers sent his lines to Howick, whither he soon followed them, and spent a fortnight in the delightful retirement in which the great Reform Minister was enjoying his well-earned repose. He got back to London during the curious interval which preceded the formation of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, and his letters give us important glimpses of the political talk in the Whig circles of the time.

Samuel Rogers to Richard Sharp.

'My dear Friend,—I returned last night and felt a pain and a pleasure, for I discovered two letters, which had never been sent me, and would have been the most

welcome of them all. I rejoice to think that your anxieties are over for the young lady. Give my love to her, and tell her she must not do so again. As for you, I hope you mean to have no return of your complaint. Last week the frost came and now it is gone again.

'I sent my election-paper to Mrs. Philips, and it will command as many votes as there are vacancies—ten or twelve, I believe. Your criticisms are all right, I should say so, for I had done in every respect as you suggest, in the copy I sent to Howick. The last line but one I felt to be weak, and tried to lift it a little. I sent the lines in October, and it stood thus—

> 'That generous fervour and pure eloquence,
> Thine from thy birth and Nature's noblest gifts,
> To guard what they have gained.

Good or bad, they were taken in good part; indeed, far beyond my expectations.

'I spent a month at Dunmore, three days at Jeffrey's, slept one night in Edinburgh at John Murray's, three days at Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's, three at Lord Tankerville's, fourteen at Howick, ten at Castle Howard, one at Galley Knight's, three at the Archbishop of York's, one at Sir C. Monck's, three at Lord Durham's, three at Trentham, five at Lord Harrowby's, and here I am. I made a day's excursion from Castle Howard to see Duncombe Park, or, rather, the Riveaux Abbey there, and was richly rewarded. When at G. Knight's I renewed my acquaintance with Roche Abbey; but altogether Bolton Abbey and its surroundings are worth them all.

'What a strange hubbub there is just now! The ex-Ministers come in shoals to Brooks's, and are hand and glove with everybody, all but Brougham, who has gone nowhere, not even to Holland House. "The Times" and "Courier" have run into him cruelly, as you must have seen, and, by dwelling on the sore places, have damaged him sadly. It seems the general opinion that his antics offended the K. highly, and among other things, his taking the seals into Scotland without asking leave. To the dinner and the savans at Edinburgh I did not go. The Hollands learnt first of the change from that article in "The Times," and thought it a quiz. Spring Rice was told he was out by somebody in the street. Brougham, I hear, goes to Paris on Monday. His last gift was of a Canonry at Norwich to Sedgwick. He filled up twelve livings the last day. Nothing to Malthus. A very pretty living near Hertford fell to Lord Holland in October, and he offered it to M., but he must have given up the college and he declined it.

'The British Museum have declined to buy Mackintosh's papers. M., junr., was with me yesterday, and talks of publishing in the spring. He wants Lawrence's portrait engraved, but I think I like yours by Opie better. A patent place of 600*l.* per annum fell to Spring Rice in October, and he wished to give it to him, but nobody knew where he was, so it was given to somebody else.

'Farewell, my dear friend. I fear I am writing illegibly, but I write against time. Le Marchant is going to marry Miss Smith, a grand-daughter of Drummond Smith, of Tring Park, with 18,000*l.*

'The household have behaved nobly—Lord Errol, Lord Falkland, Lord Elphinstone, Lord Torrington, &c.

'Ever yours,

'Saml. Rogers.

'St. James's Place: 21st Nov., 1834.'

Richard Sharp to Samuel Rogers.

'Torquay: 26th Nov., 1834.

'My dear Friend,—Not hearing from you I began to be afraid that you had been detained at some friend's house in the North by indisposition. Your letter, therefore, was particularly welcome to me on many accounts. What a remarkable tour you have had! At all times it must be very delightful to spend some time with such excellent and distinguished persons, but just now it must be exciting in the highest degree, and your Conservative visits must have varied your course of conversation instructively.

'I thank you for your unexpected aid to Mrs. Philips, whom I had prepared to expect that you would be engaged.[1]

'Only one word more as to the verses. *Pure* eloquence will always be somewhat weak. His was rather lofty and noble both in thought and manner.

'Your last pages were a budget of news indeed, from town, and contained several striking facts, which I had not learnt from Lord Denman, Gurney, or Scarlett. From the latter I have three long confidential letters,

[1] Sharp had written to ask for his votes for a child at the election for the Orphan Working School.

which, of course, I cannot quote, but I shall be glad if, in the struggle, he obtains what at his age is very important—security and station for the latter end of life.

'I suppose it never happened before that one Cabinet Minister first hears of his dismissal from a newspaper and another from a man in the street. To me it seems to be quite clear that it has long been settled at Court to get rid of our friends as soon as Lord Spencer died. What a treacherous fellow *he* must be if this be true!

'The Tories have the King, the House of Lords, the Clergy, nearly all the officers of Navy and Army, the majority of the landowners, and of the opulent commercial classes. This I firmly believe, but I believe also that these will be far from enough to support them in their struggle against the middle ranks and the Dissenters demanding reform in Church and State. Only think of Ireland too, which will send nearly a hundred Radicals or exasperated Whigs. That shameful Church must go.

'How lucky our friend Macaulay has been! I am vexed that Robert Mackintosh had not prudence enough to leave his address in town. He lost a commission last year in the same way.

'I could not help smiling at your account of the reappearances at Brooks's, where, to say the truth, Ministers could not come without being exposed to indiscretion and some impertinence, but then they had other means of showing that they did not forget their old friends.

'Next to being purse-proud is being office-proud. The Comet Brougham is gone to Paris. Why? But

how can the orbit of such an eccentric planet be calculated? I hope the moon has had nothing to do with it.

'My sister and Maria insist upon being mentioned as wishing you all good things, as does

'Yours ever truly,

'RICHARD SHARP.

Samuel Rogers to Richard Sharp.

'Holland House: 4th Dec., 1834.

'My dear Friend,—The long and the short I believe to be this: The K. is by all parties thought to be very honest but very nervous. Now, there are only two men in whom he has much confidence. To them he looks up —in them only does he think there is safety; and having lost one, he resolved on the first occasion to call in the other, though well satisfied with Melbourne. If Lord G[rey] had remained in office, he would never, they say, have had recourse to the Duke.

'So the Whig ministers may thank themselves for having taken Lord G. too readily at his word. The wish of his heart was to continue another year and to carry the two Church reforms, which he was confident he could have done.

'The first half of my story I believe, the last half I *know* to be true.

'If our friends Lord H[olland] and Lord L[ansdowne] had gone out with Lord G., which they ought to have done, H. would have brought Lord G. back, and we should now have been in office, or it would have brought in the Tories at once—a sad event, for they would then

have had more time for entrenching themselves before another session, and for working mischief abroad.

'Would you like a little more of the graphic? Six Ministers were assembled at dinner at H[olland] H[ouse], on the Friday night (the night of Lord M.'s return from Brighton), and dispersed, thinking themselves still in office. On that night, at half-past seven o'clock, Lord Palmerston called at the Treasury, and was shown in to Lord M., who had just alighted, and was sitting in his travelling cap, by two candles, in a large room, his room of business. "What news?" said P. "What will surprise you," said M., and, saying no more, he put into his hand a paper, containing the result of what had passed.

'What had passed was nothing like what it is said to be. It was very simple. The K. did not tell the Q. till the next day, when she said, "All England will rejoice in it;" to which he answered, "That is as it may be, Madam." (A favourite phrase with him.) Lord G. at Howick is astounded—he thinks the measure not only unconstitutional, but illegal—for the D., being dictator, might run away with all the money. Lord M. writes from Melbourne very naturally. "I was never so happy, but I suppose I shall soon be d—d tired for want of something to do, as all are who leave office."

'And now a word or two about Brougham. His vagaries in Scotland, for I followed in his wake, would fill a volume. His letter to Lord Lyndhurst and the answer I have seen. If you had any suspicions with regard to the moon before, what do you think now? Scarlett has also another competitor in Wetherall, for W. could not be Irish Chancellor and Scarlett could. I

earnestly wish that S. may have what he wants, and I am told he is sure of it—Denman tells me so. In that case Wll. must have the Duchy of L[ancaster], for he neither could nor would go to Ireland.

'To return to the K. He has long taken a great dislike to B., and his conduct lately has settled it. His antics and his taking the great seal across the Border without leave, brought on the crisis. He has worn him out, too, with correspondence, having assailed him with reams of paper, writing through Sir H. Taylor. He thinks he has great admissions in the K.'s answers through the same channel, but forgets that the K., also, has his. His, I am told by those who have seen them, are beyond anything. But why, you will say, did the K. write (or rather dictate)? He thought he must answer his Chancellor. All now is over, however, and I believe all are heartily sick of him. He wrote a second letter to Lord L. from Calais, still more urgent, and he has written a third retracting all. He has taken, I hear, his seat in the Institute.

'I am delighted to think that you are so well off as to society. The weather here is delightful. What then must it be with you! Remember me most kindly to the ladies.

'Ever yours,

'S. R.

'B. has taken his new secretary with him to Paris—a dull young man, able only to transcribe; his fellow-traveller in Scotland, Edmonds.

'Pray write to me, without any thought or scruple

as to postage. The utmost cannot amount to the price of one opera. But having bored you with this long epistle, I shall spare you in future. My lady removes to Burlington Street to-morrow.

'And now to conclude with what I ought to have begun with—your new volume—which I first saw in Jeffrey's hand—notice-copy. I cannot say how much I like the nine new articles, though I wish you had given a little more of a Continental tour, particularly in Switzerland; but your additions are invaluable.

'Hallam is in town, and Sydney [Smith], and Whishaw. When you like you shall meet them at breakfast. H. is but a step, you know.

'Lord M. communicated the news only to three persons over night—the Foreign Secretary, the Home Secretary and the Chancellor. Next morning it was in the "Times," and "Chronicle." Who sent it? The two first say, we did not. The mischievous article was sent by him, I suppose, as a poisonous present to "The Times," "the Queen has done it all." These things must destroy all confidence. Allen fights for him against all the world.'

CHAPTER III.

1834–1837.

Public Affairs in 1834—Deaths of Coleridge and Lamb—Moore's Diary—Crabb Robinson and Wordsworth at Rogers's—Last Letter to R. Sharp—R. Sharp's Death—Wordsworth upon him—Rogers to his Sister—Wordsworth's Letters—Ticknor's Diary—Rogers's Reputation for Cynicism—Rogers and Campbell—Rogers and Turner—Rogers's Bitter Sayings—Jokes of his Friends against him—*The Quarterly Review* on his Appearance—Letter of the Duchess of Sutherland—Wordsworth—Rogers at Broadstairs—Crabb Robinson's Diary—Moore's Diary—Washington Irving—Wordsworth's Letter—Sir H. Taylor—Moore's Diary again—Rogers at Broadstairs and Paris—Mrs. Butler's Recollections—Crabb Robinson's—Moore's—A Whig Conclave at Bowood—Haydon.

I HAVE not thought it necessary to re-tell the familiar story of the political events to which the letters of Richard Sharp and of Rogers in the previous chapter refer. The brief episode of Lord Grey's retirement from office in July 1834; of the hasty summoning of Sir Robert Peel from Rome; of the Duke of Wellington filling five Cabinet offices for a time, so that a contemporary satirist said 'the Cabinet Council sits in the Duke's Head and the Ministers are all of one mind'; the general election; the debates which turned, as Miss Martineau says, chiefly on the anecdotage of the crisis; the defeats of the Ministry; the refusal of Lord Grey to return to office and the reconstruction of a Whig Administration under Lord

Melbourne, covered a period of nine agitating months. In the literary world, too, some stirring events had happened. Coleridge died at Highgate in July, 1834; and Charles Lamb followed at the close of the year. Richard Sharp, whose long, valuable and most interesting life was drawing rapidly to its close, was spending the winter at Torquay, and Rogers and his other friends in London were in great anxiety about him. Meanwhile Moore's Diary is full as ever of the small social events it was his pleasure to put on record, and we constantly meet with Rogers in the amusing society in which Moore spent his time during his visits to London.

'*February 20th*, 1835.—Wrote my letters at Brooks's, and from thence to Rogers's: a good speculation, as it turned out. His servant, on opening the door, asked eagerly, "Are you come to dine here, Sir? Mr. Wordsworth is coming." Found that Rogers, though engaged out himself, had asked Wordsworth and his wife, who are just arrived in town, to dinner. Mrs. Wordsworth was not well enough to come, but Rogers, W., and myself sat down to dinner at half-past five, and our host, having done the honours of the table to us till near seven o'clock, went off to his other engagement and left us *tête-à-tête*.

'*February 24th*.—Dinner at Rogers's: company, Sydney Smith, Eastlake the painter, and another artist whose name I cannot now recall. Eastlake told of a dinner given to Thorwaldsen the sculptor, at Rome, Wilkie presiding in the chair, and making a very eloquent speech on the occasion, which it seems he is very

capable of, though so tiresomely slow of words in society. In speaking of Thorwaldsen, he described him as "coming from the North to warm the marbles of the South with his genius"; and this poetical flight being very much applauded, Thorwaldsen, who sat next to Eastlake, begged he would interpret it to him. "He speaks of you," said Eastlake, "as a great artist 'chi è venuto dal settentrione per riscaldar i marmi.'" "Riscaldar i marmi!' exclaimed Thorwaldsen, puzzled at the metaphor, "che vuol dire?" "Col suo genio," continued Eastlake, which at once solved the difficulty and very much to the great sculptor's satisfaction. "Ah, sì," he replied. Canova said of the numerous portraits painted of himself that they were all different; and the reason was that each artist mixed up, unconsciously, something of his own features with the resemblance. On Eastlake's mentioning this to Thorwaldsen, the latter said this was particularly the case with the heads done by Canova, as they were all like his own—"fin' ai cavalli."'

Another day Moore is at Holland House, and stories are told of Rogers's good and kind qualities; on the 28th of February he breakfasts at Rogers's 'to meet the new poet, Mr. Taylor, the author of "Van Artevelde."' On that occasion the visitors at Rogers's table, besides the new poet and Moore, were Sydney Smith and Southey, 'Van Artevelde, a tall handsome young fellow,' and the conversation may be described as authors' shop. It was chiefly about the profits publishers make out of authors. On the next day he writes—

'*March 1st*, 1835.—Wretchedly wet day. . . . Dined

at Rogers's to meet Barnes; an entirely *clandestine* dinner. None of our Whig friends in the secret; and R. had been a good deal puzzled as to who he should ask to meet him. Tried Lord Lyndhurst, with whom Barnes is intimate, and he would have come had he not been engaged. Could then think of none but Turner the painter; and he, Barnes, and myself formed the whole of the guests. . . . Had some talk with Turner in the evening. Mentioned to him my having sometimes thought of calling in the aid of the pencil in commemorating by some work or other the neighbourhood in which I have now so long resided . . . [but] he interrupted me by exclaiming, "But Ireland, Mr. Moore, Ireland! There's the region connected with your name. Why not illustrate the whole life? I have often longed to go to that country; but am, I confess, afraid to venture myself there. Under the wing of Thomas Moore, however, I should be safe." '

Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary—

'*March 3rd*, 1835.—Mr. Rogers also called; he invited me to dine with the Wordsworths at his house to-day. I then walked with the Wordsworths to Pickersgill, who is painting a small likeness of the poet for Dora. We sat there for a couple of hours, enlivening by chat the dulness of sitting for a portrait. At six o'clock I returned to the West, and dined at Rogers's with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. The very rooms would have made the visit interesting without the sight of any person. The pictures and marbles are delightful. Everywhere the most perfect taste imaginable.'

Moore writes of an earlier dinner at which Wordsworth was present—

'*March 30th.*—The day I met Wordsworth at dinner at Rogers's the last time I was in town, he asked us all in the evening to write something in a little album of his daughter's, and Wilkie drew a slight sketch in it. One of the things Luttrell wrote was the following epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus—

'Killed by an omnibus—why not?
So quick a death a boon is.
Let not his friends lament his lot,
Mors omnibus communis.'

Rogers's last letter to Richard Sharp is full of the talk of the time.

Samuel Rogers to Richard Sharp.

'My dear Friend,—I need not say how much your letter has afflicted me. Have you written to Clark? Surely you should tell him how you are. I look with impatience to your coming in April. Wordsworth and Southey are still here; S. having paid his daughter a visit, and W. projecting one to Cambridge.

'Have you read Van Artevelde? If not, pray do. I like Taylor much. The W.'s are staying in his house.

'Did you read a sketch of the Duke in "The Morning Chronicle," January 22nd? It will remind you of Macaulay.

'I passed a week with Lord Grey at Woburn before he came to town. Last night I sat an hour with him and then went across B[erkeley] Square to Lady

Brougham's, where I found B[rougham] encircled with ex-Ministers — the Duke of Richmond, Lansdowne, Melbourne, &c. Peel evidently wants an excuse to go out, and taunts them to give it him—but they wisely determine to let him bring on his measures. Londonderry's appointment has already damaged him.

'The Duke of Somerset called upon me to-day and I want much to see him and talk to him about you. I have seen Lord Sinclair and Courtney. Do you know the Newarks? Lord Grey says B. told him last year he was worth 25,000*l*. My monthly numbers I know little about. It is a scheme of Moxon's.[1] Your volume circulates fast, as it ought. Babbage's parties are becoming blue with Lady Morgan, Miss Jane Porter, &c. Lady Fanny Harley is about to marry a son of the Archbishop of York.

'Pray remember me to your ladies: I hardly know how to be sorry for anybody who has such a singing-bird in his cage.

'Yours ever,

'S. Rogers.

'St. James's Place: 19th March, 1835.'

A few days after the receipt of this letter Richard Sharp set out on his journey homeward, but never reached London. He became rapidly worse, and died at Dorchester on the 30th of March. He was only four years older than Rogers, and the friendship between them had been close and unbroken for more than forty years.

[1] This edition was published by Moxon in 1835. It was advertised as 'illustrated by 128 vignettes from designs by Stothard and Turner.' There were ten monthly parts at four shillings each.

It is unfortunate that so few memorials remain of this remarkable person. The fact that he was spoken of by his contemporaries as 'Conversation' Sharp, marks the chief source of the impression he made upon them. But he was a great deal more than the best talker of his time. He was a man of large and varied reading, of deep philosophic insight, and of great practical knowledge of public affairs. Statesmen took counsel with him, authors and others eagerly sought his advice, and the most distinguished persons were proud to regard him as a friend. He had written but little, and everybody regretted that he had not written much. His little volume of 'Letters and Essays,' published in 1834, became widely popular among cultivated people, and caused much regret that he had not exercised his great powers on some themes of permanent interest. There was a pathos in the concluding words of his preface to this, his only book. Speaking of the letters, he said, 'Being, of course, in the possession of his friends, they might (however insignificant) appear hereafter, when he could no longer correct them; and the dates of some will show that he had no time to lose. Vesper . . . admonuit.' The words had not been written a year when the evening warning was fulfilled.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Rogers,—The papers record the death of your, and let me add *my*, long-known and long-valued friend Richard Sharp. Sincerely do I condole with you, and with his nearest connections upon this loss. How a thought of the presence of living friends brightens

particular spots, and what a shade falls over them when those friends have passed away! This I have felt strongly in the course of the last twelve months, in respect to London, vast as the place is. And even in regard to the Lakes, it makes me melancholy to think that Sharp will visit them no more. If you be in communication with Mrs. Sharp and Miss Kinnaird, pray assure them that Mrs. W. and I sympathize sincerely with them in their bereavement.

'The papers also tell us that you have suffered a serious loss of property by a robbery committed in your house—the offender one of your own servants. Was it the footman? I remember being a good deal startled by your telling me that that servant took the liberty of being absent as much as four hours at a time. I made some observation upon what you said, but not in such strong terms as would have been used had I not been in the habit of placing reliance upon your discretion. You expressed dissatisfaction and talked of dismissing him. After all, this may not be the man. Have any valuable pieces of *virtù* been taken? If not I shall be glad, and also to hear both that the value of the property, viz., 2,000*l*., has been exaggerated, and part of it, at least, recovered.[1]

[1] In the *Times* of the 2nd of April, 1835, is the following account of this robbery:—'On Tuesday last [31st March] several friends of Mr. Rogers were invited to partake of a breakfast, and a quantity of plate, which had not recently been used was desired to be got ready on the occasion. Just before the arrival of the company, the footman, Thomas Sims, left the house. Not being in attendance, and the plate not being ready, his absence excited suspicion, which was further corroborated by the keys of the plate-chests being removed from their usual place. After the lapse of a few hours Mr. Rogers sent for Plank, the officer,

'Pray write to us at your early convenience. The great public unsettling with which we are threatened unsettles my little plans also, causing me to doubt whether I shall return to London or not. Whatever may be shaken or altered, be you assured of my unchangeable attachment, and that I am, and ever shall be,

'Firmly yours,

'Trinity Lodge: 5th April [1835]. 'WM. WORDSWORTH.

'Kindest regards from Mrs. W. and myself to your sister.'

Rogers gives an account of himself this spring in a letter to his sister, written before the robbery or the fatal turn of his friend Sharp's illness.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'18th March, 1835.

'My dear Sarah,—. . . I went to Woburn on Sunday and left it on Friday. I found Lord Grey, Lord

when it was advised that the plate-chests should be broken open, which was done with great difficulty. The result fully confirmed the suspicions of Mr. Rogers of the dishonesty of his servant, who, it appears, has robbed him of a large quantity of plate. Amongst the articles stolen are four double dishes, chased, which cost, it is said, upwards of 1,000*l.*, upwards of a hundred pieces of plate belonging to the dinner and tea-service, a massy silver tea-kettle; two splendid silver-gilt vases and spoons which were presented to the author of *Italy* by a member of the Royal Family, now no more; besides a number of other valuable articles. The offender, who is about twenty-five years of age, and a native of Minstead, in the New Forest, Hampshire, had been in the service of Mr. Rogers for the last seven years; and so high was the opinion entertained of him by his master, that he was entrusted with the whole of the valuable property contained in the house, and to prevent the possibility of temptation, large wages were given him. There can be no doubt that a considerable portion of the property has been gone for some time.'

Melbourne, Duchess of Sutherland, and a very large family party, among others a relation of ours, who contrived to come to me when I was alone and to say, "You have forgot me;" Sam Johnes's only child, now married to a son of Sir John Shelley, a very lively and pleasing girl, for she cannot be much above twenty, and I took much to her. She and her husband sing delightfully together. How glad we are that the weather continues so mild for you. Poor Sharp! I have a sad letter from him, and the ladies at Torquay are much alarmed for him. Mr. Towgood goes out every day as usual, and Patty is pretty well, though she has her bad days. You say you wish to know something of politics. I went for three minutes to Lady Brougham's party last night, and found B. encircled with ex-Ministers, and in high spirits, having just spoken well on the Poor Law Bill, as you will see—not that I exchanged a word or a look with him. Peel evidently wishes himself out, and taunts the Opposition to turn him out by some leading motion, but it is wisely determined to give him no excuse and to let him bring his measures on. Lord Londonderry's appointment has already damaged the Government very much in the country. Adieu, my dear Sarah. My kind love to Patty. Perhaps, if the mild weather continues, you will stay a little longer. Mrs. Lockhart says she watches your windows. Babbage had a very blue party last Saturday. Lady Morgan, Miss Jane Porter, &c., &c.

'Ever yours,

'S. R.

'So Lady Fanny Harley is going to be married to a

son of the Archbishop of York's—in the army I believe. Bickersteth, I hear, has dined at the Archbishop's—Query, as her papa? What will become of poor Jane? Millingen, I hear, has left Marseilles for Aix, on account of the cholera, I suppose. Mr. Boddington is very unwell, according to Webster. . . . Whether W. speaks through his fears or his wishes I don't know, but W. thinks him in danger. I am sorry to say that I must part with Thomas. He is always out, sometimes for three or four hours, and sometimes comes home in liquor. Reece and Kay both think he will never mend while he is here. I suppose his great leisure while I was away has been his ruin. I have not yet spoken to him on the subject; and I put it off from day to day. It is a great trouble to me, as I had looked to him as a successor to R., if any change had required it. I find he is married and has a child. His wife lives in Chelsea, and is a very decent person.'

Early in May the Wordsworths were again at home, and two letters to Rogers tell of the troubles that met them there.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Rogers,—I enclose a line barely to say that after a journey of three days, having slept at Birmingham and Manchester, we reached this place in good health. My poor sister is rather better; but every day and hour add to our anxiety for the removal of my daughter to London for medical advice.

'I hope when we return we shall find you in London.

It grieved me to come away without seeing you again. My son William is now with us, and looking better than I have seen him do for some years. He bears his disappointment in being still without a better provision as well as could be expected. You would be pleased to see how sensible he is of your affectionate kindness towards him, and happy am I to see he is not unworthy of it. He is a great comfort to us all in our distress. Poor Mrs. Southey appears to be but little, if at all, improved. Your portrait is much liked in this house—I own, elegant as it is, I could have wished for something with more strength. Love from everyone here to yourself and sister,

'And believe [me], my dear Friend,

'Most faithfully yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.

'4th May, 1835: Rydal Mount.'

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Rydal Mount: Thursday [27th June, 1835].

'My dear Rogers,—I write merely to announce that one of the many anxieties with which this house has been afflicted is over. Miss Hutchinson, after an illness of five weeks, expired on Tuesday evening. After the fever was subdued she suffered no acute pain, and passed away as gently as her dearest friends could wish. She will be deeply lamented by many out of her own family.

'According to your request I did not write after the melancholy tidings of your last; nor need you write now. We have in this house more before us, which

must be passed through shortly, and much that may. Pray for us—my poor wife bears up wonderfully.

'Be assured, my dear Friend, that in pleasure and pain, in joy and sorrow, you are often and often in my thoughts. Present our united love to your sister.

'Affectionately yours,

'Wm. Wordsworth.'

Some contemporary glimpses of Rogers in the succeeding month are given by an eminent American author, who, like all his literary countrymen, regarded Rogers and his house as among the objects of their transatlantic pilgrimage.

Mr. Ticknor writes—

'*July* 5, 1835.—The dinner at Rogers's was truly agreeable; nobody present but Mr. Kenney, author of the farce "Raising the Wind." The house, as everybody knows, opens on the Park, near the old Mall, which was the fashionable walk in Pope's time, and the place from which the beaux were to see the lock of Belinda's hair when it should be changed into a constellation; his garden gate opening immediately upon the green grass, and his library and dining room windows commanding a prospect of the whole of the Park and of all the gay life that is still seen there.

'Everything within the house is as beautiful, and in as good taste, as the prospect abroad. The rooms are fine and appropriate and the walls covered with beautiful pictures . . . each of the principal masters being well represented. The library is the same, all *recherché* and

yet all in perfectly good taste. Mr. Rogers's conversation was in keeping with his establishment, full of the past, anecdotes, facts, recollections in abundance—and yet quite familiar with what is now passing and doing in the world. All he says is marked by the good taste he shows in his works, and the perfected good sense which he has been almost a century in acquiring.[1]

'*Monday, July* 13, 1835.—We all breakfasted—including Nannie—with the excellent and kind old Mr. Rogers, nobody being present except Campbell the poet, who returned two or three days ago from his Algerine expedition, of which, of course, he is now full. I need not say that the two hours we then passed were extremely agreeable. The vast amount of Mr. Rogers's recollections, extending back through the best society for sixty years; his exquisite taste, expressed alike in his conversation, his books, his furniture and his pictures; his excellent common sense and sound judgment; and his sincere, gentle kindness, coming quietly, as it does, from the venerableness of his age, render him one of the most delightful men a stranger can see in London. He went over his whole house with us, showed us his pictures, curiosities, correspondence with distinguished men, &c., &c., and made the visit seem extremely short.

'Campbell was pleasant, a little over nice both in his manner and choice of words and subjects, witty even, sometimes; but though full of fresh knowledge from Africa, by no means so interesting as Rogers.' Ticknor's biographer adds to this record a note, written by Mr. Ticknor on another occasion, in which he says,

[1] Ticknor's *Life*, vol. i., p. 406.

'From what I have heard since, I suppose Rogers is not always so kind and charitable as I found him both to-day and whenever I saw him afterwards.'

This note of Ticknor's calls for some remark. He had spoken of Rogers as he found him, and then discovered that Rogers had a reputation which was not in harmony with his experience of him. Rogers had cultivated the habit of making caustic remarks till it had become a second nature. Sir Henry Taylor tells us [1] that his wit was in higher repute than any in his time except that of Sydney Smith, but while Sydney's was genial and good-humoured, that of Rogers was sarcastic and bitter. Rogers knew this and sometimes apologised for it. 'They tell me I say ill-natured things,' he observed to Sir Henry Taylor in his slow, quiet, deliberate way. 'I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things no one would hear what I said.' There is profound truth in the observation. It is not needful to assume that he had deliberately adopted this principle, and persistently acted on it; he had simply discovered that acid remarks were listened to and remembered when jokes were unnoticed or forgotten. When men came away after an evening with Sydney Smith they only remembered how greatly they had enjoyed themselves and how infinitely amusing he was; after contact with Rogers one or two sharp sayings were deeply implanted in their memories, very often, indeed, to rankle there. This is the sufficient explanation of the different statements that are made about him. He had no tolerance for vulgarity or pre-

[1] *Autobiography*, vol. i., p. 321.

tence, and vulgar and pretentious people who forced themselves upon him often went away with a wound. Others treasured up their recollections of discomfiture, and visited them on his memory after he was dead. Mr. Hayward assures us that there was something irresistibly comic rather than annoying or repulsive in the pertinacity and ingenuity with which he indulged his caustic humour; and this was no doubt the case when one was auditor and spectator of it and not its subject. It is astonishing how few, even of sensible and cultivated men, have the magnanimity to enjoy, without resenting, a laugh against themselves. Rogers's wit, however, was not that which merely raised a laugh, as Sydney Smith's was; it sometimes left a sore. It was, as Mr. Hayward calls it, 'habitual severity of comment'; and at one time in his life, Mr. Hayward tells us, it had become so formidable that 'his guests might be seen manœuvring which should leave the room last, so as not to undergo the apprehended ordeal; and it was said of him, with more wit than truth, that he made his way in the world, as Hannibal made his across the Alps—with vinegar.'

One of the most common stories, still quoted by his detractors, is that of an observation he made to Madame de Staël about Campbell in Campbell's early days—'How sorry I am for Campbell,' said Madame de Staël to Rogers; 'his poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write.' Rogers replied, 'Why doesn't he take a situation as a clerk, he could then compose verses during his leisure hours.' She thought the remark cruel, and it is constantly paraded as a proof of Rogers's coldness of heart. But the course he recommended for

another was just what Rogers had taken himself. In his own youth he was a banker's clerk, busy every day in his father's bank from ten to five, and writing his verses at home at night. This is how 'The Pleasures of Memory' was written. What Campbell himself thought of Rogers's hardness, and how contrary his experience of him was, the letters in a former chapter show. When somebody remarked, in Campbell's hearing, that Rogers said spiteful things, 'Borrow five hundred pounds of him,' replied Campbell, 'and he will never say a word against you till you want to repay him.' Campbell, as we have seen, did borrow five hundred pounds of him and repaid it, and Rogers's comment was that when Campbell brought back the money and insisted on repaying it, 'I knew that he was every day pressed for small sums.' Rogers said bitter things in society; in private he was always saying kind things and doing generous things. Moore illustrates this contrast by a remark in his Diary in 1832. Rogers and he walked home together one evening from a dinner at Lord Essex's; and, says Moore, 'the difference there is between him thus *tête-à-tête* and when in Society was never more striking; he both amused himself and me, and laughed at something I said like a boy.'

Turner's biographer tells us that Turner and Rogers got on very well together, though Rogers did not spare him. He was one day admiring a beautiful table in Turner's room. It was wonderful, he said; 'but,' he added,' how much more wonderful it would be to see any of his friends sitting round it.' He was one of Turner's earliest admirers. 'Ah,' he would say, looking through

his telescoped hand, 'there's a beautiful thing, and the figures too—one of them with his hand on the horse's tail, not that I can make them out though.' Landseer heard that he had expressed his admiration for the picture of a Newfoundland dog, called 'Portrait of a Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society,' and he expressed to Rogers his gratification. 'Yes,' said Rogers, 'I thought the ring of the dog's collar well painted.' He was one day looking at the early pages of a presentation copy of a new book. 'Is that the contents you are looking at?' asked the author, who had just given it to him. 'No, the discontents,' answered Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers. He was hardest, perhaps, on men who flattered him in order that they might pose in society as his friends. One of these persisted in trying to walk home with him one night from an evening party. Rogers had already put his arm into that of Mr. Hayward, whom he wished to accompany him, and the sycophant made the excuse for joining them that he did not like walking alone. 'I should have thought, sir,' said Rogers, 'that no one was so well satisfied with your company as yourself.' It is easy to imagine that when such a person committed to some bulky volume or some magazine his Recollections of the circles into which he had forced himself, he would declare that in all his long life and with all his ample means, Rogers never said a kind word nor did a generous deed.

His cynical sayings represented only his passing thought, not his deliberate convictions. He always regretted, as I have already said, that he had never married, and regarded married life as the best and fittest

for both men and women. Yet he used to say that it mattered little whom a man married, for he was sure to find the next morning that he had married somebody else. When a man he disliked was wedded to a pretty woman, he said, 'Now we shall have our revenge on him.' He spoke severely of another friend's marriage, and somebody answered, 'But all his friends are pleased.' 'Fortunate man,' replied Rogers; 'his friends are pleased and his enemies delighted.' A member of Parliament had been stopped in Italy by brigands, but was released, and Rogers used to say he owed his escape to his wife. 'They wanted to carry off P—— to the mountains, but she flung her arms round his neck, and rather than take her with them they let him go.' One day Lady Davy, with whom Mr. Hayward says he was unceasingly at war, exclaimed across the dinner table, 'Mr. Rogers, I am sure you are talking about me.' 'Lady Davy,' answered Rogers, 'I pass my life in defending you.' Moore used to tell a story[1] of his visit to Sloperton, where Moore's dining-room was hung round with engraved portraits of Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, and others. 'Why, you have all your patrons here.' A good-natured man, said Moore in telling the story, would have said friends. Rogers's

[1] In a letter published in the eighth volume of Moore's *Life*, he tells Rogers (p. 279), 'I did not think you would have seen my late *Epistle*, the channel through which it appeared lying so much out of your way, your "solar track." Did you at all remember the circumstance in which it originated? It was your saying to me, the last time you were at Sloperton, on seeing the prints we have hung round our dining-room, "Why, you have all your *patrons* here." The twelve first lines were written the day after that visit, and never thought of again till very lately, when I added the remainder.' (April 18, 1839.)

friends amply repaid him for his cynical remarks on them. There were constant jokes at his appearance—his countenance always being singularly pale, and in more advanced years cadaverous and wrinkled. One day, when he had been visiting the catacombs with a party of friends, Rogers emerged last. 'Good-bye, Rogers,' said Lord Dudley, shaking his hand, and everybody understood the joke. Sydney Smith jocosely advised him, in having his portrait taken, to be drawn saying his prayers with his face in his hands. Lord Alvanley asked him why, as he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse, and the story used to be told that, on hailing a cab in St. Paul's Churchyard, the affrighted cabman had exclaimed, 'No, not you,' and had taken him for a ghost. Another story was that Rogers, telling Ward that a watering-place to which he had gone was so full that he could not find a bed, Ward replied, 'Dear me, was there no room in the churchyard?'

These jokes, which might be multiplied indefinitely, were taken by Rogers in good part. He sometimes repeated them to his friends with evident enjoyment. One example of his way of meeting them when they amounted to deliberate rudeness, is narrated in the most interesting and admirable 'Reminiscences of Samuel Rogers,' in 'The Quarterly Review' for October 1888, to which I have already referred. 'On one occasion the writer was present when an instance occurred of that rudeness of attack which we just now hoped was obsolete. A small party were at table, Mr. Rogers and others present, including a gentleman well known for an inexcusable coarseness and freedom of speech, which eventually caused him to

be shunned in society. It was in the middle of dinner, when a tremendous knock at the front door was heard. "What's that?" said the host, starting. The gentleman in question looked straight at Mr. Rogers. "It's the devil come to carry off *you*." Everyone was silent, the host looked all consternation, one lady half rose from her seat; when the small, distinct voice was heard, and in the blandest tones—"Perhaps he may have the discrimination" (the word of five syllables being pronounced with special clearness, and with a slightly nasal pause on the fourth syllable) "to prefer another member of the company." In a moment of such embarrassment it was difficult to know what to do or say without adding to the embarrassment of the host, but the attack could not be left unnoticed; Mr. Rogers said the right thing and yet kept his place as a gentleman. The retort, unlike the attack, was not personal; but it satisfied the guests, it was understood by all, the lady subsided, the host raised a slight laugh, and the thing passed off.' He treated with similar coolness and self-control the attacks which were made upon him in the press. During Theodore Hook's editorship of the Tory weekly paper 'John Bull,' Rogers was the object of a long series of personal attacks. Theodore Hook, with the 'loud voice, blazing red face, and staring black eyes,' of which Fanny Kemble speaks, was not more the antithesis of Rogers in personal appearance than he was in mind and in manners. His mode of attack on Rogers was to father upon him many of his vulgar jokes and far-fetched, and sometimes indecent puns. I have before me a huge mass of statements about Rogers, taken from the paper he edited. They consist

of puns, rhymes, sometimes short letters, attributed to Rogers, now with his full name, then with his initials, and then again in the indirect and round-about way such writers affect. Some of these things got considerable currency, a few of them are still told as his, but it is needless to say that they are all inventions intended to wound him. Most of them are vulgar, some are utterly pointless, and all are poor. I have looked through them in vain for anything worth quoting. The best of them is a quiz on the never-failing subject of his personal appearance, which got considerable popularity at the time, and, I am told by an octogenarian friend, who repeated the stanzas to me from memory, that sixty years ago they created considerable amusement among his friends. The lines appeared in 'John Bull' on the 7th of March, 1824, under the heading—

HUMAN LIFE.

Cries Sam, 'All Human Life is frail,
E'en mine may not endure;
Then, lest it suddenly should fail,
I'll hasten to insure.'

At Morgan's office [1] Sam arrived,
Reckoning without his host;
'Avaunt!' the frightened Morgan cried,
'I can't insure a ghost.'

'Zounds! 'tis my poem, not my face;
Here, list while I recite it.'
Said Morgan, 'Seek some other place,
I cannot underwrite it.'

[1] The Equitable Insurance Office in Blackfriars. William Morgan, nephew of Dr. Price and a friend of Rogers, was actuary of the Equitable, which attained a very high position under his management.

Theodore Hook ceased to edit 'John Bull' in 1830; and the long series of puns attributed to Rogers and of rhymed attacks upon him ceased. They were renewed in the 'Chit-Chat' of 'The Metropolitan' in 1835; but Campbell, who was then editing it, expressed his great annoyance and regret, and there was an end of them so far as that magazine was concerned.

In the 'Reminiscences of Samuel Rogers,' in 'The Quarterly Review,' already quoted, the writer, who had known Rogers intimately in his old age, puts on record some personal recollections of him. 'It is the more desirable,' says the Reviewer, 'to record these recollections from the fact that exaggerated ideas as to the asperity of his tongue, and vulgar ones, even, as to his personal appearance, have obtained a credence which can only be refuted by personal testimony.' The Reviewer's personal testimony on the first of these points is that Rogers's tongue was 'an incisive organ, never allowed to grow blunt or rusty, but kept bright and well pointed for needful occasions—moreover, always polite and always distinct, which immensely increased its effect; but, what has been forgotten by his detractors, it was strictly used for defence, never for provocation, and for defence of others quite as much as of himself. Although, therefore, within these limits no one could better say a bitterer thing, yet, all will admit that he never said a vulgar or a rude one; or that that small and distinct voice ever failed to be lifted up in praise of merit or defence of the injured.' On the second point, that of personal appearance, the Reviewer is equally emphatic. Quoting from a recent work in which an obscure enemy

of Rogers has said that he was 'as repellent in countenance as he was shrivelled in heart and contracted in mind,' 'that he was like a death's head, and that he frightened people by his ugliness,' the Reviewer calls it 'scurrilous trash which one is almost ashamed to repeat,' and adds, 'Mr. Rogers had no pretension to good looks; he was very pale and very bald; but, as may be seen in the engraving from Sir Thomas Lawrence's life-size drawing, which forms the frontispiece to his poems (edition 1845), he was gentle and intelligent-looking. He looked, in short, what he was: a benevolent man and a thorough gentleman. In these respects he was not unlike Mr. Wilberforce, whose actual plainness was far greater, and increased by considerable deformity of person, but whose social and mental rank could never be mistaken.'

Three letters, two in answer to welcome epistles from him, and one by him to his sister Sarah, give a view of him in his social relations which supplies the natural and sufficient antidote to much depreciation.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland to Samuel Rogers.

'Dunrobin: 2nd August [1835].

'You see what you have brought upon yourself, my dear Mr. Rogers, by a letter so acceptable as that I received two days ago, and the contents of which reassured me as to your recovery, though I had not seen the alarming part of the notices so ably collected by our friend in St. Paul's, and which play with the feelings of the reader by the sudden changes and reverses they exhibit, and end by so useful a caution against ginger beer.

I wish to hear from some authority besides his own that Mr. Grenville is again well.

'I see we quite agree about young Canning. They are both very amiable people, and were proceeding with zeal on the most tiresome tour you can conceive, of twenty miles a-day, towards the North Sea, when some letters of business induced him to turn towards the south. Since the meeting of the council of Trent, I have continued in my usual society, which I like much, and in the mornings I am occupied much to my satisfaction. My buildings go on well. That here will be indebted entirely to Mr. Westmacott for turning out as it does. My larger work of a church also owes much to his good taste, and will be very handsome. It is to be restored in as far as possible to what it was when built by *Saint Bar* in 1100. The then Earl of Caithness attacked and "herried" it, took St. Bar, made him into soup, boiled and eat him at his Castle of Girnigo; for many years afterwards it was frequently attacked and destroyed by the same family, but is now in a way completely to recover. I have remarked to its clergyman, that though the new Earl of Caithness is living quietly at Edinburgh and does not come here, still, from the uncertain state of things, he must not be too sure of not being "*grillé*," which I trust will keep him in a good and quiet frame of mind.

'I think the Duke of Somerset's domestic happiness is likely to be very much improved by the new step he has taken,[1] though I do not know the lady, and I hear he has behaved very handsomely to his daughters in making

[1] The Duke of Somerset had married, on the 28th of July, his second wife. He had been a widower for rather more than eight years.

them (and himself) independent; cela vaut mieux que de garder son argent et de payer de sa personne.

'I ought not to bore you with all my nonsense, but your letter, and the gratitude I feel for it, made it irresistible. I hear that Lord Dunmore has had some attack, but I cannot learn any particulars; if true, it is much to be regretted. I can only hear of him *here* by those who talk of his purchase of what is called the Long Island, which is said to be a very good one, though one should not in one's ignorance have supposed it to be so.

'What weather! It is now better. I see the D. of Rutland has been nearly drowned—I hate those yachts.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,

'Most truly yours,

'E. G. S.'

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Lowther Castle: 28th Sept. [1835].

'I have long owed you an acknowledgment, my dear Friend, for an affectionate letter, which was very welcome, distressed as we were, had been, and alas! still are.

'It is a week since I came to this hospitable mansion, which I leave to-day. The country is most beautiful, the leaves in many places changed to the exact point of autumnal splendour and variety. During my walks I missed you much, and also our friend Sir George. Lady Frederick is not here, she comes at the end of the week. Lord Lonsdale had a sharp attack of indisposition when he first came, but he threw it off in two or three days, and, to the great joy of his friends, is as active and well

as ever. Lady Lonsdale also, one of the best of women, is quite well. Lady Ann and Miss Thompson are both here; so is Mrs. O'Callaghan.

'You will be desirous, I am sure, to learn how our invalids are. My dear sister, in bodily health, is decidedly better, though quite unable to stand. Her mind, however, is, I grieve to say, much shattered. The change showed itself upon the death of dear Miss Hutchinson, but probably was preparing before. Her case at present is very strange; her judgment, her memory, and all her faculties are perfect as ever, with the exception of what relates to her own illness and passing occurrences. If I ask her opinion upon any point of literature, she answers with all her former acuteness; if I read Milton, or any favourite author, and pause, she goes on with the passage from memory, but she forgets instantly the circumstances of the day. Considering that she is not sixty-four years of age, I cannot but hope that her mind may be restored, if her bodily health should go on improving.

'My daughter is a good deal better, but very far from being strong and well. Lady Lonsdale is in the room and begs to be remembered to you.

'When shall we meet again? You know well how much I delight in your conversation and what a value I set upon your friendship. I am not likely to be soon in London, but when will you come again northwards?

'Miss Kinnaird, I am told, is about to be married to L. Drummond,[1] of calculating celebrity. Is he an amiable

[1] Lieutenant Drummond was the inventor of the lime-light, first called the 'Drummond light,' and of a heliostat. He was engaged on

man? I should like to know, for she is a great favourite with me and mine.

'Miss Rogers, I hope, is well. My poor body is always getting into some scrape or other. Last year it was my foot, now it is my right arm which I have sprained so violently that I can scarcely guide my pen, and I much fear you will not think my letter worth the trouble of deciphering.

'Southey, from whom I heard this morning, is upon the point of finishing his first volume of Cowper. His edition will have 101 original letters of the poet. Pray write at your early convenience, as I wish to know how you are and where spending the summer.

'Most affectionately yours,

'W. Wordsworth.'

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

[Broadstairs: 30th Sept., 1835.]

'My dear Sarah,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I was in the very act of writing to you when it arrived. Henry Sharpe I met, half way in my walk to St. Peter's, between five and six o'clock. He was on the stage box and I was on foot. But he and Sam called in the evening, and I was glad to receive his account and your own.

the Ordnance Survey from 1823 to 1830. In 1831 he was made head of the Boundary Commission under the Reform Act, and his biographer, Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, thinks it was in connection with his services on this commission that Wordsworth speaks of him as 'of calculating celebrity.' From 1835 to 1840 he was Irish Secretary, and in a reply to the Tipperary magistrates reminded them, in words which have become historical, that 'Property has its duties as well as its rights.' His Irish administration was regarded as, up to that time, the most successful in the history of Ireland.

Maltby left us yesterday, and as he went to call upon you to-day, you will probably, if he sees you, hear more than I can tell you. As I could not take leave of Patty, I wrote to her some days ago, and my letter, I suppose, followed her to Brighton. I slept, coming down, at Rochester and Canterbury, and found when I arrived that I could not have been taken in before the Tuesday, Lord Shaftesbury having vacated the rooms on that day. So I lost only three days. Mr. Talbot and his boy have the next room, and Mrs. Enderby and her twenty girls the next house. The girls sleep on mattresses on the floor and are seldom seen, never I think by me but when a puppet show was exhibited on the grass plot for the amusement of Master Talbot, an exhibition of which the twenty orphans partook, crowding their windows. When they walk I don't know. My eyes are tolerably well and the inflammation is nearly gone, scarcely perceptible. Once or twice I have been waked by a great smarting and great discharge from the tear vessel, such as I had some years ago, but that I believe to arise from a humour in the lid, not in the eye. In all other respects I never was better, and I wish you could say the same, my dear Sarah. Our weather has been beautiful, and I reproach myself all day, and all night too, the full moon is so glorious, for not enjoying it as I ought to do. One event at Broadstairs I had forgot, and must leave to M. to do justice to—Miss Hale is married. He has never caught a glimpse of her, though she lives at St. Peter's, but he never passed her door without silently pointing to it and then turning away. Sam and his family I have generally seen every day. They are for ever on the

sands, collecting shells and weeds, and he and she are very active, having been up the Lighthouse and up the Windmill, and filling their sketch books with sails and steamers. To-day they have promised to eat goose with me. You will have the traveller, and hear much of Venice and Florence, I hope, and perhaps give some instructions about the house. I am very sorry for you, as nothing is so harassing as doubt and perplexity when even time, the great settler in most matters, can render you no service. Pray give my love to all under your roof, and believe me to be, my dear Sarah,

'Yours very affectionately,

'S. R.

'How long I shall stay I cannot say, perhaps till Wednesday, and then, perhaps, return by Tunbridge. Maltby has become more abstracted than ever. He saw nothing without, as you say. You would think the only child in the world was Master Talbot, whom he met on the stairs and admired over much. T. himself, whenever he comes in, exchanges his coat for a dressing-gown ten times a-day, and drinks wine and brandy all day long. No wonder the two ladies left him. He has been here about six weeks, having left Hastings, as the Nurse told me, in April. The parlour is as full of toys as a toy shop, and the boy utterly spoilt. Lady Ashburnham is at Ramsgate.'

The Commission for examining and reporting on the plans offered in the competition for the building of the new Houses of Parliament was nominated in the course of the summer, and Rogers was appointed one of the

Commissioners. His colleages in the Commission were Mr. C. H. Tracy, Sir E. Cust, Mr. T. Liddell, and Mr. George Vyvyan. It was one of the few public duties placed on him, and was discharged with much satisfaction.

Crabb Robinson writes—

'*Nov. 29th*, 1835.—I breakfasted with Mr. Rogers, *tête-à-tête*, staying with him from ten till one o'clock. A very agreeable morning, and I left him with feelings of enhanced respect. There was very little of that severity of remark for which he is reproached. Candour and good sense marked all he said. He talked about Wordsworth, Byron, and Goethe. He seemed sufficiently prepossessed in favour of Goethe, and I have lent him Mrs. Austin's book. Of Lord Byron he spoke freely, especially of his sensitiveness as to what was said of him. He spoke very highly of Wordsworth, but with qualifications which would not satisfy Wordsworth's admirers. He thinks he is likely now to be over-lauded, as he was before to be under-rated. I was least prepared for his affirming that Wordsworth is a careless versifier. He thinks his blank verse better than his rhymes. On moral subjects and religion Rogers showed much seriousness. He spoke of the much greater distinctness with which he could recollect his faults than his kind actions: "Every man has his kind moments; of course, I, as well as others—and it is distressing I cannot recollect them." "A Pharisee would," I replied, "and surely it is better *not*." Rogers produced a small volume which he praised greatly—"Clio on Taste, by J. Usher."'

Early in 1836 Moore was again in London and in his Diary there are some very pleasant accounts of literary mornings or evenings with Rogers—

'*February 24th.*—Called upon Rogers and stayed some time with him: most agreeable and cordial. Told me some amusing things, one of which was Theodore Hook's saying to some man with whom a bibliopolist dined the other day, and got extremely drunk, "Why, you appear to me to have emptied your *wine*-cellar into your *book*-seller."

'*28th.*—Went to Rogers's, and while there, Lord and Lady Seymour called, she looking in great beauty. . . .

'*29th.*—Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Taylor and young Villiers. Conversation on various topics. Referred to Shakespeare's Sonnets for one that Taylor had, on some former occasion, praised to Rogers. It begins, "That time of year thou may'st in me behold," and is full of sweet thought and language throughout. The first four lines are exquisite—

> 'That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold:
> Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

A good deal of conversation about Southey, who is a great friend of Taylor's.'

There is a letter of this date from Washington Irving introducing the author of 'Alnwick Castle,' 'Marco Bozzaris,' some spirited lines 'On the Death of Drake,'

and other poems. The letter has a further interest of its own—

Washington Irving to Samuel Rogers.

'New York: 3rd Feb., 1836.

'My dear Sir,—You will receive herewith a small volume containing poems by Mr. Fitz Greene Halleck, an American author, whose name is probably already known to you, and some of whose writings you may have seen in collections of American poetry published in England. I send the volume to you at the request of the author, in testimony of that admiration of your poetry, and high esteem for your private worth, which he feels in common with his countrymen.

'Mr. H. has published in this volume merely a selection from his various poems which have appeared from time to time in our periodical works. He might have extended the selection with advantage, as he has omitted several of great merit, possessing much terseness of language and epigrammatic point; but which he may have thought too local, temporary, and satirical in their nature for republication. Some of them lashed the follies of the day and of his countrymen with much spirit and wit, but without harshness, and produced a great sensation at the time.

'The specimens he has furnished, however, will be sufficient to give you an idea of his talents, and as I think, to satisfy you that the reputation he enjoys among his countrymen is not unmerited.

'I am building a little cottage on the banks of the

Hudson, and hope, in the course of the spring, to have, for the first time in my life, a roof of my own over my head. It stands in the midst of the "fairy haunts of long lost hours," in a neighbourhood endeared to me by boyish recollections, and commands one of our magnificent river prospects. I only wish I could have you there as a guest, and shew my sense of that kind and long-continued hospitality enjoyed in your classic little mansion in St. James's Place.

'Ever, my dear Sir,

'Most truly and affectionately your friend,

'Washington Irving.'

The next is from a more familiar hand.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Rydal Mount [18th Feb., 1836.]

'Many and sincere thanks, my dear Friend, for your grand present of Watkins's Gray, which reached me a few days ago. I have already skimmed the second volume, which was new to me; and I hope for much pleasure and profit from the perusal of most of it *at leisure*. This last word, by the by, reminds me of a reference I found to Oldham, for the words—

'I have not yet leisure to be good.

'You recollect that long ago I said to you I was sure the line would be found somewhere, and if I am not mistaken you told me, some time after, you had met with it in Owen Feltham's prose. Is this so?

'I shall greatly value these two superb volumes, and more for your sake than for their own, and I hope that they of my family into whose hands they may pass will also prize them as a memorial of our friendship.

'I have not forgotten that I am in your debt for a letter received many months ago, and for which you would have been thanked long since if I could have added anything respecting myself or family which it would have gratified you to learn. We struggle on, bearing up under our trials and afflictions as well as with God's help we can. My daughter is something better, though not able to exert herself, but for my poor sister, though her bodily health is better upon the whole, this blessing is more than counterbalanced by a disorder of the mind, obviously proceeding from some inflammatory action upon the brain. Mrs. W. continues pretty well.

'Last summer I saw a good deal of our excellent friends both at Lowther and Whitehaven. Lady Frederick was there, and you were often talked about. At Whitehaven I had frequent walks upon the cliffs, which were not unproductive of poetic *suggestions*, I do not presume to say inspirations. Possibly, and even probably, I may visit London before the spring is over; if so, how happy shall I be to renew my conversations and walks with you. These are (truly may I say it) among the principal attractions London has for me. With kindest remembrances to yourself and sister, in which my own poor dear sister is still able to join with us all, I remain, my dear Friend,

'Faithfully yours,

'W. Wordsworth.

'P.S. Be so good as to say to Moxon that I wish him to present you, as from me, a couple of copies of my verses upon Lamb—one for your sister. I should have expressed this wish to himself upon the slip on the other side had there been room.'

Wordsworth carried out the intention of visiting London in the spring or summer, and Sir Henry Taylor has a little story to tell about it. Speaking in a letter to Miss Fenwick of a breakfast to Wordsworth, he says: 'I committed the mistake of asking Rogers, which made two suns in one system, Edward Villiers said; or, as Lister amended it, a sun and a moon, which was bad, for Rogers's position does not admit of people treating him as a listener, and as he cannot keep pace with Wordsworth, he must necessarily break a party into two conversations.'[1]

A little later in the year he says, in a letter to Miss Fenwick: 'By way of variety I dined yesterday *tête-à-tête* with old Rogers, and he was very agreeable. I dare say there is no man living who has seen so much of so many eminent men as he has, touching as he does all circles—philosophic, literary, political, naval and military, and artistical. I suppose there is hardly any hero or man of genius of our times, from Nelson and Crabbe downwards, who has not dined at Rogers's table; and he can tell something worth hearing of them all, and can tell it in the most agreeable manner.'[2]

This was in the summer. Moore makes some almost similar remarks a few months earlier.

[1] *Correspondence of Sir H. Taylor*, p. 72. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 76.

'*April 6th*, 1836.—Dined at Miss Rogers's, R. and I and Sydney going there together: company, the Hollands, the Langdales, Lady Davy, Surgeon Travers, and Rogers's nephew. Sydney highly amusing in the evening. His description of the *dining* process, by which people in London extract all they can from new literary lions, was irresistibly comic. "Here's a new man of genius arrived: put on the stewpan; fry away; we'll soon get it all out of him." On this and one or two other topics he set off in a style that kept us all in roars of laughter.

'*April 13th*.—Breakfast at Brooks's, and from thence to Rogers's, where I found (as one is sure *always* to find the best things going) Lord Jeffrey, whom I had not seen for a length of time, and was most glad to find so well and prosperous, with the honours of his new judgeship fresh about him. They say there cannot be a better or more satisfactory judge, which I rejoice at exceedingly, not only for his sake, but as an answer to your dull prosemen who conceit that none but themselves are fit for grave occupations, and look down upon men of lively fancy as little better than (what the lawyers used to call) "diverting vagabonds." Jeffrey's wife and daughter were also of the party, as well as old Whishaw, who mentioned an amusing instance of Dr. Parr's stilted phraseology. In addressing a well-known lawyer (whose name I now forget), after some great forensic display he had made, Parr said, "Sir, you are incapable of doing justice to your own argument; you weaken it by diffusion and perplex it by reiteration." Jeffrey, in allusion to my healthy looks, said I was the only "vernal thing" he had yet seen.

'*April* 14*th*, 1836.—Dinner with Rogers, none but ourselves. Opera, the "Gazza Ladra," perfect in every way; with four such singers as Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini all doing their best, it could not be otherwise. By the omission of the part of Pippo, the piece was in some degree *estropié*, but altogether the effect was delicious. Very pretty dancing afterwards by Grisi's sister—her first appearance.

'*April* 16*th*.— . . . . To dinner at Lord Essex's; company: Rogers (who took me), Luttrell, Byng, Rich, and one or two more, whom I forget. Conversation agreeable, particularly Lord Essex's stories about the Prince and old Travis.

'*April* 19*th*.— . . . Went from Rogers's to Devonshire House; a large assembly, where I met a number of old acquaintances. . . . As I was coming away from Devonshire House, there was that gay "young gentleman about town," Rogers, just arrived, having got rid of his own party, and still so "up to everything," as to think it worth his while to come out at this late hour (between twelve and one o'clock) to attend a ducal assembly! Long may he be able and willing to do so, say I.

In the late summer Rogers writes to his sister, who was travelling on the Continent with their niece Mary—

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Broadstairs: Sept. 28 [1836].

'My dear Sarah,—Your kind letter of the 19th found me here as you guessed, for here I arrived ten days ago. Your former from Pau found me in the act of setting

out, and I answered it to Marseilles, while the carriage stood at the door, on the 17th. That night I slept at Rochester and the next at Canterbury, where I spent an hour in the evening with Lady Byron, whom I had not seen for twenty-two years. Here I found Maltby, who had answered my proposal with an equivocal letter and who still hesitates, excusing himself on account of his health. So I shall say no more to him on the subject. To tell you the truth, the prospect of going and returning alone dispirits me, together with the chance of passing a very short time with you two in Paris so late in the year. I wrote last week to propose it to William Sharpe, but he was engaged to some friends near Havre. So I am in a thousand minds and at a loss what to do. I hope and trust you will go to Genoa, as you can never have a better opportunity, that is, if the cholera is gone, of which I have heard only that it has been subsiding of late in Italy—but at Marseilles you can surely learn. Here is Miss Stephens's brother with his family, and at Ramsgate I met on the pier Mrs. Scott, the Miss Biggs who is married, with another daughter. They are at a boarding house, and inquired much about you two. I am delighted to think you have had so prosperous a journey—you say nothing about health, so I hope you are both well. To-day we have been to some races near Margate. At Ramsgate I met with Mr. Webb, my fellow-traveller in 1802. He is returning to Paris, and if I go it will most probably be with him, but pray don't alter your plans for me, as our stay at Paris would at all events be so short in the cold season. Mr. Robinson is in this neighbourhood on a visit, and one morning breakfasts with us, talking of

Wordsworth and Goethe. The weather here has been fine; and the moon, at the full for the three last nights, has given us recollections of the Mediterranean—I say *us*, but my companion seldom looks out after dark, and almost always withdraws to his room at nine; to-night, having a cold, he went at seven. His *protégée* is here, boarding in the house; she came, and will of course return, with him. Mr. Coope and his family were here and are just gone. Poor Malibran. She died, you know, at Manchester in her twenty-seventh year. Pray give my love to Mary, and believe me

'Yours ever,

'S. Rogers.'

He overcame his hesitation and went to Paris, where he met his sister and his niece on their return, and came home with them at the end of November. 'I had a delightful ride with my uncle to Rochester,' says his niece, though all the way from Paris the weather was dismal with unceasing rain. Moore had been in London in his absence, and records that Rogers wrote to reproach him for not taking up his quarters at St. James's Place. 'Why did not you, the other day, come at once to my house and ask for a bed there. Have I not told you to do so again and again, you varlet you?'

Fanny Kemble's (Mrs. Butler's) stories of Rogers appear to belong to this period. She writes—

'The occasion of my becoming acquainted with my admirable and very kind friend, the Rev. Sydney Smith, was a dinner at Mr. Rogers's to which I had been asked

to meet Lord and Lady Holland, by special desire, as I was afterwards informed, of the latter, who, during dinner, drank out of her neighbour (Sydney Smith's) glass, and otherwise behaved herself with the fantastic despotic impropriety in which she frequently indulged, and which might have been tolerated in a spoilt beauty of eighteen, but was hardly becoming in a woman of her age and "personal appearance." When first I came out on the stage, my father and mother, who occasionally went to Holland House, received an invitation to dine there, which included me; after some discussion, which I did not then understand, it was deemed expedient to decline the invitation for me, and I neither knew the grounds of my parent's decision, nor of how brilliant and delightful a society it had then closed the door to me. On my return to England after my marriage, Lady Holland's curiosity revived with regard to me, and she desired Rogers to ask me to meet her at dinner, which I did; and the impression she made upon me was so disagreeable that for a time it involved every member of that dinner-party in a halo of undistinguishing dislike in my mind. . . . Altogether the evening was unsuccessful, if its purpose had been an acquaintance between Lady Holland and myself. . . . She complained to Charles Greville that I would not let her become acquainted with me, and twice after our first unavailing meeting at Rogers's made him ask me to meet her again, each time, however, with no happier result.

'The first time, after making herself generally obnoxious at dinner, she at length provoked Rogers, who, the conversation having fallen upon the subject of

beautiful hair, and Lady Holland saying, "Why, Rogers, only a few years ago I had such a head of hair that I could hide myself in it, and I've lost it all," merely answered, "What a pity!"—but with such a look and tone that an exultant giggle ran round the table at her expense. . . . Rogers's keen-eyed wit seemed to cut his lips as he uttered it; Sydney Smith's was without sting or edge or venomous point of malice, and his genial humour was really the overflowing of a kindly heart.

'Rogers's helpful benevolence and noble generosity to poor artists, poor authors, and all distressed whom he could serve or succour was unbounded; he certainly had the kindest heart and the unkindest tongue of any one I ever knew. His benefits remind me of a comical story my dear friend Harness once told me of a poor woman at whose lamentations over her various hardships one of his curates was remonstrating. "Oh come, come now, my good woman, you must allow that Providence has been, on the whole, very good to you." "So He 'ave, sir, so He 'ave mostly. I don't deny it; but I sometimes think He 'ave taken it out in corns." I think Rogers took out his benevolence, in some directions, in the corns he inflicted, or at any rate trod upon, in others.

'Mr. Rogers's inveterate tongue-gall was like an irresistible impulse, and he certainly bestowed it occasionally, without the least provocation, upon persons whom he professed to like. He was habitually kind to me, and declared he was fond of me. One evening (just after the publication of my stupid drama, "The Star of Seville"), he met me with a malignant grin, and the exclamation, "Ah, I've just been reading your play. So

nice! young poetry!"—with a diabolical *dig* of emphasis on the "young." "Now, Mr. Rogers," said I, "what did I do to deserve that you should say that to me?" I do not know whether this appeal disarmed him, but his only answer was to take me affectionately by the chin, much as if he had been my father. When I told my sister of this, she, who was a thousand times quicker-witted than I, said, "Why didn't you tell him that young poetry was better than old?"

'Walking one day in the Green Park, I met Mr. Rogers and Wordsworth, who took me between them, and I continued my walk in great glory and exultation of spirit, listening to Rogers and hearing Wordsworth—the gentle rill of the one speech broken into by sudden loud splashes of the other; when Rogers, who had vainly been trying to tell some anecdote, pathetically exclaimed, "He won't let me tell my story!" I immediately stopped, and so did Wordsworth, and during this halt Rogers finished his recital. Presently afterwards, Wordsworth having left us, Rogers told me that he (Mr. Wordsworth), in a visit he had been lately paying at Althorp, was found daily in the magnificent library, but never without a volume of his own poetry in his hand. Years after this, when I used to go and sit with Mr. Rogers, I never asked him what I should read to him without his putting into my hands his own poems, which always lay by him on his table.

'A comical instance of the rivalry of wits (surely as keen as that of beauties), occurred one day when Mr. Rogers had been calling on me, and speaking of that universal social favourite, Lady Morley, he said, "There

is but one voice against her in all England, and that is her own." (A musical voice was the only charm wanting to Lady Morley's delightful conversation.) I was enchanted with this pretty epigram, so unlike in its tone to Mr. Rogers's usual *friendly* comments; and very soon after he left me, Sydney Smith coming in, I told him how clever and how pleasant a remark the "departed" poet (Sydney Smith often spoke of Rogers as dead on account of his cadaverous complexion) had made on Lady Morley's voice. "He never said it," exclaimed my second illustrious visitor. "But he did, Mr. Smith, to me, in this room, not half an hour ago." "He never *made* it; it isn't his; it isn't a bit like him." To all of which I could only repeat that, nevertheless, he *had* said it, and that, whether he made it or not, it was extremely well made. Presently Sydney Smith went away. I was living in Upper Grosvenor Street, close to Park Lane; and he in Green Street, in the near neighbourhood. But I believe he must have run from my house to his own, so short was the interval of time before I received the following note, "Dans toute l'Angleterre il n'y a qu'une voix contre moi, et c'est la mienne." Then followed the signature of a French lady of the eighteenth century, and these words: "What a dear, innocent, confiding, credulous creature you are! and how you *do* love Rogers.—SYDNEY SMITH." '

Crabb Robinson says:—

'*February 23rd*, 1837.—An agreeable day. I breakfasted with Samuel Rogers. We had a long and interesting chat about Landor, Wordsworth, Southey, &c. Rogers is

a good teller of anecdotes! He spoke with great affection of Mrs. Barbauld. Of Southey's genius and moral virtues he spoke with respect; but Southey is *anti-popular* —not a friend to the improvement of the people. We talked of slander and the truth blended with it. A friend repeated to Rogers a saying by Wilkes: "Give me a grain of truth, and I will mix it up with a great mass of falsehood, so that no chemist shall ever be able to separate them." Talking of composition, he showed me a note to his "Italy," which he says took him a fortnight to write. It consists of a very few lines. Wordsworth has amplified the idea of this note in his poem on the picture of Miss Quillinan by Stone. Rogers says, and I think truly, that the prose is better than the poem. The thought intended to be expressed is, that the picture is the substance, and the beholders are the shadows.'

Moore was in London, as usual, in the spring, and there are some points of interest in his Diary.

'*April 7th*, 1837.—Went to Brooks's, where Rogers came to look for me. Offered to dine with him to-day, which he most heartily agreed to. . . . Rogers very agreeable. Mentioned the Duke of Wellington saying to some enthusiastic woman, who was talking in raptures about the glories of a victory, "I should so like to witness a victory!" &c., &c. "My dear madam, a victory is the greatest tragedy in the world except one,—and that is a defeat."

'*April 24th.*—Dined at Lord Grey's; company, besides their own family: the Hollands, Rogers, Lord Duncannon,

and Ellice. The day very agreeable. In the evening came some of the Carlisles, and the Duke of Sutherland, with his engaging Duchess, who combines the thoroughly feminine woman with the air of the "high-born ladye" in a most remarkable and pleasing manner.

'*29th.*—After breakfasting at Rogers's, went to Maclise's and gave him a long sitting; ditto to Moore at his house in Holland Street. Was obliged to be dressed and ready at half-past four to accompany Rogers to the Academy in order to have a view of the exhibition before dinner. The whole thing, exhibition, dinner, and company, a spectacle well worth being present at. Was sorry to see that the Duke of Wellington entirely forgets me, though to be sure so many years have passed since I dined at his table in Dublin, when he was secretary there, that it is by no means to be wondered at. We have been thrown together once or twice in society of late years, and then, from the few words that passed between us, I was in hopes that he remembered me; but from the manner in which he received me to-day, when Rogers, after shaking hands with him himself, made a sort of half presentation of me to him, I am pretty sure he has no recollection of me whatever. Got seated near Jones, the artist, who, in talking of Turner's forthcoming designs from "The Epicurean," mentioned his having "attempted" some subjects from it himself, and his being curious to see whether Turner had fixed upon the same.'

Crabb Robinson writes—

'*August 17th*, 1837.—I breakfasted with Rogers this morning; Empson went with me. Wordsworth there. A very interesting chat with him about his poetry. He repeated emphatically what he had said to me before, that he did not expect or desire from posterity any other fame than that which would be given him for the way in which his poems exhibit man in his essentially human character and relations—as child, parent, husband—the qualities which are common to all men as opposed to those which distinguish one man from another. His Sonnets are not, therefore, the work that he esteems the most. Empson and I had spoken of the Sonnets as our favourites; he said, "You are both wrong." Rogers, however, attacked the form of the Sonnet with exaggeration, that he might be less offensive. I regret my inability to record more of Wordsworth's conversation. Empson related that Jeffrey had lately told him that so many people had thought highly of Wordsworth, that he resolved to reperuse his poems, and see if he had anything to retract. Empson, I believe, did not end his anecdote; he had before said to me that Jeffrey, having done so, found nothing to retract, except, perhaps, a contemptuous and flippant phrase or two. Empson says he believed Jeffrey's distaste for Wordsworth to be honest —mere uncongeniality of mind. Talfourd, who is now going to pay Jeffrey a visit, says the same. Jeffrey does acknowledge that he was wrong in his treatment of Lamb.'

In the same month there are further records by Moore of talks with Rogers and his friends. One day

Moore meets at his house at breakfast a celebrated Frenchman and a Polish refugee, Count Krasinski. Wordsworth is there at dinner, full of his Continental tour. Moore tells him of a young man who had seen him in Italy and boasted of it, and Moore says, 'The sublime Laker replied, "Oh, Virgilium tantum vidi," but, immediately conscious of the assumption, turned it off with a laugh.' On another day Wordsworth, Landseer, and Henry Taylor are at Rogers's with Moore, and the conversation turns on Campbell's poetry, 'which they are all much disposed to carp at and depreciate, especially Wordsworth.' Moore remarks that some of Campbell's odes bid fair for immortality, 'on which,' says he, 'they all began to pick holes in some of the most beautiful of these things—

> 'Every sod beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

'A sod being a sepulchre.' 'This,' intercalates Moore, 'perhaps, is open to objection.' 'The meteor flag of England braving the battle and the breeze' was another of the things objected to, and Henry Taylor remarked that, 'the coming events cast their shadows before' was borrowed. Speaking of letter-writing, Taylor mentioned Southey's industry, and Wordsworth said he had such a horror of having his letters preserved, that in order to guard against it he made them as bad and dull as possible. This is a matter in which posterity takes leave to differ entirely from Wordsworth. Moore says that on another day Rogers read over to him some last verses of his own and showed great sensibility in doing so. 'Part

of the feeling in them consists in sadly anticipating all that youth has before it in life, of wrong as well as of suffering, of wrong that will be regretted in after years.' In the autumn there was what the papers called a Whig conclave at Bowood, and Rogers and his sister, as well as Sydney Smith, were of it. It was a gathering for amusement and relaxation, and not for business. Moore, who reports no political talk, puts on record another trait of Rogers's character.

'*October 18th*, 1837.—Joined Rogers and Sydney in a walk before breakfast. . . . After breakfast, set off to return home and Rogers accompanied me. Nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than he was. In talking of his age (he is now some months turned seventy-five—[this should be seventy-four]) he said, "If I was asked what ailment I have I really could not say that I have any"; and yet, so delicate was his health up to the age of between thirty and forty, that it was difficult to keep him alive. We walked up and down between Sandy Lane Gate and the Calne Road three or four times, I still turning back with him and he then retreading his steps with me. In the course of our walk he said, "You know Mrs. Moore is my almoner." I anticipated what was coming, and both for Bessy's sake and the poor peoples' rejoiced in my heart. He then took out of his pocket five sovereigns and gave them to me for the poor of Bromham.

'One of my embarrassments, indeed, during his visit has been the fear lest Bessy should thank him for the five pounds I brought her in his name, for the same

purpose, two or three years since. But I had taken the opportunity of warning her against doing so, saying that it would look like asking for more. I now told him the circumstance of my having imposed upon her, as just stated, not saying, however, that it was in his name I had done so. I need not say how great was Bessy's pleasure on my producing this new fund for her old women.'

Poor Haydon has left it on record, that on the fourth of November in this year he met Rogers in the Park and told him he had just been to the Duke of Sutherland's to see Delaroche's picture of Strafford. Haydon did not like it. It was too French, he said, and the basis of all French art he declared to be the theatre and the lay figure. Rogers touched him on the side and said, 'Give us something better of the same sort—you could.' It is needless to say that Haydon went home consoled, as Rogers, who always had a tender feeling for artists in misfortune, probably intended that he should.

CHAPTER IV.

1838–41.

Rogers an Old Man—His active Habits—Carlyle on Rogers—Rogers's Criticism of Emerson—Mr. F. Goodall's Recollections of Rogers—Ticknor's Visits to St. James's Place—Sir H. Taylor, Miss Jervis, and the Duke—Letter from Ticknor—Rogers at Broadstairs—Appeals to Lord Melbourne and Lord Holland for Cary—Charles Sumner on Rogers—Miss Edgeworth—Lord Wellesley—Archbishop Trench—Daniel Webster — Mrs. Butler — Sydney Smith — Blanco White — Charles Dickens—Haydon—W. H. Prescott—Daniel Webster's Letters —Ticknor's Letters—Charles Mackay—Macready—Crabb Robinson—Letter from Dickens—Death of Lord Holland—Moore and Rogers at Bowood—Macready's 'Reminiscences'—Rogers in Paris—E. Quillinan on Sir T. More's House—Rogers and Macaulay at Bowood—Rogers and Mrs. Butler.

Rogers had now become an old man, and it is not the least remarkable thing in his long life that his old age was one of its busiest and most useful periods. He was seventy-five on the 30th of July, 1838, and active as he was, he had so much appearance of age that nobody guessed him a moment younger. Yet at that time he had nearly eighteen years and a half to live; twelve of them busy years—years full of an old man's enjoyments—

> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

It was the 'old age serene and bright,' which his friend Wordsworth anticipated for the young lady who had

been reproached for taking long walks in the country. He already, in 1838, spoke of himself as at the end of his course, and though he told Moore he really could not say that he had any ailment, he was frail-looking rather than strong. He used the flesh brush as old Richard Cumberland had taught him; and kept up, as far as possible, his active habits. 'Rogers and I,' says Moore, 'do not trouble chairs much.' He walked a good deal, and was not afraid of a flight of steps. For years it was remarked of him that he was to be seen walking home late at night from evening parties, looking so old and frail that nobody wondered when his active career was finally closed by his being knocked down in the street. In November, 1838, he was in Paris, and had chosen a lodging at the top of a flight of a hundred and twenty stairs. Moore puts this on record as characteristic of Rogers, whose system was, in Moore's words, 'to keep the physique for ever in play; if ever you once give it up, he thinks it is all over.' The plan answered for thirteen years longer.

So it came to pass that for twenty years at least of his active life in London society, people spoke of Rogers as an old man. Carlyle always calls him 'old Rogers.' Writing to Emerson in June, 1838, to tell him of the reception his 'Orations' had met with in England, he says, 'Old Rogers, a grim old dilettante, full of sardonic sense, was heard to say, "It is German poetry, given out in American prose."' In another letter he speaks of 'old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow,' and tells Emerson he 'will work on you with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic

shelf chin.' It is a caricature, yet with a certain life-like look which makes it worth quoting. The "sardonic chin" may be compared with the description a friend of Cyrus Redding's gave of Rogers as having 'an epigrammatic mouth—a mouth characterised by a contractile quality; the power of a sort of pincer's squeeze lurks about it.' Yet there was a charm in his manner when he was in genial mood which all his visitors confess. He was 'cold as snow' to unsympathising people, and would naturally seem so to Carlyle, who was his opposite in every respect. But there are many men now living who knew Rogers well, whose testimony is that he was all kindness and geniality whenever they saw him. Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., has lately given to an interviewer some of his reminiscences. He says of Rogers—

'One of the most fascinating men to me was old Samuel Rogers, the poet. When I was only sixteen he invited me to one of his famous breakfasts. My father was then engraving the plates for Rogers's "Italy,"[1] and the poet, having seen some of my early work, had asked my father to bring me. I can see it all now: the famous old man coming forward, and taking me by both hands, and his kindly words, "You are at the beginning of the race, my lad, and I am at the end of the course!" And I remember him turning to his butler, who used to show the collection of pictures to visitors, and saying, "Let this young gentleman have the run of the house;

[1] This is a slip of memory on Mr. Goodall's part. The plates had been engraved and the *Italy* published eight years before this, which must have been in 1838.

let him see the pictures whenever he likes." After that first visit, which made a great impression on me, I used to be often invited to his breakfasts, and dear old Samuel Rogers remained my very good friend to the day of his death.'

There are three contemporary accounts of him in this year, 1838: one by George Ticknor, the American author, the next by Sir Henry Taylor, and the third by Charles Sumner, the American statesman. Ticknor writes in his Diary—

'*March 25th*, 1838.—After we came home (from church), Senior came in, and was as lively, spirited, and active as ever, and full of projects for our convenience and pleasure. Rogers followed him, and talked, in his quiet way, about all sorts of things and people, showing, sometimes, a little sub-acid. It has always been said he will leave memoirs behind him. I hope he will, for who can write anything of the sort that would be so amusing?'

Two months later he says—

'*May 27th*, 1838 (*Sunday*).—In the afternoon we had a very long and agreeable visit from Rogers, who showed great sensibility when speaking of his last visit to Scott, which he said he was obliged to shorten, in order to keep an appointment with other friends, and then added, as if the thought had just rushed upon him, and filled his eyes with tears, "and they, too, are dead." It was some time before he could command himself enough to speak again.'

'*May* 31*st*, 1838.—We breakfasted, by very especial invitation, with Rogers, in order to look over his pictures, curiosities, &c.; and, therefore, nobody was invited to meet us but Miss Rogers and the Milmans. We had a three hours' visit of it, from ten till past one, and saw certainly a great amount of curious things; not only the pictures, but drawings, autographs, little antiques; in short, whatever should belong to such a piece of *bijouterie* and *virtù* as Rogers himself is. Nor was agreeable conversation wanting, for he is full of anecdotes of his sixty or seventy years' experience. Among other things he told me that Crabbe was nearly ruined by grief and vexation at the conduct of his wife for above seven years, at the end of which time she proved to be insane.

'*June* 3*rd*.—We began the day with a breakfast at Miss Rogers's in her nice house on Regent's Park, which is a sort of imitation—and not a bad one either—of her brother's on St. James's . . . she keeps autographs, curiosities, and objects of *virtù*, just like her brother. Best of all, she is kind and good humoured, and had invited very pleasant friends to meet us—Leslie, Babbage, Mackintosh, and her brother, who was extraordinarily agreeable and made us stay unreasonably late.'

Sir H. Taylor, writing to Miss Fenwick on the 3rd of August, 1838, says—

'I have been . . . at two very small evening parties at Rogers's—only about fifteen persons. He is much oldened these last six months, having been very ill in the winter, and he has no longer the same vivacity of

look that he had, nor the same appearance of vigour. He talked very little, and was almost entirely occupied with the singing of his pet, Miss Jervis. But it was perhaps more interesting to see him with her, and her ways with him, than it would have been to hear him talk. To all appearance she is a gay, wild, vivacious girl, who cares for nobody and gives full scope to that unmodified naturalness of manner which, in society, amounts to a very considerable degree of eccentricity. This makes some people say that she is half mad, and others that she is as bold as a lion. But Miss Montague, who has seen a good deal of her, tells me that she finds her very rational, and Rogers assures me that she is in reality extremely timid. . . . When she sat down to sing I thought there could not be a more formidable thing for a girl of three or four and twenty to undertake —a small room, and a small audience, and a dead silence; the Duke planted before the piano, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and others, the gravest of men and statesmen, stopped short in their conversations; and old Rogers, well known to be at all times in agonies of anxiety as to everything *going off* well in his house. One might have been in a little agony oneself *for her* if her face did not put one at ease. But she began without a shade of anxiety for herself, sang the first verse of her song and then looked brightly over to the Duke and said, "Do you like that?" and afterwards, when someone made her sing a song which she did not like herself, she seemed to have no difficulty in doing it, only saying, "Now, Duke, you had better talk whilst I am singing this." '[1]

[1] *Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor*, p. 92.

Mr. Sumner, in writing to his friend George Hilliard, in December says: 'A friend told me yesterday what Rogers said the other day to him: "The Americans I have seen have generally been very agreeable and accomplished men, but there is too much of them; they take up too much of our time." This was delivered with the greatest gentleness.' [1]

This was Rogers's own experience for thirty years. Every prominent American went to his house, was kindly entertained, and went home to praise him and to give introductions to him to his friends. There are piles of letters from such persons, many of them full of the warmest expressions of gratitude and admiration. But his youthful recollections of the struggle for American independence, of his father's good wishes for its success, of Dr. Priestley's going forth from Rogers's own house to his American exile, of other friends who had found refuge on American soil, made Rogers more than usually friendly to Americans who came to see him. He was, moreover, gratified to find that the admiration for his poetry which they uniformly expressed, existed and continued among a nation who, as he believed, stood in a relation to us such as that of posterity. Sumner continues (he is writing from the Athenæum)—

'Bulwer was here a few moments ago in his flash *falsetto* dress, with high heel boots, a white great coat, and a flaming blue cravat. How different from Rogers, who is sitting near me reading the "North American," or Hallam, who is lolling in an easy chair.[2] . . .

'Lady Morgan . . . had particularly invited me to

[1] Sumner's *Life*, vol. ii., p. 21.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 23.

her party on this evening—"Promise me that you will come on Sunday night and I will have all the literary characters of London. I will trot them all out for your benefit." Accordingly, there were Sam Rogers—just returned with renewed youth from Paris—Kenyon, Hayward, Courtenay (the M.P. and great London epicure), and his beautiful daughter, West-Young, the retired actor, Young (Ubiquity), Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Quin, and Mrs. Shelley.'

Mr. Ticknor writes—

George Ticknor to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston (U.S.A.): 20th Nov., 1838.

'My dear Sir,—You have always taken a kind notice of American literature, and this induces me to send you a dramatic poem by Miss Park; a lady something more than thirty years old, who lives at Worcester, about forty miles from us. I have not the honour to know her personally; but whatever I have heard is singularly creditable to her, so that I think you will not on any account be sorry to add her little poem to your collection of American books. I pray you, therefore, to accept it. At any rate, if it serves for nothing else, it may serve to remind you of your kindness to Mrs. Ticknor and myself, and, on our part, may be a little token to you that we are grateful for it, and shall always remember it.

'We arrived at home very safely last July, and I cannot tell you how much we have been struck with the progress everything made during our three years' absence. Nothing, perhaps, is advanced and advancing so much

as education—or, rather, I ought to say as the demand for it; for the demand of the publick is much in advance of its present condition. In New England, especially, great efforts are making. We have, too, some fruits to show. Bowditch, the mathematician, Prescott, the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," Norton, who has just published a book of much beauty and learning "On the Genuineness of the Gospels," Channing, and perhaps one or two more, all from this little town, have printed recently what will not soon be forgotten. You will be pleased to hear that Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," first published last January, is already going through the fifth edition, and that Dr. Channing is preparing a book containing his views of Society and Government. This last I shall take the liberty to send you as soon as it appears, remembering what you said to me of its author.

'We are sorry for the troubles in Canada. Nobody, but a few adventurers, chiefly foreigners, wishes to assist the insurgents; and nobody wishes to have the Canadas added to the United States, least of all those who, for private adventure, would create disturbances there. But we all think your own possession of it must hereafter be an unhappy one, dependent merely on the military force you shall keep there. Wounds of deadliest hate have pierced too deep into the different races and factions there, to permit the hope of a true reconcilement. Nor can I see anything in the future prospects of the Canadians but contests, troubles, and suffering, whether united to England or separated from it. Their disease is within themselves.

'But I did not think to write you a letter, nor do I look for an answer to it. I only wished to send you the little volume that accompanies it, and thank you for the kindness you showed Mrs. Ticknor and myself when we were in England. Please to remember us to Miss Rogers, with our thanks to her also,

'Very faithfully yours,

'George Ticknor.

'If I can be useful to you or to any of your friends, you can always command whatever I can do, by sending to me through Baring Brothers & Co., my London bankers.

'G. T.'

A domestic letter gives an account of himself.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Broadstairs: 11th Sept., 1838.

'My dear Sarah,—I left home on Saturday and making the usual stages arrived here yesterday and am now as quietly established with Maltby, in the old room, as if we had never left it. Your letter I received as I drove from the door, the postman throwing it in at the carriage window, and I rejoice to think you have done so well, wet and cold as the weather has been. From Cashiobury I went with a little interval to Holland House where I caught a cruel cold, which is not gone and has so dismayed me that I have given up everything beyond Paris. William thinks of coming here for a few days before I go, but has not yet decided between Paris and Liverpool. I think he will go to Liverpool. Lady Cork

dined at Holland House on the 27th, and on September 5 with me, and on Friday I had a family party of Sharpes, Towgoods and Miss Slater. . . . So Mrs. Charles Kemble is dead and Mrs. Sturch. My present scheme is to set off for Paris in about a fortnight, and a letter afterwards to the P. O. will find me there. The Websters have been staying in Lady Mary's apartments in Windsor Castle. The Hollands set off on the 5th as you say; Sir Stephen and Allen with them in the first carriage. Travelling post, they slept at Rochester and Canterbury, and a Government packet, price twenty-five guineas, met them at Dover. Pray give my love to Margaret and tell her I have not forgot my promises.

'Yours ever,

'S. R.'

Rogers was at this time attempting to get a pension for Cary, the translator of Dante. He had called the attention of Wordsworth to the translation. Wordsworth admired it greatly, as Rogers did, and considered it a great national work. Wordsworth showed it to Coleridge, and Coleridge at once spoke of it in high terms in one of his lectures. But it was little known till attention was called to it by an article in 'The Edinburgh Review,' which was written by Foscolo with some assistance from Rogers and Mackintosh. Cary had been for some years assistant librarian at the British Museum, when, in 1837, the chief librarian, Mr. Baber, resigned. Rogers at once wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury urging that Cary should be appointed. The Archbishop in reply told Rogers that Cary had suffered from temporary alienation of mind, a fact which Rogers knew but had forgotten.

He at once agreed that Cary was not fit for the post, and hinted so to Cary himself, who was so deeply offended that he never forgave it. The appointment was given to Panizzi, who had been introduced to Rogers by a letter from William Roscoe. Cary at once resigned, and his conduct caused some annoyance to Lord Holland and others. The Trustees of the Museum recommended him for a pension, and Rogers backed up the application by a letter to Lord Melbourne.

Samuel Rogers to Lord Melbourne.

'Dear Lord Melbourne,—Pray forgive me for breaking in upon you when you must have so much to do. You have received a representation from the Trustees of the British Museum (Lord Aberdeen has just written to inform me of it) in favour of Mr. Cary, and I am sure you mean to do something. But at his age every month is a loss, and the time will come, for, I know enough of you to know it—when you will be sorry to have overlooked him. With his translation of Dante you cannot be unacquainted, and perhaps you have looked into his translation of Pindar.

'Of his genius and his learning there can be no doubt. I can speak from long knowledge of his other merits—for long have I experienced his friendship, though for some time in poverty and in spleen he has withdrawn himself from me.

'But perhaps you have done it already; and if so, I envy you.

'Yours truly,

'15th August, 1838.' 'S. R.

For the present the appeal was ineffectual, and Lord Holland, having told Rogers of the feeling against Cary, Rogers replied—

'My dear Lord Holland,—The more I reflect on it, the more I am convinced it could not be; for a gentler, meeker spirit does not exist than Cary's. He may write with warmth under a wrong impression—he may turn, when he thinks himself trodden upon—but, if ever I knew a man, and I have known Cary in all weathers, he cannot be what you say he was thought to be—insolent. His case is a very cruel one. He laboured long in a subordinate place; and, when a vacancy occurred, an under servant was put over his head. The measure was perhaps a just one—I cannot say it was not—but the reason could not be explained to him, though it was a reason to create an interest in every generous mind, and he gave in his resignation.

'Well, there he was—a man of great merit, great learning and genius—such the cruelty of his case that the Trustees of the Museum went out of their way, opposite as most of them were to him in political sentiments, and recommended him as a proper object of bounty to the government—yet nothing has been done!

'Was the Pension List Committee averse to such pensions? Quite otherwise, as I am assured by Lord John Russell.

'But he has written a sonnet. What had not Montgomery done, when Sir Robert Peel gave him what he did? If Dryden and Johnson were still alive and pouring forth toryism or bigotry, would not I serve them, if I

could? Cary has now withdrawn his friendship from me. He thinks I was his enemy in this matter, but that shall not make me less anxious to render him any service in my power. But power I have none.

'Yours ever,

'S. R.

'Christmas Day, 1838.

'He is now slaving for the booksellers.'

Nothing was done for a couple of years, and Rogers continued to plead. At length Lord Melbourne sent word there was a hundred a year to dispose of, and Cary should have it. That was after the defeat of Lord Melbourne's government at the elections in 1841. Rogers sent word back that he would not mention such a sum to Cary but would wait and ask Sir Robert Peel for a larger amount. Lord Melbourne then said Cary should have 200*l.*, and Cary told Rogers he was better pleased with it than with double the sum from Peel.

What Rogers was at this period of the very ripeness of his fame and of his social influence is shown in the Diary and Letters of Charles Sumner, who spent this winter in London. He writes in his Diary—

'*January* 16*th*, 1839.—This London is socially a bewitching place. Last evening I first dined with Booth, a Chancery barrister; then went to Rogers's, where was a small party: Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Austin, Miss Martineau, Mr. and Mrs. Lyell, Mr. and Mrs. Wedgewood, Harness, and Milman. We talked and drank tea, and looked at the beautiful pictures, the original editions of Milton and

Spenser, and listened to the old man eloquent (I say eloquent indeed), and so the time passed.'[1]

He writes to his correspondent G. S. Hilliard on the 23rd of January—

'I believe I have often written you about Rogers. Of course, I have seen him frequently in society, never did I like him till I enjoyed his kindness at breakfast. As a converser Rogers is unique. The world, or report, has not given him credit enough for his great and peculiar powers in this line. He is terse, epigrammatic, dry, infinitely to the point, full of wisdom, of sarcasm, and cold humour. He says the most ill-natured things, and does the best. He came up to me at Miss Martineau's, where there was a little party of very clever people, and said, "Mr. Sumner, it is a great piece of benevolence in you to come here." Determined not to be drawn into a slur upon my host, I replied: "Yes, Mr. Rogers, of benevolence to myself." As we were coming away, Rogers, Harness, Babbage, and myself were walking together down the narrow street in which Miss M. lives, when the poet said, "Who but the Martineau could have drawn us into such a hole?" And yet I doubt not he has a sincere liking for Miss M., for I have met her at his house, and he afterwards spoke of her with the greatest kindness. His various sayings that are reported about town, and his conversation as I caught it at evening parties, had impressed me with a great admiration of his powers, but with a positive dislike. I love frankness and truth. But his society at breakfast has almost

[1] *Life of Sumner*, vol. ii., p. 41.

obliterated my first impressions. We were alone, and he showed all those wonderful paintings, and we talked till far into the afternoon. I have seldom enjoyed myself more; it was a luxury, in such rooms, to listen to such a man, before whom the society of the last quarter of a century had all passed—he alone unchanged; to talk, with such a poet, of poetry and poets, of Wordsworth, and Southey, and Scott; and to hear his opinions, which were given with a childlike simplicity and frankness. I must confess his great kindness to me. He asked my acceptance of the new edition of his poems, and said, "I shall be happy to see any friend of yours, morning, noon, or night;" and all his kindness was purely volunteer, for my acquaintance with him grew from simply meeting him in society. He inquired after Mrs. Newton with most friendly interest, and showed me a little present he had received from her, which he seemed to prize much. I shall write to her to let her know the good friends she has left behind. Rogers is a friend of Wordsworth, but thinks he has written too much, and without sufficient *limæ labor*. He says it takes him ten times as long to write a sentence of prose as it does Wordsworth one of poetry; and in illustration, he showed me a thought in Wordsworth's last work —dedicated to Rogers—on the saying of the monk who had sat before the beautiful pictures so long, and seen so many changes, that he felt tempted to say, "We are the shadows, and they the substance."[1] This same story you will find in a note to the "Italy." Rogers wrote his note ten times over before he was

[1] *Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems*, 1835.

satisfied with it; Wordsworth's verse was published almost as it first left his pen. Look at the two.'

A few letters and notices which may be strung together in chronological order keep Rogers in sight through another year. The first is a pathetic note from an old friend who died eight days after it was written—

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland to Samuel Rogers.

'Monday, 21st [Jan.], 1839.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I must at last submit to the mortification of sending my excuse to you for to-day, which I have too long delayed, and to which I looked forward with the pleasure anticipated by a long confinement; but since I saw you, I have been quite confined by an unaccountable sickness and fits of nausea, that come on incessantly, and plague both Sir H. H. and myself, as he will tell you. I do not know what my disorder is—I know I may as well die of that as of anything else, but I still hope to have the pleasure of seeing you first.

'Ever most truly yours,

'E. Sutherland.'

Here is a glimpse of an interesting person who was in London in the winter. It is in reference to a question which had arisen in conversation.

Samuel Rogers to Miss Edgeworth.

'My dear Miss Edgeworth,—Not relying on myself, I have put the question, as far as I could, to the London

world; and the votes are one and all, as you knew they would be, for

'Did the bell ring?

'Are you to learn of us, you who have taught us all how to speak and how to write? And are we never to see you here again? If you don't come soon I shall not be to be found; but wherever I am, in this world or another, I hope I shall never forget your kindness.

'Your affectionate Friend,

'2nd March, 1839.' 'S. ROGERS.

Sir Henry Taylor writes on the 9th of April—

'Dined with Rogers; the company were Colonel and Lady Mary Fox, Mr. and Madame Van de Weyer, Mr. and Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan, Lady Seymour, Mrs. Norton, Mons. Rio, Charles Sheridan the elder, and Edmund Phipps. The dinner was very agreeable to me, and I thought that Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan was very pretty.'

An interesting letter from Lord Wellesley may be fitly introduced by a remark made by Rogers about him, which is reported by Lord Stanhope in his 'Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington.'

'*Friday, March 15th*, 1839.—Macaulay, Hallam, Gurwood and Rogers came to breakfast with me. India being mentioned, "I think," said Rogers, "that the most remarkable contrast that history affords, is between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Wellesley, the one scorning all display, the other living for nothing else." "Yes,"

said Macaulay; "no two brothers, to be eminent men, were ever so unlike."'

Lord Wellesley to Samuel Rogers.

'Kingston House: 20th April, 1839—Saturday.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Your very handsome present has delighted me, and demands my warmest gratitude. The book is magnificent, and quite suitable to the value of its contents.

'I sought immediately my old and highly prized friend, "The Pleasures of Memory," which I have read over more than three times, with increased admiration. I should like to hear what your opinion is of the famous passage in Dante—

—'Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—

'Milton has the same idea—

'For now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him.

'This would seem inconsistent with the notion of pleasure in the recollection of past happiness; Goldsmith too—

'To our past joys recurring ever,
And cheating us with present pain.

'Not so T. Moore—

'The memory of the past shall stay,
And all our joys renew.

'Dante hints that there is some such sentiment in Virgil—

'e ciò sa il tuo Dottore.

'But I do not remember any passage in Virgil of that description, although several where the recollection of past pain is described as a pleasure—

'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

'I shall read the other poems in the book with great attention, and I have no doubt with the same admiration as that with which I am more particularly acquainted.

'Believe me always, my dear Sir, with sincere regards and esteem, your faithful and obliged servant,

'WELLESLEY.'

Archbishop Trench writes—

'The poet Wordsworth is in town. I met him at breakfast this morning at Rogers's, who was very kind and cordial, speaking with real feeling and admiration of my mother. "Philip van Artevelde" was present, and I liked him better than when I met him on a former occasion.'

Daniel Webster was in London in the spring, and, with his wife, was a frequent visitor at Rogers's house. Crabb Robinson, who met them at Kenyon's in June, says that he had an air of imperial strength, such as Cæsar might have had, and that his wife also had a dignified appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor alone resembled them in this particular. Moore records his

meeting with Webster at Miss Rogers's. Another American, Miss Katharine Sedgwick, came too, with an introduction from Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler), who had known Rogers from her childhood, as the intimate friend of her father and her aunt. Her letter has an interest of its own.

Mrs. Butler to Samuel Rogers.

'New York: Tuesday, 30th April [1839].

'My dear Sir,—I have a great favour to request of you, and hope that you will not pronounce me a very impertinent person for so doing. A very interesting and excellent woman, an especial friend of mine, Miss Katharine Sedgwick, is about visiting England with her brother, who is travelling to recover entirely from the effects of a paralytic stroke, from which he is already partially restored. Her name may possibly be known to you, as her books have been both republished and reviewed in England; at any rate, she is a very dear friend of mine, and upon that ground I venture to recommend her to your kindness. The celebrity of American writers has but a faint echo generally on your side of the water, but her writings, which are chiefly addressed to the young and the poor of her own country, are very excellent in their spirit and execution, and she is altogether a person whom even you might be well pleased to know, rare for her goodness, and with talents of no common order. Pray, my dear Sir, if it is not asking too much of you, extend some courtesy to my friend. I have indeed but little claim upon you to justify such a petition, but the request, I think, recom-

mends itself, for it is a good work to bestow kindness on those who need it; and who do need it so much as forlorn sojourners in foreign lands? Although you say most cruel things (as I remember), you do, I know, many most kind ones, and I feel, therefore, the more courage in addressing this prayer to you. I do not know that you take sufficient interest in me to care much for any particular information about my proceedings, and having done my errand, I will cease troubling you, with merely the observation that I understand you express an opinion that I am in love with the *idea* of my husband, to which I can only say that you are perfectly right, for five years of the intimate intercourse of reality have yet left me in love with the idea of my husband, and in that respect, I believe, I have the advantage over not a few married women.

'I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

'Fanny Butler.'

Those who care to compare two reports of a conversation with the Duke of Wellington will find on pages 199 and 201 of Rogers's 'Recollections' an account of Wellington seeing Soult, and Soult afterwards seeing the Duke. Lord Stanhope says (Conversations, &c., page 143), Rogers was told this at a dinner at his house in Grosvenor Place on the 2nd of June, 1839, when the party to meet the Duke 'consisted of Lady Frederick Bentinck, Mdlle. D'Este, my sister, Lord Clare, Lord Alford, and Mr. Rogers.'

Sydney Smith had published in the spring his 'Contributions to 'The Edinburgh Review,' and the death of

Courtenay, in the summer of 1839, made him a comparatively rich man, and enabled him to take the house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, in which he lived till his death in February 1845. He was eight years younger than Rogers, and died more than ten years before him. The relations between them were most affectionate. He joked Rogers as nobody else dared. 'My dear Rogers,' he said one day, 'if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered, and lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu.' He went with Moore and Rogers one day to see Dryden's house. It was very wet, but Rogers, always enthusiastic about Dryden, got out of the carriage, but Moore and Smith refused. 'Oh, you see why Rogers don't mind getting out,' exclaimed Sydney to Moore, 'he has got goloshes on; lend us each a golosh, Rogers, and we will each stand on one leg and admire as long as you please.' Responding to an invitation to breakfast, Sydney Smith writes, 'To breakfast with you in return for your breakfasting with me, is to give you a shilling for a guinea, but if you are generous enough to accept such payment, I shall be most happy to make it.'

There can perhaps be no greater transition than from the merry and light-hearted Sydney Smith to the unfortunate, and in some respects unhappy, Blanco White. Readers of Mr. Thom's biography of him will, however, recognise him as one of the most remarkable men of his time. He made some stir in London Society, and came frequently into contact with Rogers, who heartily sympathised with him, and showed him some kindness. The

only letter from Blanco White I find among Rogers's papers is worth preserving.

The Rev. J. Blanco White to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Friend,—I owe a debt of gratitude to you; and I know that you will not grudge me the pleasure of acknowledging it, though it must be by troubling you with a letter.

'If you knew how great is my love to that son of my misfortunes, to whom you have shown so much kindness and friendship, you would also know how to value the sincerity of my gratitude to you. Never was, I believe, a more surprising combination of adversity and success than appears in our mutual relations. Heaven has rewarded me for whatever I may have done or suffered in performing my duties. That Ferdinand White has been found not unworthy of your attention is indeed a very delightful part of that reward.

'I must tell you that during the most afflicting period of the miserable disease which makes me linger so long on the brink of the grave, I have found a constant source of relief to my mind and feelings in your inimitable "Italy." I have read it twice over, when my tortured mind rejected every other reading except Shakspeare. Happy the man who, by transfusing his soul into that work, has imparted to it a spirit of refined, benevolent humanity, which must secure it admirers as long as Nature and true taste shall exist among those who speak the English language.

'Take this, my friend, as the language of the heart.

I am not in a state to flatter. Believe me, ever your obliged and affectionate friend,

'J. Blanco White.

'22 Upper Stanhope Street, Liverpool: 13th June, 1839.'

Crabb Robinson gives an example which came under his own notice of Rogers's patronage of poor and deserving authors.

'*August 8th*, 1839.—Breakfasted at Samuel Rogers's with W. Maltby. There came in a plain-looking man from the North, named Miller, of free opinions and deportment. He had risen by his talents; and Rogers told us his history. "He called on me lately," said Rogers, "and reminded me that he had formerly sold me some baskets—his own work—and that on his showing me some of his poems I gave him three guineas. That money enabled him to get work from the booksellers, and he had since written historical romances, "Fair Rosamond," "Lady Jane Grey," etc.'

In the summer Rogers gives an account of himself to his sister.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Holland House: 23rd August, 1839.

'My dear Sarah,—. . . Last week I passed a night at the Castle at Richmond with the Hollands, and next day saw the Dunlops, and also Mrs. Fox, who was there on her way to a dentist in town. Miss Willoughby and Miss Marsden were with her, and she looked as well as she could do with a bad cold. I passed two nights

too at Walton with the Tankervilles, and took a peep at Hampton Court. I have twice drawn upon Edmund and Mrs. Allen, once to dine Lady Holland and once the Carlisles, who have returned from Italy. Last night the Queen dined at Stafford House, and I went in the evening. Who should call one day between eleven and twelve, but Lady Essex and Miss J.! They are frightened at the distance of Barèges, which Dr. Chambers recommended, but mean to go somewhere next week, and have set their hearts upon meeting you at Paris. They have bought a very small britzka, too small they fear to carry anything, and with a maid and a courier mean to make their way. They have parted with every face in the house, and felt never so free and happy as when the last went out of it. Maltby went to-day to Broadstairs, having no alternative, his maid wishing to go to Scotland. I shall follow him in a week or so, when I have remained a little while here. Millingen and Wilkinson are still here, and I see them often. The other day I asked the Sharpes, and M., and W., and Eastlake, and Stanfield, and Maltby, and Dr. Lepsius to dinner at a venture, and they all came. Mary, and Patty, and Sarah, and Dan are gone to the sea near Liverpool, and wish the newspapers sent there. Farewell, my dear Sarah; give best remembrances to your fellow-traveller, and believe me to be ever yours affectionately,

'S. Rogers.'

The first letter from Dickens[1] is in the following autumn.

[1] I have to thank Miss Georgina Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law, for her kind permission to publish the letters from Dickens which

Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Doughty Street: Thursday, 14th November [1839].

'My dear Sir,—I was concerned to hear, at Holland House yesterday, that you had left there in consequence of not feeling very well. I hope it was but a temporary ailing, and that this will find you as well as I wish you —in which case you will not have felt better in all your life, believe me.

'I intended to have asked you yesterday to let me send you a copy of "Nickleby." Being prevented, I send it you now without permission, begging you to receive with it, my dear Sir, the warm assurance of my esteem and admiration.

'Did you ever "move"? We have taken a house near the Regent's Park, intending to occupy it between this and Christmas, and the consequent trials have already begun. There is an old proverb that three removes are as bad as a fire. I don't know how that may be, but I know that one is worse.

'Always believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

'CHARLES DICKENS.'

R. B. Haydon, who was painting a picture of the Duke of Wellington, says, towards the end of November—

'Rogers called and was pleased with the Duke. He said it was the man. He said he wished I would paint Napoleon musing at St. Helena, not so fat as he really was; that that was the only thing Talleyrand and the

appear in this volume. Miss Hogarth correctly describes them as 'charming and characteristic.'

Duchess De Dino objected to in my picture at Sir Robert Peel's. I asked him what they thought of the picture. He said, most highly, but that the fatness always pained them, as they never saw him so. He said he saw him with Mr. Fox in 1802, and nothing could be handsomer than his smile. Rogers is a Whig; he lingers about Napoleon, and did not seem to think the Duke half so interesting. He told me I was a great poet, etc., and went away.'

Four letters from three eminent Americans, one of which introduces to Rogers a fourth, almost equally eminent, may here be grouped without regard to chronology. They all belong to the same year.

William H. Prescott to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston: 27th Jan., 1840.

'My dear Sir,—I yesterday received the copy of your poems, which you did me the honor to send me, for which I heartily thank you. They have been my study and delight, some of them, I may truly say, from boyhood, and to possess a copy of them from the author, in any form, would have been highly gratifying to me. How much more so is it in this magnificent edition, in which the text seems to derive additional beauty from that of the illustrations. It is a further pleasure for me to regard it—I hope not presumptuously—as an expression of your approbation of my own humble efforts in the field of letters.

'Believe me, my dear Sir, with sentiments of the highest respect, your much obliged and obedient servant,

'Wm. H. Prescott.'

Daniel Webster to Samuel Rogers.

'Washington: 10th Feb., 1840.

'My dear Sir,—If what Dr. Johnson says be true, I am somewhat "advanced in the dignity of a thinking being," as the past and the distant at this moment predominate in my mind strongly over the present. From amidst the labors of law and the strife of politics, I transport myself to London. No sooner am I in London, than I go off to find you, to grasp your hand, to assure myself of your health, and then to sit down and hear you talk. I enjoy all this, my dear Sir, most highly, and mean to enjoy it, so long as you and myself remain on this little bit of a globe. The pleasure of your acquaintance is not, with me, the felicity of a few months only. I fund it, and intend to get a very nice annuity out of it, as long as I live. I shall be receiving a dividend whenever I think of you; and if I can persuade myself into the belief that you sometimes remember me and mine, the treasure will be so much the more valuable.

'To that end, my dear Sir, as well as for other purposes for which one writes a friendly letter, I transmit you this. You will learn from it that we are all alive and safely landed on our side of the ocean. Our passage was of thirty-five days, with the alternations of head winds and calms; and an approach to the shore, a little dangerous, perhaps, from the season of the year and the state of the weather. But no accident happened to us. One of the greatest annoyances in such a voyage, at such a time of the year, is the shocking length of the

nights. They reminded me of the six months' obscuration of the unhappy souls about the north pole. When you come over, look out for short nights and long days.

'My wife is at New York, passing a few weeks with her father, an aged gentleman who has been a good deal out of health. Mrs. Paige is in Boston, entertaining the circles around her with the wonders of London and Paris. Julia is also in Boston, and if she knew I was writing, would be eager to put on to my sheet her warm recollections. You have many older admirers, but none more ardent or enthusiastic. If it were proposed to her to visit Europe again, the pleasure of seeing you, I am sure, would be a very powerful inducement.

'Having visited Boston, I came hither a fortnight ago. Congress is in session, and will remain so, not probably quite so late as Parliament will sit, but until June or July. Our affairs are bad enough. The currency is terribly deranged, and the important and delicate questions which always belong to such a subject are sadly handled when they become topics for heated and violent parties. I see, too, that the money crisis is not over in England. Our concerns are, indeed, much connected, and the same causes affect them all.

'I am coming to the opinion fast, that some new modes of regulation must be adopted in both countries; or else these frequent contractions and expansions of the paper circulation will compel us to give it up and go back to gold, or iron, or the Lord knows what. But I will not bore you with politics. Let me, rather, say that I have answered a hundred questions about you, made many persons happy by speaking of you, and that

I make it a point to boast, perpetually, of your kindness to us. I wish I had something to send you worthy of your perusal. If I should be so fortunate as to see anything shortly which I may think possesses that character, it will furnish me an apology for writing to you again. I pray you to present our kind and grateful remembrance to Miss Rogers, whose attentions we shall never forget, and when at Holland House will you do me the honor to tender my best respects to Lord and Lady Holland?

'I am, my dear Sir, with the most sincere attachment and regard,

'Yours,

'DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster to Samuel Rogers.

'Washington: 25th May, 1840.

'My dear Sir,—Some time in August I hope this letter will be put into your hand by my personal and particular friend, Mr. Everett. Twenty years ago Mr. Everett was in England, and made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Stowell, and others who have since joined the great congregation of the dead. He missed you, and he has therefore a great pleasure to come.

'Mr. Everett is a scholar, if we may be thought to have reared one in America. For some years past he has been engaged in political life as a member of Congress and Governor of Massachusetts. He now goes abroad with the intention of passing some years in France and Italy. His family is with him, but he has

informed me that he thinks of leaving them in Paris, and of making a short visit to London, before he goes into winter quarters on the Continent. As he is my fast friend, I commend him to you, my dear Mr. Rogers, as a sort of *alter ego*; but he is a much more learned, a more wise, and a better *ego* than he who writes this. Have the kindness to make him known at Holland House and also to Miss Rogers.

'A thousand blessings attend you, my dear Sir. And many happy years yet be yours.

'DANIEL WEBSTER.'

George Ticknor to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston, U. States of America: 30th Dec., 1840.

'My dear Sir,—I received last summer your very kind letter and the beautiful little copy of your poems that accompanied it; but I have since been chiefly in the country, and not in a position to answer it as I desired. The year, however, must not go out without carrying to you my very sincere acknowledgments. The copy of the "Italy" especially is very beautiful. I do not know that the art of engraving on wood can go further than it does in those woodcuts which, I suppose, were made for it expressly; most of the others being the same with those in the edition of your Poems of 1820, which I remember we thought quite a gem in its time. But I was very glad to get the two little vols. of 1839, which I had never heard of before, for another reason. I now have nearly all the editions of your works, including even the "Ode to Superstition, with some other Poems," 1786, which I exceedingly value as a proof of what you could do in

your boyhood. I wonder whether you have so complete a series yourself? In particular, I wonder whether you have the American editions of them. If you have not, pray let me know it, and it will give me particular pleasure to send them to you.

'After I wrote to you about the extraordinary story of what happened at Harrogate,[1] I saw the magnificent quarto copy of your poems which my friend Prescott received, and immediately recognized the tale in its Italian mask. It has a particular value and meaning for me, and I was delighted at the grace with which it is told. But if such a story may be told gracefully, what may not? The little edition of '39 also contains it, and so, I trust, will all that may follow.

'I need not tell you, I suppose, that your works have a great circulation and success in this country. The octavo edition in particular, with its exquisite vignettes, is found in proportion, I think, oftener in Boston than it is in London—in proportion, I mean, to the population. Of the 12mo, I know no copy but the one you were kind enough to send me, and of the 4to none but Prescott's. So they are much admired and stared at. They were not known to exist till these copies arrived, and even last week two intelligent booksellers denied the existence of the smaller one. Everybody, indeed, wants the octavo, and everybody who can afford it has it. But all this you must know substantially from your bookseller, who must be aware how many copies came to Boston.

'Mrs. Ticknor and my young lady--now really

[1] See the letter from Uvedale Price in the tenth chapter, vol. i., pp. 358, 359, 'An English Ginevra.'

become such—desire to be most respectfully and affectionately remembered to you. We all recollect, with lively gratitude, your kindness to us in London.

'Yours always very faithfully,

'George Ticknor.

'When you happen to see Mr. Milman, will you do me the favour to thank him for a copy of his poems, which I received with yours, and to say that I shall write to him soon?

'One thing more. You will be pleased to hear that our excellent friend Professor Smyth's first series of lectures—those on Modern History—are, at my suggestion, reprinting here, so as to be used as a text-book in our neighbouring University—Cambridge. This comes as near teaching posterity as a man can, and yet keep in this world. Do you remember the beautiful phrase of Tacitus about Germanicus—*fruitur famâ*. Well, if you or Professor Smyth will come to Boston, you can furnish a beautiful illustration of it. But I suppose you will rather trust the matter to the commentators than take the trouble in person.

'G. T.'

In the spring and summer of 1840 there are the usual records of meetings with Rogers in Moore's Diary, but only two are worth quoting.

'*February, 19th*, 1840.—My first visit was to Rogers, whom I found remarkably well and full of kindness. Agreed with me that three men now looked up to by the people of England were the Duke, Lord John, and

Peel. Mentioned, *à propos* of this, what he had told me of the Duke saying to him last year, in speaking of the ministry, "Lord John is a host in himself."'

'*26th.*—Dined at Holland House. A good deal of talk about Erskine, and the particulars of his first brief, much of which, as now told by Rogers, was quite different from the account given me of it by Jekyll; but Rogers, it seems, took it all down from Erskine's own lips. Came away with Rogers and went to Lady Minto's—a large assembly.'

A veteran poet, who is still living, wrote thus forty-nine years ago, and the letter is as honourable to the writer as to the recipient of it.

Charles Mackay to Samuel Rogers.

'14 Bazing Place, Lambeth: 15th Feb., 1840.

'Sir,—Perhaps I have committed an error in dedicating the accompanying volume to you without your permission, but if error it be, the doubt only suggested itself to my mind when it was too late to be remedied. After all it requires no permission to be grateful, and in the simple feeling of admiration and gratitude, I have inscribed your name upon this attempt at poetry. You may not, perhaps, remember that five or six years ago, a nameless, friendless, hard-struggling stranger, alone in the wide world of London, upon whom the gaunt fiend of Distress was scowling at no very great distance, as a last resource before despairing altogether, enclosed a small volume of rhymes and sent it to you with a statement of his case. You gave him relief—that was some-

thing; you gave him sympathy, which was something more; and you gave him encouragement, which was dearest of all. You told him there was genius in him—you told him of some errors he should for the future avoid—you recommended Spenser to his constant perusal, and predicted that on some day or other his own most intimate yearning would be satisfied, and that he would produce something which the world would not willingly let die. . . . He has not the vanity to say that he has succeeded yet, but he has tried for it, and if he has failed, has energy enough to try again and again, cheered even under failure, to find, like Coleridge, "that the love of poetry is its own exceeding great reward."

'The gratitude expressed in this dedication and repeated in my letter is not of that sort which the Frenchman alluded to, "A keen sense of favours to come." Fortune, which did not aid my exertions when I addressed you first, has changed her mind since then, and has not withheld the rewards which are due to honest labour—so that you are to take this dedication purely as it is intended and as it is expressed, of admiration which I feel in common with all readers—and of gratitude for the one act of kindness which shed a light upon a very dreary period of my life.

'Believe me to remain, ever with respect and esteem, yours very faithfully,

'Charles Mackay.'

In Macready's Reminiscences, under the date of May 24th, 1840, he writes: 'Talfourd and Dickens called for me, and we went together to Rogers's, where we dined. Lord and Lady Seymour, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin,

Lord Denman, Luttrell, and Poole, with Miss Rogers, were of our party. I was pleased with the day, liking Mrs. Norton very much, and being much amused with some anecdotes of Rogers. His collection of pictures is admirable, and the spirit of good taste seems to pervade every nook of his house.'

It is needless to say what was Rogers's response to the following letter.

Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Devonshire Terrace: Thursday, 13th August, 1840.

'My dear Sir,—I have decided to publish "Master Humphrey's Clock" in half-yearly volumes, each volume containing, of course, the collected numbers for that period. As the first of these will be out at the end of September, and I want to settle a point I have in my mind, let me ask a favour of you at once.

'Have you any objection to my dedicating the book to you, and so having one page in it which will afford me earnest and lasting gratification? I will not tell you how many strong and cordial feelings move me to this inquiry, for I am unwilling to parade, even before you, the sincere and affectionate regard which I seek to gratify.

'If I wrote a quire of notes, I could say no more than this. I must leave a great deal understood, and only say, with a most hearty adaptation of what has passed into a very heartless form, that I am always,

'My dear Sir, faithfully yours,

'Charles Dickens.'

The great event in Whig circles in the autumn of

1840 was the death of Lord Holland, at Holland House, on the 22nd of October. He was ten years younger than Rogers, but he formed the chief of the few remaining links with the great men of their earlier days. As a Whig leader in the House of Lords, first in the days of Whig depression, and afterwards in the era of their triumphs, he had won a great position in popular esteem and was regarded as the fit inheritor of the traditions as of the name of Fox. This social influence, and that of the brilliant circle he and his wife gathered at Holland House, probably did more service to his party than even his action in the House of Lords. To the Whigs generally his death was a heavy blow at an untimely moment; but to Rogers it threatened the desolation of the circle in which he was himself an oracle. He and Moore were staying at Bowood when they heard of Lord Holland's death, and Moore tells us how they received the news.

'*October 23rd.*—While I was dressing this morning the *maître d'hôtel* came to my room with the distressing and startling intelligence that Lord Holland was dead! He had been sent by Lady Lansdowne to tell me, with a request that I would inform Mr. Rogers of the sad news. Went immediately to Rogers's room, who was equally shocked with myself at the sad intelligence. Met all at breakfast. Lord Lansdowne showed me a letter from Dr. Holland, giving an account of all the particulars of his death, which took place after a short illness. My own opinion was that our party ought to separate, but I found to my surprise that both Lord and Lady Lansdowne's wish was that we should stay. Having expressed

my opinion to Rogers, he thought right to mention it to Lady Lansdowne, but her earnest wish was that we should stay, and Rogers returned to me from her crying like a child. It is right to say, however, that both he and all felt (as who would not feel?) that a great light had gone out, and that not only the friends of such a man, but the whole community in general, had suffered an irreparable loss.'

Moore, another day, gives us a scrap of Rogers's literary criticism.

'31*st October*.—Rogers mentioned among other agreeable things a curious parallel found in the "Odyssey" to the well-known story of the Indian chief at Niagara, who was lying asleep in his boat, just above the current of the Falls, when some wicked person cut the rope by which his boat was fastened to the shore, and he was carried down the cataract. The poor Indian, on waking up, had made every effort, by means of his paddle, to stop the career of the canoe, but, finding it to be all hopeless, and that he was hurrying to the edge, he took a draught out of his brandy flask, wrapped his mantle about him, and, seating himself composedly, thus went down the Falls. The parallel to this in Homer is when the companions of Ulysses, in spite of all his precautions, let loose the Bag of the Winds, and when, with the same dignified composure, Ulysses submits to his fate. The natural action of wrapping round the mantle is the same in both! Cowper thus translates the passage—

'I then, awaking, in my noble mind,
Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side

Immersed to perish in the flood, or calm
To endure my sorrows, and consent to live.
I calm endured them ; but around my head
Winding my mantle, laid me down below.'

In November Rogers was visiting the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye, and Lord Stanhope, who joined the party on the 26th, found him there and Lord and Lady Wilton. Lord and Lady Lyndhurst and Miss Copley arrived on the next day, when Rogers left. They had been together to the churchyard in the morning to see an inscription, and Rogers repeated one, taken from another humble country churchyard, and dated, he thought, about 1678.

'To woo us unto Heaven her life was lent ;
To wean us from this earth her death was sent.'

Rogers remarked, Lord Stanhope tells us, that sometimes there were great flashes of humour in Sir Robert Peel's conversation. At a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum somebody said, about some expensive purchases by young Tomline, 'What would his grandfather (the Bishop) say if he could now look up?' Peel said slyly, 'I observe you don't say, look down!' 'Rogers told us with some irritation,' says Lord Stanhope, 'that yesterday, at dinner, Lady Wilton asked him whether he had ever known Lord Byron.' The Rev. Gerald Wellesley, afterwards Dean of Windsor, who was present at the dinner, told Lord Stanhope that the question was asked by Lady Wilton in good faith, and 'that the poet, apparently much annoyed, replied, 'Known him—yes, I did know him—too well."'

There are pleasant glimpses of Rogers in Macready's Reminiscences. One day, in November, he calls at St. James's Place with the plan of the monument to Mrs. Siddons, into which Rogers enters warmly, and tells Macready that on the occasion of her brother's monument (though it was really on the occasion of the great dinner to John Kemble on his retirement) she said, 'I hope, Mr. Rogers, that one day justice will be done to women.' On the last day of January, 1841, Dickens calls for Macready, and they go together to Rogers's to dine. Eastlake is there, and Colonel Fox, Kenney, Maltby, Babbage, and two others, and Macready says of it: 'A pleasant day. Showed Rogers my Committee list, with which he was pleased.' On the 22nd of March Rogers drops in to a meeting of the Siddons Committee, and then dines at Macready's, with Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Pierce Butler, Kenney, Dickens, Travers, and Harness. Lord Stanhope records meeting him at grand dinners at Apsley House in May and August.

In a letter to Napier, in which Macaulay suggests that if Southey dies Leigh Hunt might very well have the laurel, he asks him to move Rogers to write a short account of Lord Holland's character for 'The Edinburgh Review,' and adds, 'Nobody knew his house so well, and Rogers is no mean artist in prose.' It is a calamity that Rogers did not do even more than this, for who could have given such an account of Holland House as he? But he was approaching the end of his seventy-eighth year when Macaulay expressed the wish. Socially, however, he was the same as ever; indeed, the universal testimony is that he improved with age. These letters,

written in the autumn of 1841, show wonderful vigour for a man in his seventy-ninth year.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Dover: 10th Oct., 1841.

'My dear Sarah,—What will you say when you hear that I have been overpersuaded by Maltby to cross the water. Indeed, the report was so strong that we were going, that we could not help ourselves. Last Thursday I left Broadstairs for Canterbury, M. having gone to receive permission from Mr. Travers, and returned from London yesterday. I breakfasted and drank tea with Q[uillinan] and Dora twice. She seems as happy as she can be. To-day we came here, and to-morrow embark. To-night we enjoy a coal fire for the last time. To-night the sea is smooth as glass, but to-morrow it may be mountain high. Lady Essex, &c., &c., were detained here some days. I hope you mean, if you can, to see our dear friends at Stourbridge.

'Yours ever,

'S. R.'

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'My dear Sarah,—I am so glad your journey has answered in any degree; and your last visit cannot fail, for there you will be discharging a duty, and with those who will rejoice to see you. As for our adventure, perhaps a brief journal and a comment or two will give you the best idea of it.

'*October 7.*—Canterbury. I drank tea with the Quillinans.

'8*th*.—Breakfasted with them.

'9*th*.—Slept at Dover; walked on the parade.

'10*th*.—Embarked at 6, landed at Boulogne at 9.30; a pleasant voyage. After breakfast went and slept at Montreuil, after a walk on the ramparts.

'11*th*.—Abbeville; Madame, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, asked tenderly after the ladies, you and Miss M. Saw by the book that Dr. Henderson was at Paris.

'12*th*.—Amiens.

'13*th*.—Chantilly; a sunset.

'14*th*.—A fair at St. Denis; saw the Abbey and the tombs. Paris: old apartment at l'Hôtel de l'Europe. Dined and went to the Italian Opera; Maltby reposed at home. So far well. M. is delighted with everything, and desires me to tell you so. He was so afraid of climbing that I thought of an *entresol*, and now he is enchanted and thinks so little of the staircase, that he has once or twice gone a flight higher by mistake. We dine in the restaurants below and breakfast above. The Martineaus (Miss Batty) breakfasted once with us and are gone; Dr. Henderson more than once and twice. We have been to Versailles. The weather has been rainy, but always fair when we wanted it most. I have been much at the Louvre with Mr. Locke, and Maltby much with the booksellers. When I dine out, which has happened once or twice with the Lockes, M. dines at Very's and talks with the French. Once we breakfasted with Mrs. Forster, and met the Tricquettis and Mrs. Jameson, who I suspect lodges and boards with Mrs. F., and Miss Courtenay, who was with her on a visit and is gone. Mrs. J. is for ever in the gallery, and evidently

for the Press. Who should I meet there twice but Miss Denman! She was with another lady, and is now gone. Sarah's affair is, indeed, a great event, and must occupy poor Mary very much. I hope it will turn out well. M. and F. are indeed very unlucky. To be prisoners at Innspruck of all places in the world! Your visit to Quarry Bank must have affected you not a little. What a change there in a few years! Fanny Johnstone, I fear, does not lie in your way home. I calculate that you will be returned by the middle of November; our month here will expire on November 11, and perhaps we shall stay till then, for M., who came with the resolution to go in a week, seems now very willing to stay till he removes to the Père la Chaise. As for me, I have had nearly enough. Lady Essex and Miss J. doze away their time. They have a *premier* at number 36 near us, and every other day one or the other is confined to her bed, having never been to the Italian Opera but once, when I took stalls for them, or to the Grand Opera but once and with us. Miss Gregg, one of the Antient Music subscribers, was of the party. When they go out it is in a *citadine*, unless they walk in the garden, which they profess to do much, but I never meet them there. When they put on their bonnets Mlle. Poppet is *enragé*. They have not yet got a *loge* at the Italian Opera, which is very difficult to be had. (They have now one for once a week.) There is a curious opera performing here by boys —"Byron at Harrow"—Sir R. Peel is the principal conspirator, and cries "Marchons!" We *must* see it. Near my own door I met to-day Sir William and Lady Chatterley. They set off for Nice and Naples, when she fell

ill by the way, and they are come to stay here. I walked them upstairs and showed them an apartment *au premier*. Whether they will take it I don't know. They enquired much after you, as Mme. de Chabannes has done. She called yesterday, and to-day I have seen her. She is in her usual spirits. I have looked about a little, and have seen nothing in the shops to tempt me hitherto, and I think I should return to-morrow but for my companion, who is in higher spirits than I ever saw him, and is trying, by Dr. H.'s encouragement and example, to like French cookery—rather a late attempt. He will now, I tell him, no longer shake his head so repulsively when your entremets are offered to him. He is just gone out to dine with Dr. H. at a *table d'hôte*. For the three last days there has been a sale at the Ambassade. Everything sold off, from parlour bijouterie down to pots and kettles. The Granvilles are gone to Nice and the Cowleys not yet come.

'Farewell, my dear Sarah, and believe me to be yours affectionately,

'S. R.

'30th Oct. [1841]: Hôtel de l'Europe, Rue de Rivoli.

'Sutton called upon us twice before he went and seemed very happy and much engaged. Pray give my best love to everybody at Stourbridge. I hope Patty received my letter. You must now be familiar with railroads. I have heard nothing from Lady Holland, who must now have returned from Brighton. When in England I had a letter twice a week, but I suppose she is displeased at my going. I was for calling upon the Mallets, but when Maltby said, in his usual phrase, "I

have no objection," I let it alone. On our return I shall hope to find Catherine there. The weather very tolerable, and often with M. a subject for congratulation.'

A letter from Wordsworth's son-in-law arose out of the visit to Canterbury mentioned in the above letter.

Edward Quillinan to Samuel Rogers.

[With drawing (pen and ink), by M. H., 14th October, 1841, of Residence of Sir Thomas More in Canterbury.]

'Hendon: 3rd Nov., 1841.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—Here is a sketch of Sir Thomas More's House at Canterbury—I have been promised one, which I expect to be still better, and which I hope to have the pleasure of sending you soon.

'The following account of the building I copy from a topographical history of Canterbury, which has just fallen in my way. It seems to be pretty correct—

'"In Orange Street are the remains of the house of Sir Thomas More. It was a spacious and noble building, in the form of a quadrangle, having the entrance through a large gateway now standing on the south side of the street; in front of the house and between the two wings was a large courtyard, which is now called Dancing School Yard. The building is principally of wood, with gable front and a long range of windows extending all along the front of the building, very much ornamented with stained glass, of which little remains. The rooms are spacious and ornamented with carved mouldings or cornices. The walls were painted in fresco, as appears

from the wall of the upper apartment, in which may be seen some very good designs. The building is now converted into a wool-warehouse."

'While you were on your way to Dover I got into the house and had some talk with the owner, who told me that when he, some few years ago, took possession, there was a good deal of stained glass in the windows, and that no doubt the whole of that glazed range of gallery had been formerly glazed with painted glass. I saw a small portion of it.

'I think I mentioned to you that the head of Sir Thomas More is in a vault in St. Dunstan's Church at Canterbury, the first Church you come to in the suburbs on the right hand side of the road as you come from London. His body was buried, I believe, at Chelsea. As to the head, the story is that it was exposed on London Bridge for a fortnight, and that Margaret Roper "begged it" and carried it to Canterbury and placed it in the church opposite to the dwelling-house of the Ropers—now a brewery—(a brick archway remains and some of the walls of this old building). She is said to have desired that her father's head should be placed in her arms in her own coffin, but this request appears to have been neglected.

'We arrived here a fortnight ago, and are more comfortably lodged than we were at Canterbury.

'We heard by accident, two or three days since, of your return to town, from Signor Prandi, who is the Italian teacher at Mrs. Gee's school near us.

'Dora is quite well, and has the impudence to send you her love. On my taxing her with boldness, she says

put "respectful love."—You will say that makes it worse, and so say I.

'Believe me, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

'EDWARD QUILLINAN.'

In December there was a gathering at Bowood, of which at least three contemporary accounts have been published. C. Greville arrived there a few days before Christmas, and strongly contrasts the company he found there with that which he had left at Woburn. 'There, nothing but idle, ignorant, ordinary people, among whom there was not an attempt at anything like society or talk; here, though not many, almost all distinguished more or less—Moore, Rogers, Macaulay, R. Westmacott, Butler and Mrs. Butler, Dr. Fowler and his wife, Lady H. Baring, Miss Fox.' Mrs. Butler adds Babbage, and speaks of the ladies as 'charming, agreeable, unaffected women.' The conjunction of Macaulay and Rogers, the one forty, the other approaching eighty—the waxing and the waning social celebrities—gave the party much amusement. Macaulay was talking perpetually. His sonorous voice, his superabundant physical energy, his generally declamatory style of conversation, carried everything before it. 'The drollest thing,' says Greville, 'is to see the effect upon Rogers, who is nearly extinguished, and can neither make himself heard nor find an interval to get in a word. He is exceedingly provoked, though he cannot help admiring.' Mrs. Butler is more explicit. She makes a general remark about Macaulay's 'speech power,' and says that Sydney Smith's humorous and good-humoured rage at his prolific talk was very

funny. 'Rogers's, of course,' she adds, 'was not good-humoured: and on this very occasion, one day at breakfast, having two or three times uplifted his thread of voice and fine incisive speech against the torrent of Macaulay's holding forth, Lord Lansdowne, the most courteous of hosts, endeavoured to make way for him with a "You were saying, Mr. Rogers," when Rogers hissed out, "Oh, what I was saying will keep." ' Greville writes, 'He will revive to-morrow, when Macaulay goes,' and it was not Rogers only who revived, for Mrs. Butler declares that the company was so incessantly clever, witty, and brilliant, that it gave her a brain-ache. Moore gives a somewhat different account of Rogers. He says Rogers stayed more than a week, and speaks of him as 'still fresh in all his best faculties, and improved wonderfully in the only point where he was ever at all deficient—temper. He now gives the natural sweetness of his disposition fair play. He walked over to see Bessy one or two days, through all the wretched mud of the Bowood Lane and our own, making, to us and back again, at least six miles.' Rogers directed Moore's attention to the passage in Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings, which had just appeared and of which everybody was talking, and they agreed it was in some parts over-gorgeous. One day Rogers took Lord John Russell over to see Bessy. He was in high spirits for the approaching conflict—the coming event did not cast its shadow before it on this great holiday gathering of Whigs. Mrs. Butler tells of Rogers's gift of his autograph: 'After mending a pen for me, and tenderly caressing the nib of it with a knife as sharp as his own tongue,

he wrote, in his beautiful, delicate, fine hand by way of trying it—

> 'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.'

Mrs. Butler did not know that the lines are from Cowper's 'Epistle to an afflicted Protestant Lady in France,' and half thought they might be 'an impromptu, a seer's vision and friend's warning.' The lines were great favourites with Rogers—often on his tongue. There were two lines from 'The Task' which equally possessed his imagination—

> Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

CHAPTER V.

1842-44.

Everett—Letters from Charles Dickens and Mrs. Dickens, and Sydney Smith—Sumner introduces Longfellow—Lady Russell's *jeu d'esprit*—Rogers's Conversation—Recollections of it by Henry Sharpe—Lines by Lady Dufferin—Death of Sutton Sharpe, Q.C.—Lord Dalling on Talleyrand and Danton—Letters from Dickens and Thackeray—Southey's Death—Wordsworth as Laureate—Judge Haliburton—Miss Edgeworth and Rogers on a Line of Pope's—Letters from Prescott, Sumner, and Sir Henry Ellis—Dickens's 'Christmas Carol'—The late Dean Burgon in 1844—Lord Howden's Letters—The Dissenters' Chapels Bill—Rogers to his Sister—Letter from Italy by Charles Dickens—The 'Marriage Brokers' of Genoa—Rogers at Bowood—The Bank Robbery—Offers of Friends—Letters from E. Everett, Lord Lansdowne, Sydney Smith, and Lady Grey—Rogers to his Sister—Further Recollections of an Old Man's Talk.

Such delightful gatherings as that which took place at Bowood at Christmas 1841 are comparatively few and far between, even in such a life as that of Samuel Rogers. Charles Greville tells us that Rogers and he left Bowood on the Monday after Christmas, and went to Badminton, where they found a party as dramatically opposite as possible to that which they left behind. We have already seen how he had previously contrasted the Bowood company with that which he had left at Woburn to join it. Mr. Everett, the new American Minister, lost little time in presenting the introduction which

Daniel Webster had given him, and early in March, Moore speaks of meeting him at breakfast at Rogers's, with Lord Mahon, R. Monckton Milnes, Luttrell, and others. The crowded dinners at Holland House were talked of, and Lady Holland's bidding people to make room, with Luttrell's well-known reply, that it needed to be made, for it did not exist. Rogers expressed an opinion that the close packing of Lady Holland's dinners was 'one of the secrets of their conversableness and agreeableness.' This may have been true, as Moore thinks, but Rogers did not act on it. At St. James's Place, at any rate, you were delivered from the crowd.

Dickens was then in the United States, from whence he wrote the following letter.

Charles Dickens and Mrs. Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Baltimore, United States: Twenty-second March, 1842.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I know you will be glad to hear, under my own hand, that we are both well, though very anxious to get back to dear old home, our friends, and darling children. I am obliged to make, as perhaps you have heard, a kind of Public Progress through this country; and have been so oppressed with Festivals given in my honor, that I have found it necessary to notify my disinclination to accept any more, or I should rather say, my determination not to lead such a trying life. I have made one departure from this rule, and that is in the case of a body of readers in the Far West, at a town called St. Louis, on the confines of the Indian Territory. I am going there to dinner (it is

only two thousand miles off), and start the day after to-morrow.

'If you ever have leisure to write a line saying that you have received this, and are well, I shall be truly delighted to hear from you. Any letter addressed to me to the care of David Colden, Esquire, 28 Laight Street, Hudson Square, New York, will be forwarded to me without delay.

'They give me everything here but Time. If they had added that to the long catalogue of their hospitalities, I should certainly have inflicted a long letter upon you, which would have wandered into, it's impossible to say how long a description of our travels and adventures. So you may consider yourself very fortunate.

'I hope you are as well as ever, and as great a walker as ever, and as good a talker as ever; in short, as perfect and complete a Samuel Rogers as ever, which I don't doubt in the least. I have made great exertions here, in behalf of an International copyright law, and almost begin to hope, from the assurance the leaders of the different parties at Washington have given me, that it may be brought about.

'We have arranged to sail from New York for England, on the 7th of June, in the "George Washington" packet ship. We had so bad a voyage out that I have eschewed ocean steamers for ever.

'The peace and quiet of Broadstairs never seemed so great as now. I could hug Miss Collins the Bather, as though she were a very Venus. Believe me, here and everywhere, 'Faithfully your friend,

'CHARLES DICKENS.'

Mrs. Dickens writes on the flyleaf—

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I must add one line, to remind you of your kind promise to me, the last time we saw you before we left home, that when you wrote to Charles, you would also send me a few words of remembrance. I need not say what pride and pleasure it would give me.

'We are both anxiously looking forward to the 7th of June, when we sail on our return to dear England. You may easily imagine how often our thoughts turn in that direction, and how often we long to see those dear little ones who I almost fear will have forgotten their truant parents before we get back to them. My impatient husband is hurrying me, as he wishes to put up the parcel, therefore I can only add that I am, dear Mr. Rogers,

'Your affectionate friend,

'C. Dickens.'

There are, of course, glimpses of Rogers and his friends in Moore's Diary. One day Moore is at Rogers's with Wilkie, who is looking over H. B.'s early caricatures. Wilkie had never seen them before, and he pointed to a bit in one of them which he said reminded him of Titian. 'Politician,' exclaimed Bobus Smith, who was sitting near. Another day Jeffrey and Lord John are there—'Two of the men,' says Moore, 'I like best among all my numerous friends.' Mrs. Butler, too, meets Sydney Smith, Hallam, with his daughter and niece, Edward Everett, Empson, and Sir R. H. Inglis, a sufficiently

striking and varied group as those around Rogers's table so often were.

Sydney Smith published the second edition of his works in 1840. Two years later, he sent Rogers a copy with this letter—

Sydney Smith to Samuel Rogers.

'56 Green St., Grosvenor Square: 12th April, 1842.

'My dear Rogers,—I have always intended to send you these volumes, but have been always unwilling to place such ordinary matter upon a library table around which the great and the wise are so often gathered. I remember, however, that you are not only an author of the highest distinction, but a politician of unblemished honesty, and that if you thought little of my powers you would still value my principles—nor was my vanity forgotten, for I trusted your guests would say, "If Sydney Smith was not a Liberal and an upright man we should not find his books on the table of Samuel Rogers."

'Ever your sincere friend,

'Sydney Smith.'

Rogers replied—

Samuel Rogers to Sydney Smith.

'My dear Sydney,—A thousand and a thousand thanks for the three volumes. I need not say how welcome they are to me, for whenever I open them I shall, I am very sure, be the better for them, and I shall hear, too, the voice of a very old and dear friend. Every leaf when I turn it will recall what I felt on a first perusal,

and many of them will bring back to my mind the pleasant hours we have spent together with those who are gone.

'Samuel Rogers.

'13th April, 1842.'

Wordsworth was again in London in the spring, and Moore tells us of a breakfast at Hallam's on the 21st of May at which there was a grand display of literati, the poets being particularly in force—Campbell, Wordsworth, Rogers, and Moore being of the party; but Moore, at least, was not in the mood to enjoy it, for he says, 'Blue to look in upon, but the whole thing ordinary enough.' When Dickens got back from America in July, Lord Lansdowne gave a Dickens dinner, and Moore and Rogers and Luttrell were there to join in his welcome.

Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary—

'*April 29th*, 1842.—Breakfasted with Sam Rogers, with whom I stayed till twelve. He was as amiable as ever, and spoke with great warmth of Wordsworth's new volume, "It is all gold. The least precious is still gold." He said this, accompanying a remark on one little epitaph, that it would have been better in prose. He quoted some one who said of Burns, "He is great in verse, greater in prose, and greatest in conversation." So it is with all great men. Wordsworth is greatest in conversation. This is not the first time of Rogers preferring prose to verse.'

'*May 28th*, 1842.—Dinner party at Kenyon's. Wordsworth was quite spent, and hardly spoke during

the whole time. Rogers made one capital remark; it was of the party itself, the ladies being gone. He said, "There have been five separate parties, everyone speaking *above* the pitch of his natural voice, and therefore there could be no kindness expressed; for kindness consists, not in what is said, but how it is said."'

It is a little startling to be reminded that at this date Longfellow was so little known in England that he needed such a letter of introduction as Sumner writes.

Charles Sumner to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston: 1st June, 1842.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I took the liberty of forwarding to you by the last packet two volumes of poems recently published by my friend Mr. Longfellow. He was desirous that you should do him the favour to receive them as a token of his respect.

'Mr. Longfellow is now at a German watering-place, where he has gone for his health, and expects to be in London for a day or two during the autumn on his way home. If you should be in town at this time, which is hardly possible (for who is a faithful friend to London at the end of September?), I hope he may have the pleasure of seeing you—Mr. Everett or Mr. Dickens will have the gratification of presenting him to you. He is a gentleman whom we prize much, not simply as a poet (though many place him at the top of our Parnassus) but also for his various gifts and accomplishments and high moral worth. I could write of him warmly as a friend for

whom I have the strongest affection ; and I hope you will pardon to this feeling the liberty I take in thus addressing you. I owe you many thanks for your kind note of last summer. I have been happy to hear, through Mr. Everett, of your continued health. What can we send you from this side of the ocean ?

'Prescott still works on the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," of which he has written upwards of two volumes. It will be three volumes in all.

'Believe me, with warm recollections of your kindness to me, ever very sincerely yours,

'Charles Sumner.'

Here is a pretty *jeu d'esprit* by the Countess Russell —then Lady John Russell—who had been married in the same month in the year before. There is but little correspondence in these volumes between Lord John Russell and Rogers, though the friendship between the great Whig statesman and 'the oracle' of Holland House had begun early and lasted to the close of the poet's life. I am permitted to print these lines as illustrating the friendly, and even intimate, relations between Rogers and the great Reform Minister and his family. He had accepted an invitation to breakfast, did not appear, and sent afterwards a letter of apology.

Lady John Russell to Samuel Rogers.

'When a Poet a lady offends,
Is it prose her forgiveness obtains ?
And from Rogers can less make amends
Than the humblest and sweetest of strains ?

'In glad expectation our board
With roses and lilies we graced;
But, alas! the Bard kept not his word—
He came not for whom they were placed.

'Sad and silent our toast we bespread;
At the empty chair looked we and sighed;
All insipid tea, butter and bread,
For the salt of his wit was denied.

'Now in wrath we acknowledge how well
He, "The Pleasures of Memory" who drew
For mankind, from his magical shell
Gives The Pains of Forgetfulness too.

'F. R.

'32 Chesham Place: 6th July, 1842.'

On the 30th of July Rogers entered his eightieth year. He thought and spoke of himself as an old man, but he preserved his bodily activity, his good spirits, and his vivacity in a remarkable way. The characteristic feature of his conversation at this period and during his remaining years was its fulness of pleasant reminiscences of the men and the events among which he had lived. Of the tone and tendency of his talk in these years there is ample testimony, and all to the same effect. His nephew Samuel Sharpe says, 'My uncle's conversation could hardly be called brilliant. He seldom aimed at wit, though he enjoyed it in others. He often told anecdotes of his early recollections and of the distinguished persons with whom he had been acquainted. These he

told with great neatness and fitness in the choice of words, as may be understood by an examination of the prose notes to his poems. But the valuable part of his conversation was his good sense joined with knowledge of literature and art, and yet more particularly his constant aim at improvement, and the care that he took to lead his friends to what was worth talking about. I never left his company without feeling my zeal for knowledge strengthened, my wish to read quickened, and a fresh determination to take pains and do my best in everything that I was about.' On this last sentence Mr. Dyce, in his copy of Samuel Sharpe's little book, has made the following note: 'Yes; such was undoubtedly the effect of intercourse with Mr. Rogers, it was indeed improving.'

This seems a not inappropriate place to introduce some examples of the old man's breakfast-table talk. As a rule the sharp sayings of Rogers have been preserved, his stories have been told and told again till everybody knows them, but very few sketches of his more serious conversation have been given to the world. Scores of illustrious or eminent visitors have told us how delightfully he conversed, but the sort of talk which seemed so delightful has rarely been reported. Perhaps a part of the charm was in the surroundings. Mr. Quillinan said to Crabb Robinson, 'The living presence of Mr. Rogers at his breakfast table hardly more charms me than the Roubiliac bust which is one of his precious Lares Urbani.' His nephew Henry Sharpe put on record, at various times, recollections of his uncle's remarks at the breakfast table, and some of these

memoranda relate to the time when Rogers was just completing his fourscore years.

'He said it was a great fault in young men not to listen to old ones who were talking together. A few days ago, at a dinner party, he was talking with the Archbishop of Canterbury, an old man like himself, and two young men sitting next them kept talking together all the time; if they had held their tongues and listened to the old ones they might have heard a great deal that was interesting. From his youth up, he had always listened to the conversation of older persons; there was more to be learned from conversation than from books; when a man talks, he gives you his best thoughts and observations; if you read his book, you may, perhaps, find the same, but there is so much about and about it, that it may not be worth looking for. He had begun early in life to keep a book in which he noted down all the striking things he heard in conversation; he fetched us down a very early volume, in which each page was headed, "Burke," "Fox," "Horne Tooke," and so on, with an index at the beginning. In a new volume he had Talleyrand and others.

'Speaking about German enthusiasm, he praised good sense as the most valuable quality of the mind; the state in which all the powers were in harmony, the head not too strong for the heart, and the heart not too strong for the head, neither the judgment nor the fancy overpowering the other. Any one quality carried to excess was likely to do more harm than good. He once said that my father was a man of talent but not of

sense; my mother (his sister) had a great fund of good sense.

'He set Schiller above Goethe, as poetry, however clever, is worth nothing unless it raises the feelings of the reader. Of Goethe he had read translations of "Faust," and "Wilhelm Meister," and thought they both contained something Satanic. In the "Sorrows of Werther," he admired Charlotte for cutting bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters. He praised the Duke of Wellington as the greatest man in England; he met him once at a lady's house just after the Whigs came in, in 1831, and the Duke said to him, with reference to resigning his situation at the Horse Guards or Ordnance, "They want me to become the head of faction, but that I will never be." He said that the Duke always supported a proposition he thought good, just as willingly, though brought forward by a political enemy.

'The difference between a modest man and a conceited one is that the modest looks up to something better and higher, the conceited man can imagine nothing above himself. H. R. conceives God Almighty only a few inches above his own head.

'One of the ancients, when he felt he was dying, dashed down the lamp by his bedside, that the servant might not see him expire. In the same way, when his brother Henry, my uncle, was on his deathbed, he asked the maid who was watching by him, whether she had ever seen a person die; on her saying no, he sent her out of the room on some errand, and when she returned he was dead.

'George the Second was very particular about the arrangement of his wardrobe and such trifles, and had the different articles of dress numbered to match. If they were brought to him out of order, he would cry out, "Shirt No. 4, stock No. 3! Am I king, or am I no king? If I am king, bring me shirt No. 4 and stock No. 3."

'Talking of our wars in Afghanistan and China, he said that from his childhood he had never wished success to His Majesty's armies. When he was a boy, his father came home one day, and told them to throw up their caps, for the Americans had beaten the English at Bunker's Hill, and from that time on he had rarely, if ever, seen our troops on the right side. He lost his mother when he was young, but he remembered her calling all his brothers and sisters around her, and saying, "Children, it does not signify whether you are rich and great, but try to be good."

'Coleridge, who was very German, said that no man knew what happiness was unless he woke in the night and wept.[1]

'Upon Moore, the poet, saying that Milton was not to be mentioned with Shakespeare, my uncle, while admitting all Shakespeare's merits, said that there were passages in Milton which Shakespeare could not have written. He quoted the following passage (among others)

[1] This is evidently borrowed from Goethe's lines in *Wilhelm Meister*:

'Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.'

as particularly beautiful, and showing the highest and purest feeling—

> 'Subverting worldly strong and worldly wise
> By simply meek.

'Talking of himself, he quoted from his father—

> 'Old men must die, young men may.

'Louis XIV. at Versailles made everything large but himself; to walk in his avenues he should have had seven-league boots; he remained a Lilliputian in Brobdingnag.

'Ladies of rank are very fond of the admission of men of letters and wits into high society. One said, "We are always so glad at a dinner party to hear the iron step of a hackney coach, as we know it is somebody to entertain us." He said one day to Sydney Smith, "If we were to strike, we should have all the ladies petitioning us to come back again."

'Talleyrand was a great admirer of Mme. Récamier and Mme. de Staël, the first for her beauty, the other for her wit. Mme. de Staël asked him one day, if he found himself with both of them in the sea on a plank, and could only save one, which it would be; to which he replied, "Vous savez nager, je crois."

'West the painter told an anecdote of himself when a child, which showed how the pursuit of his life was decided. He had been left by his mother to watch the baby sleeping in the cradle, being particularly enjoined not to let the flies settle on it. The baby's smile pleased him very much, and he took a little piece of paper and

drew it. His mother returned and found the baby covered with flies, the young painter thinking of nothing but his picture. He expected a scolding, but she looked at the drawing and gave him a kiss, "and that kiss did it." Stothard did not remember when he first began to draw. His earliest recollection on the subject was that, when quite a boy, he was fighting a schoolfellow, and his second called out, "Well done, painter!"

'When Wilkes was dining with the Prince of Wales the King's health was given, and the Prince asked him, "How long have you drunk my father's health." "Ever since I have had the honour of knowing your Royal Highness."

'He would always recommend a man's collection of pictures and other things being sold at his death; they then come into the hands of people who appreciate them, whereas his heir very probably has not the same tastes. People always value more what they buy themselves than what is given to them.

'He had received from Prescott, the American, a copy of his "History of Mexico,' and intended in his letter of thanks to refer to Hume's letter to Gibbon on receipt of the first volume of his history, in which he expresses his astonishment at an Englishman writing so learned a book in an age when every one had given himself up to faction. My uncle did not mean to apply it to the Americans particularly, but just as much to ourselves. Except science nothing was now written with care. Calling on Dickens he found him engaged upon a new story, which was to go to the printer's in a week, and which he had only begun three weeks before.

'Talking of Hume's and Gibbon's sceptical works, he very much blamed their publishing them, and read a letter from Gray to his friend Mason, advising him not to visit Voltaire on his journey through Switzerland, as the men were not to be honoured who robbed mankind of their best consolation in life. "If an archangel were to whisper in my ear," said Mr. Rogers, "that there was no future life, I would not reveal it."

'Dryden lived at 43 Gerrard Street, and I never pass the house without taking off my hat. He used to write in the parlour on the right hand of the hall.'

Major Price was an equerry of George III., who always spoke his mind. Walking one day in Windsor Park, the King pointed out a certain tree, and said he was going to have it cut down. 'If you do, sir,' said Price, 'you will cut the finest tree in your park.' 'You always contradict me,' said the King; 'everybody contradicts me; I won't be contradicted.' 'Don't, sir,' said Price, 'and then you will never hear the truth.'

Mr. Rogers spoke with great reprobation and dislike of Dumas, Sue, and all the modern French novelists.

Somebody praising Morton the dramatist, lately dead, Mr. Rogers said, 'I don't like him; and I had never offended him, but he never met me without saying, "Well, what Duchess have you been dining with?" or some ill-natured thing. I do not ask for kindness from a man, but I have a right to expect good manners.'

Here are further illustrations of the affectionate relations in which the old man lived with the members of the family of Sheridan. Mr. Richard Brinsley

Sheridan and his wife both wrote in the summer of 1842 to ask his permission to call their new son after him, and on New Year's Day, 1843, Lady Dufferin writes—

The Countess of Dufferin to Samuel Rogers.

'From my bed,—
This 1st of January, 1843.

'This thought woke with my waking hours,—
As on a feverish couch I lay,
"How barren is Life's path of flowers!
How sadly dawns my New Year's Day!"

'When, as I breathed the impatient thought,
Lo! *there* thy fragrant gift appeared!
Then at the augury it caught—
The sad and sullen heart was cheered!

'And *doubly* shall thy gift be dear—
(Of New-Year joys the seal and sum),
An omen for the present year!—
A Memory for all years to come!

'And so, dear Mr. Rogers, I have put your violets into water, *for this day*, but shall keep them as a precious gift and remembrance for the rest of my life.

'Ever yours sincerely and affectionately,
'Helen S. Dufferin.'

This letter may be set over against that which is published in Mr. Hayward's Correspondence,[1] in which Lady Dufferin gives her reminiscences of Rogers, and says, among other things, that she could never lash

[1] *The Hayward Letters*, vol. i., pp. 288, 289.

herself into a feeling of affection or admiration for him; and that there was a certain unreality in him which repelled her.

Early in this year death brought one of the few bitter disappointments of this most successful life. I have already given some account of the orphan family of his sister Maria Sharpe, of the heroic devotion to them of their elder half-sister Catharine Sharpe, and of the remarkable success in life which every one of them achieved. The eldest of the group was Sutton Sharpe. I have given so full an account of his distinguished career in my life of Samuel Sharpe, that I need not here re-tell his story. It is enough to say that having been called to the bar in 1822, he had speedily taken a leading rank among Counsel behind the Bar. In 1841 he became a Queen's Counsel, and at once took the lead in Vice-Chancellor Wigram's Court, and all his friends anticipated for him the highest honours to which the profession opens the way. But at the close of the Michaelmas term, in 1842, he was attacked with paralysis, the result of overwork in his profession, and died on the 22nd of February, 1843. He was buried in the cloisters of Lincoln's Inn, of which he was one of the benchers. In the various notices of him which appeared in the newspapers after his death the highest appreciation was universally expressed. 'His career,' said the 'Examiner,' then the leading weekly journal, 'was one of uninterrupted success, and the most brilliant professional prospects were before him, but prosperity never in the slightest degree spoiled him, and he never forgot an old friend, nor failed to return a hundredfold an old kind-

ness.' As a nephew of Rogers he had many social advantages, and at the time of his death he was already contemplating that entrance on political life to which his friends had long urged him. Rogers and his sister had indulged in the very highest expectations respecting him. They had followed his career with affectionate interest, and their esteem for him, and pride in him, were very great. I have elsewhere said of him that 'his life is an unfinished story which breaks suddenly off just at the point at which it becomes most interesting to ordinary readers. It had but little incident. It had been spent in the diligent exercise of an arduous profession, it was little known except to the members of that profession, and a large group of attached personal friends; and it had not yet touched that larger and noisier world of politics in which most lawyers complete their success and extend and consolidate their fame.' He died in his forty-sixth year.

There are two letters from Sir Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, in this spring, of very remarkable interest. He writes from Paris on the 22nd of March, 1843, to ask about a story told by Talleyrand of his escape from Paris after the 10th of August, and of the manner in which he procured a passport from Danton. The story had been told by Rogers, and Sir Henry Bulwer asks him to repeat it. The suspicion—justified by Chenier's speech when he demanded that Talleyrand's name should be removed from the list of *émigrés*—was that Talleyrand was in reality sent back to England as a secret agent of Danton's. Rogers replied, sending the statement of a friend who was at Bowood when Talley-

rand arrived. As to the date, he could hardly venture to say whether it was between the 10th of August and the 2nd of September, or after that horrible day, that M. de Talleyrand made his escape; but he added, 'I well remember it was fine summer weather when he arrived at Bowood. By what means he effected his escape I don't know, or how he obtained a passport from Danton. Danton was notoriously venal, which Robespierre was not, and Talleyrand used to tell with a great deal of point that one of his adherents in the Assembly, while he (Danton) was pleading the cause of one of the proscribed by whom he had been bribed, exclaimed, 'Danton, Danton, tu crois trop aisément à la vertu.' Sir Henry Bulwer, in reply, says there can be no doubt Talleyrand was a secret agent or correspondent of the Republican Government from the time of his return in September (after the 10th of August) up to the end of November. 'But,' he adds, 'I can find no positive proof of his being so after the 5th of December, when the accusation of having been in the confidence of Louis XVI. was brought against him. From what I can make out he inherited the intrigue of Mirabeau, who saw him upon it when dying, but he executed the part more cautiously and secretly than that violent man himself would have done.'

Here are two characteristic letters from great contemporary novelists. One of Rogers's earlier friends had answered him in the same spirit. Jekyll wrote about a mistake in the day of one of his visits, that if when he came he was not let in, 'I will "build me a willow cabin at your gate."' Two wits of a later generation write as follows—

Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Devonshire Terrace: Twentieth March, 1843.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—If I am not at your house at seven next Wednesday, write me down an ass.

'Faithfully yours always,

'CHARLES DICKENS.'

The brevity of this answer was far excelled by one of Lady Dufferin's. Rogers wrote to her, 'Will you breakfast with me to-morrow?—S. R.' Her answer was, 'Won't I?—H. D.'

Wm. M. Thackeray to Samuel Rogers.

'73 Young Street, Kensington: 29th June.

'My dear Sir,—The moment I had finished my work yesterday and had returned to this real world, I thought to myself, "Does Mr. Rogers remember that he invited me (that is, that I asked him to ask me and he asked me) to breakfast with him on the 30th?" The transaction took place at Mr. Sartoris's: in the presence of witnesses—and to-morrow is the day. I shall not trouble Mr. Rogers to write to me (I reasoned with myself), but at 10 o'clock I will be at his door. I will say, "A gentleman who was invited a fortnight and a day ago comes to claim his breakfast. The host may have forgotten, but the guest has not."

'And I give you warning, my dear sir, that this visit is hanging over you, and that unless you fly from London you can't help hearing my knock at your door at 10 to-morrow morning.

'Always faithfully yours,

'W. M. THACKERAY.'

Southey died, after a long decline of his physical and intellectual powers, on the 21st of March, 1843. He had been Laureate for thirty years, during which period other poets, greater than he, had arisen, and of those associated with him some had increased while he had decreased. There could be no question who should be Laureate while Wordsworth lived, and to Wordsworth it was offered at once. He accepted it with some little flutter of feeling at the idea that he must appear at Court. As usual, Rogers was resorted to, and when the time for presentation came, Wordsworth came to London and went to Court from St. James's Place. He was to have Rogers's Court suit, and, as Talfourd told Haydon, Davy's sword. When the eventful moment came, Moxon was there to assist in dressing him. It was a question of getting a big man into a small man s clothes, and great was the tugging and squeezing to get him in. But it was done, and the high-priest of mountain and of flood, as Haydon calls him, went through the ordeal with dignity and success.

Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary—

'*June 4th*, 1843.—Breakfasted by appointment with Rogers; Thomas Moore was there. The elder poet was the greater talker, but Moore made himself very agreeable. Rogers showed him some MS. verses, rather sentimental, but good of the kind, by Mrs. Butler. Moore began, but could not get on. He laid down the MS. and said he had a great dislike to the reading of poetry. "You mean new," Rogers said. "No, I mean

old. I have read very little poetry of any kind." Rogers spoke very depreciatingly of the present writers. Moore did not agree. He assented to warm praise of Tom Hood by me, and declared him to be a punster equal to Swift. "But the article (poetry) is become of less value, because of its being so common. There is too much of it."'

An eminent transatlantic writer, who was in London in 1843, and, like all the rest, had kindnesses to acknowledge from Rogers, sends him his portrait, with a complimentary letter—

Thomas C. Haliburton to Samuel Rogers.

'6 Spring Gardens: 10th July, 1843.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I send you a small print of myself, which I hope you will do me the favor to accept—I feel assured you will consider it a pardonable vanity that I should desire to be occasionally recalled to the recollections of one whose conversation and kindness has left an impression on my memory too strong to require any aid from the engraver.

'In a new and poor country like my native land, we have no present and no past. We indulge in the visions of the future, but these pass away with youth—and are seldom realised.

'London always sends me home loaded with "The Pleasures of Memory." During this, as well as my last visit to England, the most prominent recollections will be

yourself, your conversation, your agreeable parties, and your kindness.

'I am, dear Sir, yours always,

'THOMAS C. HALIBURTON.'

Here are a couple of letters expository of a line in Pope.

Maria Edgeworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Edgeworth's Town: 1st Oct., 1843.

'Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—Tell me, for I am sure you can, what kind of door a Venetian door is—or what did Pope mean by a Venetian door. The ignorant people here declare they never heard of such a thing. Now I declare that in my youth, in my childhood, I often heard my father talk of Venetian doors, and I thought I understood that what was meant was a concealed door, intended to be invisible or unnoticed, same colour as the hangings, paper, or wainscoting of a room.

'But I am told that the door I endeavour to describe should be called a jib door. Now *jib* I cannot find in Johnson's Dictionary; perchance it may be in the Slang Dictionary, with which I am not acquainted, nor perhaps are you.

'Pray delay not, my dear Sir, to settle this important question by your decisive authority. I have profited by that authority before.

'Your obliged,

'MARIA EDGEWORTH.

'If I live, and am well as I am now, I hope I shall have the pleasure and honour of seeing you once more this winter or spring in town. I shall be with my sister at No. 1, North Audley Street, and trust I shall be better able to enjoy my friends' society than I was last time I was with her. She has now quite recovered her health. I gratefully remember your kindness to us both.'

Samuel Rogers to Miss Edgeworth.

'My dear Miss Edgeworth,—What he could mean by it I cannot conceive. I have caught cold through many a Venetian blind, and so probably had he. I am delighted to think that we shall meet so soon in London. I am just now embarking, not for Alexandria, not for Constantinople, nor for Jerusalem, but for Paris, and I am all alone. Now, if you had your wishing cap, we might go together, and how delightful it would be.

'Yours ever,

'S. Rogers.

'Dover: 5th Oct., 1843.

'Dr. Holland is gone to Jerusalem, and Sydney Smith is full of his jokes on the subject. I dare say that your guess is the right one. But why catch cold at it? In town I should consult Morant, the prince of cabinet-makers, but being here he is out of my reach.

'P.S. I am assured by a knowing person that it meant a glass door that opened, like a French window, from top to bottom, in two halves. In short, a French window from the floor to the ceiling.'

There is literary interest in two letters from the United States, received this autumn.

W. H. Prescott to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston: 15th Oct., 1843.

'My dear Sir,—I have at length achieved the "Conquest of Mexico," after a good deal more time than it took Cortes to do the work. I have directed my bookseller, Mr. Rich, to deliver you a copy on its publication in London, which will be early in November. Should it not be sent to you, you will greatly oblige me by letting me know it, as these things, I have found, sometimes miscarry.

'I hope this second bantling of mine may find the favour in your eyes with which you have been kind enough to regard its elder brother; and, at all events, that you will receive it as a testimony of the great esteem I feel for one with whom I may, perhaps, never have the pleasure of being personally acquainted.

'Believe me, my dear Sir,

'Yours with sincere respect and regard,

'W. H. Prescott.'

Charles Sumner to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston: 1st Nov., 1843.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—At Dr. Hare's request I enclose a piece of Laura Bridgman's writing. I cannot thank you enough for all the kindness which you lavished upon him; though I cannot but be aware that his own merits must have preceded any introduction of mine.

'My friend Mr. Hillard, of Boston, took the liberty, at my suggestion, to send to you a copy of an address recently delivered by him on a literary occasion. I trust you will not deem it unworthy of acceptance.

'Mr. Greene, of Lancashire, a most amiable and gentlemanly person, who has passed several days in Boston, has promised to take a little book to you. It is a translation of ten cantos of the "Inferno" by a young man, Mr. Parsons, of Boston. He sends them forward as an experiment; if they should find favour he will proceed with the whole "Commedia." I have thought the versification not inharmonious; and several passages preserve much of the Dantesque expression; though it seems to me difficult to preserve this without the peculiar melody and rhythm of Dante.

'There is so large a circle in Boston under obligations to you for kindnesses enjoyed, that, if you should ever be willing to tempt the seas and come among us, you would find yourself among friends, while all would be earnest to offer you the tribute of admiration and respect. Lord Morpeth will smooth the difficulties of the voyage. I wish, dear Mr. Rogers, that you were here now, that I might have the pleasure of showing you the various autumn tints of the leaves. The country is rich in many colours.

'Believe me ever, with sentiments of attachment, very sincerely yours,

'CHARLES SUMNER.'

Another piece of literary criticism is in the following letter, part of which has been published elsewhere.

Sir Henry Ellis to Samuel Rogers.

'79 Great Russell Street: 14th Dec., 1843.

'My dear Sir,—In looking at Dr. Farmer's prepared copy for publication of the little "Hudibras," the other morning, we glanced at the note respecting Ralph, the squire of Butler's hero. Sir Roger l'Estrange says that in reality he was Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher. Gray adds that in a key to a burlesque poem by Butler the squire is said to have been one Pemble a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators.

'In a letter of Sir Samuel Luke, however, preserved in his copy-book of letters in the Museum, I find an allusion to a Ralph quite as likely to have been in Butler's view as the butcher or the tailor, or the grocer's apprentice in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

'The following is the letter—

'"Honest Sam,—I have received several Lettres from you, but cannot be content till I heare you are setled according to your heart's desire, that you may as well have a place as a face that pleases you. I pray think of my fur'd coate, and doe the utmost you can for procureing it; and get Ralph Norton to see if he cannot regaine my Armes and other things which were lost after Newbury fight at Aldermaston. If I may bee usefull to you heare in any office of Love, none shall bee more ready to doe it than

'"Yor assured loveing friend,

'"S. L.

"13th March, 1644."

'No superscription of this letter is put down, nor is there any clue for ascertaining who this honest Sam was to whom the letter was addressed, but I cannot help suspecting that it might be *Butler himself*. At all events this letter supplies us with a real Ralph apparently attached to Sir Samuel Luke's service.

'Believe me, my dear Sir, most truly yours,

'HENRY ELLIS.

'Butler, you no doubt remember, had been in early life in Sir Samuel Luke's household.'

In December Dickens published his 'Christmas Carol,' which took the world by storm. He sent a copy of it to Rogers, with this letter—

Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Devonshire Terrace: Seventeenth December, 1843.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—If you should ever have inclination and patience to read the accompanying little book, I hope you will like the slight fancy it embodies. But whether you do or no, I am ever,

'Your friend and admirer,

'CHARLES DICKENS.'

He did read it, and his nephew Henry Sharpe records what he said of it in a conversation at Broadstairs soon afterwards—

'Dickens's "Christmas Carol" being mentioned, he said he had been looking at it the night before; the first half hour was so dull it sent him to sleep, and the next

hour was so painful that he should be obliged to finish it to get rid of the impression. He blamed Dickens's style very much, and said there was no wit in putting bad grammar into the mouths of all his characters, and showing their vulgar pronunciation by spelling "are" "air," a horse without an h: none of our best writers do that.'

The late Dean of Chichester was in his younger days a personal friend of Rogers's relations at Highbury. I have heard the late Samuel Sharpe speak of him with much affectionate esteem, and widely as their religious views and political associations differed as the years went on, the friendly feeling between them was never lost. His father was a Smyrna merchant, and the future Dean was his clerk. The business failed, and the clerk, having to choose another career, turned to the Church. The elder Mr. Burgon was (as I learn from Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole) a very able numismatist, and Rogers was asked to assist in getting him an appointment in the department of Antiquities at the British Museum. The application was not immediately successful, as the following letter shows; but in May, Mr. Burgon was made a supernumerary assistant in the department.

Lord Lyndhurst to Samuel Rogers.

'George Street: 16th January, 1844.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I have applied to the Archbishop on the subject of Mr. Burgon's qualification to fill the vacancy in the Medal department, and find that he is inclined to place in that office Mr. Birch, who has been known as a scholar and antiquary all over Europe,

and as an Egyptian scholar is profoundly versed in hieroglyphics.

'I have, however, again written to him on the subject of Mr. Burgon.

'Believe me, my dear Mr. Rogers, very truly yours,

'LYNDHURST.'

Two admirable letters of Lord Howden follow:—

Lord Howden to Samuel Rogers.

'St. Leonard's-on-Sea, 35 Marina: 21st Feb., 1844.

'My dearest Mr. Rogers,—I am always troubling you, but do not hate me.

'Your curious edition of "Theophrastus," which you showed me, has brought to my recollection a remark attributed to him (I *think*) in which he says of Aristides something very like this, "that he was just and upright in all private matters, but not always in publick affairs where the interest of the State required injustice."

'Now this is a startling position in ethics, and especially so when coupled with the name of Aristides, about whom we are probably as much humbugged as about all other personages we read of; but I want the above remark for a particular purpose, and if possible in the Greek. Could you supply me with it, for, as you may suppose, "Theophrastus" is not in the circulating library here or *even* at Hastings! But how will you ever forgive me for this trouble? and, above all (I tremble to think of it), what will you say to me if I have confounded matters and the above bit of international morality be not in "Theophrastus" at all!

'I am paying my mother a visit. How I wish you were here! I cannot express my feeling of your society otherwise than that it is to me the triumph of civilisation.

'I know *myself* what I mean, and that must suffice. So believe me, with great truth, sincerely yours,

'HOWDEN.'

'62 (bis) Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris: 29th March, 1844.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—A thousand thanks. I am really pained at having entailed so much trouble on you. I did so from having looked for the passage last year myself without success, and I had never before seen what appeared to be so good an edition of "Theophrastus" as that in your possession; I therefore thought that it might be found there. Entertaining, and indeed blood-stirring, as are Plutarch's Lives, I believe him to have been extremely loose in his materials and mode of compilation. When we all meet together in the next world, if we are allowed to do aught save sing Hallelujahs, there will be few things more entertaining than to hear history and biography read aloud of an evening before the persons of whom they treat.

'There is no news abroad here, and there seems no doubt but that Guizot is safe until a new Chamber. There are many diverse speculations on what will take place *then*, for there is one fact undeniable that, be the cause what it may, the pressure of general unpopularity upon Guizot is greater than what I recollect to have been that of Polignac. I have heard it said that nobody was really in love who knew the colour of his mistress's eyes, but I believe that hatred is still stronger as a passion when

it springs from no definite reason. There seems to be a feeling that has infiltrated itself into all classes of society here, which, no matter how unfounded, must some day or another produce its effect, and that is a determination to believe that France is in a state of degradation, and that she is the slave of the stranger. The dislike against the English here has, if possible, increased since the business of Tahiti. Don't believe what Mrs. Dawson Damer and fine ladies say to the contrary. It is inextinguishable for one reason that must always exist—not our burning of the "Pucelle," not Waterloo, not the incarceration of Bonaparte—these things may be forgotten—but because we prevent France being the first nation in the world. This fact is continually before their eyes, from the quotations of our funds being always three per cent. higher than theirs, down to the snug, light, noiseless English-built carriage that they see rolling in their streets. I have, however, often thought that it was a very legitimate cause of irritation for the *indigènes* of a capital to see all their best lodgings occupied by Englishmen, all their best boxes at the theatres ditto, all the best wines drunk ditto,—all this done from the better lining of their pockets, and accompanied by the very evident feeling (in which I entirely join) that Paris, agreeable as it is, would be much more so if there were fewer Frenchmen. It is, however, very amusing to see the way in which every now and then the people here catch at something going on in England, as if it was the beginning of a breaking-up in our Body Politic. 'Twas Ireland three months ago, 'tis now a Jacquerie in consequence of Lord Ashley's motion. I believe the Govern-

ment would have done wiser to have admitted it; at the same time I cannot but think that all legislation on such matters is dangerous. "The Times" has a singular article on the subject written quite in an "agrarian" spirit, and as for the forced and legislative attempt to rectify all evil, we first must understand how the existence of it comes to play so chief a part in the whole scheme of the world, before we assume the possibility of controlling it with any effect.

'Always truly yours,

'HOWDEN.'

All Rogers's Whig friends, most of the Conservatives, and many of his relations were interested in a measure which in the course of this year excited immense discussion in the country. It was called the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, and was intended to prevent the alienation from the Unitarians, of the chapels and revenues they had inherited from orthodox ancestors, or from ancestors who erected the buildings and left the endowments at a period when the law did not tolerate heterodox worship. It originated in the Lords, where all the Law Lords were in its favour, and only nine votes were given against it in the solitary division which was taken. In the Commons it was supported by Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, Mr. Shiel, Mr. Macaulay, and the late Lord Harrowby, then Lord Sandon. A petition was presented on behalf of the descendants of Philip Henry, the ejected clergyman. When it was handed to Macaulay for presentation, he at once thought of Rogers and asked if he had signed it. Rogers had signed it, and another from the Trustees of

the old Meeting House at Newington Green, where he had gone with his father and mother and listened to Dr. Price. He had been made a trustee of the old chapel in his boyhood, and continued one till his death. His Nonconformist education was often the occasion of humorous remark by himself or his friends. Samuel Sharpe tells us that Wordsworth and Rogers were one day walking together in York Minster. Rogers praised its religious solemnity, with some echo probably in his words of Milton's 'Il Penseroso.' Wordsworth maintained that Rogers could not admire it properly nor feel its effect as he did, because of his Presbyterian training. Walking with Luttrell along George Street, Hanover Square, he complained of being thrust off the pavement by the projecting steps of St. George's Church. 'That,' said Luttrell, 'is one of your Dissenting prejudices.' Dining one day with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and sitting next the son of an old schoolfellow who had become a churchman and a county member, Rogers nudged him and said, 'You and I are probably the only Dissenters here.'

Two more domestic letters keep up the story of the year.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Dropmore, Beaconsfield: Sunday, 25th Aug. [1844].

'My dear Sarah,—I left Mincham last Wednesday, and hope to be at home on Tuesday. You must have seen Lady Essex, for she is at a loss what to do next, and wishes much to consult you. I wrote to you before I left home, and I wrote to you a long letter last Friday,

but it was intrusted to a private hand and lost on the road. You may have returned home and left it for aught I know. Cary's death [1] and Madge's marriage [2] are the only events. I have heard to-day from Henry at Broadstairs and I should like to find myself there.

'Yours ever,

'S. R.'

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'The Grange: 18th Oct. [1844].

'My dear Sarah,—I am delighted to think you enjoyed yourselves at Torquay, and hope the fine weather we have had extended to you. Tom Rogers, when I desired him to call, wrote word that he had been confined for three weeks, and Edmund, whom I sent to him in my absence, said he looked very ill. Here follows my journal: September 28th, Rochester. 29th, Canterbury. 30th, Broadstairs, where I found Maltby sitting by the fireside in a nice apartment prepared for me by the hotel people. I then wrote to William, who, it seems, was touring in Ireland; also to Moxon, who came on Tuesday, October 6th, and enjoyed himself so exceedingly that when he came to town on the 9th nothing would satisfy his wife and sister but they must go too, and there they now are. October 9th, Maltby returned to town with me.

[1] He died in London on the 14th of August.

[2] The Rev. Thomas Madge, the eminent minister of the Unitarian chapel in Essex Street, married Ellen Bischoff, third daughter of James Bischoff, of 20 Highbury Terrace. Mr. Madge died in a venerable and revered old age on the 29th of August, 1870. My esteemed friend Mrs. Madge is still living. She has been an octogenarian for several years, and is still surrounded by a large circle of attached friends. I am indebted to her excellent memory for some interesting facts in this narrative.

10th, went to Abinger, where I found the Campbells and Currys. Bobus came on the 12th; Fanny Smith walked over to see me with Hester, who is to be married in November. 14th, returned home, calling upon the Campbells at Ashtead on my way. All were very kind and pleasant, and you were much regretted. 15th, Maltby dined with me, and on the 16th I came by railroad to the Grange, where I now am, and where the only visitor is Lady Morley. My intention was to return home on Monday, when I had asked Caroline and Lucy (now at Newington) to dine with me, and then proceed next day to Bowood, but, on comparing notes with Lady Morley, who is going there too, and who has also changed her measures, I find that I shall just save 102 miles by going directly by post across the country. So I have written to put off my dinner, though very unwillingly, and on Monday shall go to Bowood in hack chaises, 48 miles instead of 150. There I think of staying perhaps a fortnight, and then returning home. I hope Patty is pretty well, as you don't say to the contrary. You must not fatigue yourself, but I find that by walking and resting and walking a little again one can do enough in a day. Lord Ashburton has just offered me a quiet horse, and I long to ride, but a broken leg would be no joke at my age, and I declined it. You have a great advantage over me, for an open carriage would chill me to death, and I can scarcely keep myself alive in two shirts and a great coat. I think of next winter with dread. My love to Patty, and to Elizabeth and Becky.

'Yours ever,

'S. Rogers.'

The next letter needs neither introduction nor comment.

Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Albaro, near Genoa: Sunday, First September, 1844.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—We have been greatly concerned to hear through Mr. Forster of your having been unwell, and seriously so. But hearing from the same source that you had recovered, we were, like the town ladies in the "Vicar of Wakefield" (with a small difference in respect of sincerity), extremely glad again, and to the end that we may not be made sorry once more by any flying rumours that may shape their course this way, we entreat you to let us know, under your own hand, that you are in as good health, heart, and spirits as we would have you. Believe me, dear friend, you need not desire to be in better condition than that.

'We are living very quietly out here, close to the seashore. I have taken a very commodious and spacious apartment in the Palazzo Peschiere for the next six months. Do you know that Palace? It is splendidly situated in the midst of beautiful gardens, and on the side of a steep hill. The grounds being open to the public for their recreation, I may say of it, altering three words of yours,

> 'Tis in the heart of Genoa (he who comes
> Should come on foot), and in a place of stir;
> Men on their daily pleasure, early and late,
> Thronging its very threshold.

'I wish you would come and pluck an orange from the tree at Christmas time. You should walk on the terrace

as early in the morning as you pleased, and there are brave breezy places in the neighbourhood to which you could transfer those stalwart Broadstairs walks of yours, and hear the sea, too, roaring in your ears. I could show you an old chest in a disused room upstairs where Ginevra's sister may have hidden—alas, she was an only child! But where she *might* have hidden, had she ever lived and died, and left her memory to you. Come and see it.

'A little, patient, revolutionary officer, exiled in England during many years, comes to and fro three times a week, to read and speak Italian with me. A poor little lame butterfly of a man, fluttering a little bit at one time, and hopping a little bit at another, and getting through life at some disadvantage or other always. If I question him closely on some idiom which he is not in a condition to explain, he usually shakes his head dolefully and begins to cry. But this is not what I meant to say just now, when I began to allude to him. He has initiated me in the "Promessi Sposi"—the book which Violetta read that night. And what a clever book it is! I have not proceeded far into the story, but am quite charmed with it. The interviews between the bridegroom and the priest, on the morning of the disappointment—and between the bridegroom and the bride and her mother, and the description of poor 'renzo's walk to the house of the learned doctor, with the fowls and the scene between them, and the whole idea of the character and story of Padre Cristoforo, are touched, I think, by a most delicate and charming hand. I have just left the good father in Don Rodrigo's boisterous

eating hall, and am in no little anxiety, I assure you.

'You recollect the Church of the Cappuccini—l'Annunciata? It is being entirely repainted and regilded; and a marble portico is building over the great entrance. That part of the interior—some two-thirds—the redecoration of which is finished, is the most gorgeous work imaginable. Standing on a bright day before the Great Altar, and looking up into the three Domes, one is made giddy by the flash and glory of the place. The contrast between this temple and its ministers is the most singular and complete that the whole world could furnish, surely. But it is a land of contradictions in everything, this Italy.

'Do you know of the *Marriage Brokers* among the Genoese? Sometimes they are old women—queer old women who are always presenting themselves mysteriously at unexpected times, like their sisterhood in the "Arabian Nights." But there are men brokers: shrewd, hard, thorough-paced men of business. They keep formal registers of marriageable young gentlemen and marriageable young ladies; and when they find a very good match on their books—or rather, when one of these gentry does—he goes to the young lady's father, and says, "Signore, you have a daughter to dispose of?" "I have," says the father. "And you will give her," says the broker, "fifty thousand francs?" "On fair terms," replies the father. "Signore," says the broker, "I know a young gentleman with fifty thousand francs embarked in business, who will take fifty thousand francs, and the clothes." "Clothes to what value?" asks the father. "Clothes to the value of

five hundred francs," says the broker, "and a gold watch. She must have a gold watch." "His terms are too high," says the father. "My daughter hasn't got a gold watch." "But, Signore, she has a cast in her eye," says the broker; "and a cast in the eye is cheap at a gold watch." "Say clothes worth two hundred and fifty francs," retorts the father, "and a silver bracelet. I admit the cast in the eye, and will throw in the bracelet; though it is too much." "We couldn't do it, Signore," says the broker, "under a gold watch. The young gentleman might have done better in his last negotiation; but he stood out for a watch. Besides, Signore, as a fair-dealing man, you must make some allowance for the ankles; which," says the broker, referring to his books, "are thick. If I did rigid justice to my employer, Signore, and hadn't a personal regard for you, I should require a hundred and fifty francs at least for each leg." On such terms the bargain is discussed and the balance struck; and the young people don't see each other until it is all settled.

'In short, it's very like the system of our own dear dowagers at home; except that the broker boldly calls himself a Marriage-Broker, and has his regular percentage on the fortune, which some of our own revered merchants in such wares wouldn't object to, I dare say. I should like to start somebody I know at Fulham in business on those terms.

'My dear Mr. Rogers, if you ever get to the end of this letter without leaping over the middle, forgive me. If you get to the end by a short cut, remember me not the less kindly; and however you get to the end, believe

me that, although it is all true, the truest part of the whole is the assurance that I am always, with great regard, your affectionate friend,

'CHARLES DICKENS.

'P.S. Kate and her sister rebel at not being mentioned by name; I'm pretending to write long messages which would take another sheet at least.'

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Bowood: 1st Nov., 1844.

'My dear Sarah,—I came down very snugly and comfortably in my own carriage and at an expense rather less than the old postage. I found the Shelburnes, Lady Kerry, Luttrell, and the Edens, not to forget Lady H. and a couple not yet announced as such, if they are to be such—Lady Louisa, much the most agreeable, and the best looking of the Howards, James H. He has since invited me in the name of his father, Lord Suffolk, and I think I shall go and pay them a visit for a day or two. I was unwilling to write till I saw Moore, who came yesterday and is just gone. He says Mrs. M. is much better, and was very sorry not to see you. He says he did not understand you, when I assured him that you offered to come in. But he is very strange—for when I offered to return with him to-day and to see her, he said, "Don't come to-day—and don't walk with me. I compose as I walk." This place is really very splendid from the autumnal tints. The house is very much as you saw it. Next week the Bunburys come and I shall certainly stay till they come on Wednesday, and perhaps not return till

the week afterwards if I go to Lord Suffolk's. As for my Lady H[olland], Luttrell thinks her very cross, but I think her much as usual. Dr. Babbington attends her and her usual suite—her pony chaise, groom, etc. She engaged the double carriage, in one sat Lady H., Mr. Babbington, Luttrell, and Mrs. S—; in the other sat the four servants, Harold now and then reading the newspaper to her through the window.

'Yours ever,

'S. R.'

On the last Monday in November Rogers was startled by news which, in the course of the day, made an unusual stir in the City, and in the evening was the talk of all the social circles in London. Rogers's bank had been robbed. I have fully told the story of the robbery in the Life of Samuel Sharpe, who was at that time the chief managing partner in the bank of which his uncle was the nominal head. On that morning, when the great iron safe in which all the valuables of the bank were kept was opened, it was found to be empty. On Saturday night 40,710*l.* in bank notes; more than 1,000*l.* in gold, and 5,000*l.* in bills of exchange had been locked up in it; and in the course of Sunday the safe had been opened with one of its own keys, the whole of the money and bills taken out, the door duly locked again and the key replaced. The sequel may be told in the words have before used—

'The thieves were prevented from profiting by their immense booty by the admirable promptitude with which the matter was followed up. It was a race

between the owners of the notes and the robbers, which should be first in reaching foreign banks. The thieves had the start, but so promptly were the numbers and dates of the stolen notes communicated to home and continental bankers, that the thieves were unable to make use of them. Their promptitude was shown in the fact that a single note which, in the haste, had been omitted from the list, was instantly cashed at the Bank of England before the firm had discovered the omission. Two months after the robbery the Bank of England repaid to Messrs. Rogers & Co. the value of the stolen paper, 40,710*l.*, upon the usual guarantee of indemnity in case the notes should ever be presented for payment. In the end the actual loss was small, but until the notes had been recovered and cancelled at the Bank of England, a constant source of anxiety remained. A reward of 3,000*l.* was first offered. This failing, it was reduced to 2,500*l.*; and, at the end of about two years, just after notice had been given that on a day named it would be further reduced to 2,000*l.*, the notes were got back and the 2,500*l.* was paid.'[1]

The time that passed before the recovery of the money was one of great anxiety to the partners in the Bank. Rogers did not put down his carriage, but changed it some months later for a brougham; and he knew too well the solid foundations of his fortune and the integrity and business qualities of his partners, to fear that any very large or serious change would have to be made in his habits. 'I should be ashamed of myself,' he said to some of his friends, 'if I were unable

[1] *Samuel Sharpe, Egyptologist. &c.*, p. 165.

to bear a shock like this at my age. It would be an amusement to me to see how little I could live on if it were necessary. But I shall not be put to the experiment. Let the worst come to the worst, we shall not be ruined.' The event, moreover, had its bright side. It showed the universal esteem in which he was held, for offers of help, expressions of regret, and assurances of confidence poured in on every side. Mr. Everett, who was staying at Lord Ashburton's, wrote at once.

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'The Grange, Hants: 29th Nov., 1844.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—If anything would reconcile one to such a vexatious affair as that which has just befallen you, it must be the deep and unaffected interest which all your friends—that is all who are so happy as to enjoy some degree of your intimacy—take in it.

'Everyone here speaks of it as he would if it had occurred within his own family circle.

'It would be contrary to almost universal experience in such cases if the greater part of the money is not recovered. Lord Ashburton is confident (unless it is a thing which has long been going on in secret) that it will be recovered. If, unfortunately, it should turn out otherwise, it ought to be some consolation to you that it is the only part of your fortune which has gone for any other objects than those of benevolence, hospitality, and taste.

'There is one treasure which thieves cannot break through and steal from you—the affectionate veneration

of your friends, among the sincerest of whom allow me to subscribe myself most faithfully yours,

'EDWARD EVERETT.

'We have all sadly missed you here. I return to town to-morrow P.M.'

Lord Ashburton wrote, at the end of a week, that his first impulse had been to go to town, but that he was prevented by considering how little probable it was that his presence could be of service. After discussing the chances of recovering the notes, he said that if any momentary difficulty was caused in the working of the ordinary machinery of a bank, 'I am wholly at your service, and I could assist without any inconvenience to myself.'

Lord Lansdowne wrote—

'It generally happens about this season of the year, and I find it is so at this moment, that I have a larger balance than usual at my banker's, amounting, I believe, to some thousands—will you allow me, if it can at all contribute towards meeting temporary demands, whilst making arrangements for the future, to transfer the greater portion of this to an account with your house, which I assure you I could do without inconvenience or anxiety, as I am sure I could without the least risk of ultimate loss. You would really do me a favour if I could make myself useful on such an occasion by letting me be so.'

Among large numbers of other letters are these—

Sydney Smith to Samuel Rogers.

[No date.]

'My dear Rogers,—I have not called upon you because I cannot, but I request you to believe that none of your friends more sincerely regrets the misfortune which has befallen you than I do. You were one of the first persons of note who noticed me when I came to London, and the kindness you began has been steadily continued; but if I had known nothing of you I should have been quite unhappy to see such a fair specimen of human happiness so cruelly and so suddenly marred. My great hope is that it will end (as all these things have always done in my time) by compromise.

'Mrs. Sydney and I send you the most sincere good wishes, and the kindest regards.

'Sydney Smith.'

The Countess Grey to Samuel Rogers.

'21st Dec. [1844].

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Lord Grey insists upon my writing to you at the risk of your being bored by it, to say how very sorry he was to hear of your having had so disagreeable an adventure, and to assure you that he must always take the most affectionate interest in all that relates to you. I need not assure you, dear Mr. Rogers, that my feelings towards you are precisely the same.

'I have no doubt of your hearing constantly of Lord Grey, and that it has given you pleasure to be told that he is supposed to be going on well, and that we are

encouraged to hope that he may in time be restored to health. I try to believe their assurances, but his recovery is so slow I am often disheartened.

'We are very anxious indeed about Sydney Smith. My last account of him was a better one, but it seems to be an alarming case. I have, too, been much affected by the death of my oldest and dearest friend, Lady Anne Smith; dear Mr. Rogers, it is melancholy to think how the circle of our friends is narrowed. Believe me always and affectionately yours,

'M. E. Grey.

'P.S. All my children that are here desire to be most kindly remembered to you.'

Rogers, as a letter from Mr. Everett shows, sometimes lent some of the memoranda which formed the volume of 'Recollections.' He acted on the advice Mr. Everett gave in this letter.

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'46 Grosvenor Place: 22nd Dec., 1844.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I write this to tell you, in case I should not find you at home, how much I am obliged to you for the privilege of reading the *memoranda* contained in your golden little manuscript, herewith returned. I was half tempted to page and index it for you; but such mechanical appliances, in a collection of this kind, would be like the railway among the lakes, against which poor Wordsworth is fighting.

'You must not forget that one of these days you are

to show me your memoranda of the Duke of Wellington. I rejoice in the hope that you have bestowed some of that care on yourself which you have so well given to recording the wit and wisdom of others. I see your "Journal" mentioned in the manuscript; and since it is necessary to look forward to the time (ἔσσεται ἦμαρ, may it be far distant) when your living intercourse will cease to be the delight of all around you, I trust you will feel it a kind of duty to leave behind you that which will, in some degree, supply the loss, and perpetuate your intellectual existence.

'You must not, however, infer from this remark that I think your poems are not of themselves a sufficient acquittal of the debt which every man gifted like you owes to the world. I can easily prove to you that I feel all their worth, as I do most truly enjoy their calm, deep beauty, which suits my own subdued spirit better than the startling wonders (*speciosa miracula*) of the younger and more ambitious school. My secretary, Mr. Rives, left me the past week to pass the winter in Italy. I put into his hand at parting a beautiful copy of your "Italy," with this inscription—

'Francisco Roberto Rives,
Optime de se merenti
Italiam visuro,
Alteram hanc vix minus
Pulchram Italiam,
Opus poetæ eorum qui vivunt
Inter Anglos summi,
Amicitiæ pignus,
Commendat
Eduardus Everett.

So that, you see, in begging you to preserve your journals and letters, I am not insensible to what you have already done—neither am I *selfish*, for, though some years your junior, the archers have planted more than one arrow in my side, and my life is worth little.

'I hardly know what has given my pen this unwonted direction—the thought, I believe, that in a few months —but I must stop.—Adieu.

'Believe me affectionately yours,

'E. E.'

The year had a gloomy close. Rogers himself was ill, Sydney Smith was dying in his house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, and his brother Bobus, infirm and blind, was only waiting for the summons. Lord Grey was lying ill at Howick, and Rogers felt, as old men must, that his friends were falling round him. Early in the new year, however, he writes to his sister in excellent spirits, commenting like a young man on the news of the day.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Jan., 1845.

'My dear Sarah,—Then, in deference to your opinion, I have resolved to continue the carriage till the 5th of April, and then to start a brougham, which I may do without much loss of dignity, as his lordship and the Duke of Devonshire exhibit themselves in theirs. I am very sorry that you are no better for the change. As for me, I dare not yet walk about, being not yet *myself*, though better; and as you think of returning so soon, perhaps I had better remain quiet.

'Miss Martineau is now on a visit within three miles of Rydal. She and W[ordsworth], according to Robinson, have met at dinner, but neither of them spoke of mesmerism, nor has either of them mentioned the other since. All of the Rydal party are incredulous and sarcastic. She comes to town, and in her way means to show herself only in the larger towns. If she was Tom Thumb or the Lion Tamer she could not use grander language. I am sorry Mr. Young is ill—I suppose you mean the actor. He is greatly in error about me; for I thought myself cut by him. I am very very sorry indeed for your account of poor Fanny. Sydney Smith continues as before, confined to his bed, nor do I ever expect to see him again. I fear you have had a hurricane. Here the moons and the sunsets have been beautiful, and I was rejoicing at them on your account. Pray thank Patty for her very very kind letter, and, with my best love to all, believe me to be yours very affectionately,

'S. R.'

Here are some further recollections, from the notebook of his nephew, Henry Sharpe, of the old man's talk in his eighty-first and eighty-second years—

'Talking of asking a favour by letter of a minister or great man, he said the great thing was to squeeze your matter into as small a compass as possible, not to turn over the page. He would spend three days in composing and abbreviating such a letter.

'He always loved Cicero for his love of literature, and thought him in many respects similar to Petrarch, who

clasped Homer to his bosom though he could not read Greek.

'He praised "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews" very much, and wished there were an edition with the objectionable parts left out, as they are now hardly books which a father could give to his children.

'He said it was a great mistake of authors to represent characters as perfectly good or utterly bad. Miss Edgeworth had made Attorney Case in "Simple Susan" devoid of any good quality, which was unnatural. There was no man so bad as to have no good qualities. Shakespeare never drew anyone thoroughly bad. If it were not that it would frighten people, he would undertake to show that even Judas had redeeming qualities; he felt repentance and went and flung his thirty pieces of silver at his bribers, and then, being unable to live with the feeling of his iniquity, he destroyed himself. This showed he was not utterly lost.

'He thought it a wicked doctrine to say that God Almighty would condemn any being to everlasting punishment. As every one had some seeds of good in him, he might require a long period for improvement, but he must be saved at last. We should not step at once from this life to the full enjoyment of Heaven; there must be different stages of probationary existence. Even the devil, if there were such a personage, could not be damned for ever.

'Every man is good as he retains more or less of his mother in him.

'Tacitus shows by his Life of Agricola that he was a man of tender feeling and affection.

'"If there is one point in which a man should commit an excess of expenditure it is in the rent of his house. You should be very cautious in the choice of a situation. I took my house forty-four years ago: it cost me, perhaps, rather more than I could justify, but during all this time I have never once thought of leaving it, and three removals are as bad as a fire."

'A young lady said to me yesterday, we had nothing nice in the house to read. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "have all the thousands of books in the library downstairs been burnt?"

'*June 2nd*, 1844.—He showed us a copy of the "Monthly Review" for 1786, containing a favourable notice of his first poem, the "Ode to Superstition," then just published. "I was then twenty-three years old," he said; "my sister took it up to my father, who used to sit alone reading in the evening from six till nine, when he came down to read prayers to the family. He said very little to me about it, but I thought he treated my opinions with more deference afterwards. In the course of the next six years I only sold sixty or seventy copies. In 1792 I published 'The Pleasures of Memory,' being then twenty-nine." Mr. Mitford, the publisher of Gray's "Letters," asked if he had been occupied with the work during the whole of the six years; he said, "Yes; it was always before me." "Italy I wrote a good deal upon the spot; I made one journey to Rome and Naples and back alone. Before I printed I showed my work to Wordsworth, Crowe, and Cary, who assisted me with criticisms as to the versification. I had great difficulty in getting out of the couplet into blank verse. I consider Crowe very

perfect in blank verse; at first he objected to a great deal, but when completed and ready to print he said he had no fault to find."

'I asked him what it was upon which Dryden's fame as a poet stood. He said upon his great command of language and the beauty of his versification. As he wrote a great deal, there were many faulty parts, but there were passages not to be equalled in any other author. "Men are but children of a larger growth," from one of his tragedies, was very happy. He quoted a stanza from Dryden's translation of the twenty-ninth ode of the first book of Horace, beginning "Happy the man and happy he alone," as excellent.[1] If there had been no Dryden, there had been no Pope; Pope is full of lines copied from him. Fox was a great admirer of Dryden, and considered no expression could be correctly used in English composition which was not found in Dryden; you always found him with Dryden in his hand.

'Fox took a writing-master after he got into office, that he might learn to write plainly; he was a pains-taking man, as all men are who produce anything good. All men should write well, at least legibly; all can if they will.

'Lord Byron was very fond of Lord Clare all his life

[1] Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own,
He who, secure within, can say,
'To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine;
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.'

because when at school together he had defended Clare from bigger boys—conferring a favour always makes you love the object of your kindness, though it is not always reciprocal. When Byron was leaving England never to return, he wrote to Lord Clare to come and take leave of him. Lord Clare wrote word back that he could not, as he was going a-shopping with his mother. But they afterwards met on the road in Italy, and shed tears together. "Byron was of a very generous nature, always ready to assist a friend in trouble. Ward had written a very malicious article against me in the Quarterly, in consequence of some supposed offence. Byron was just publishing 'The Giaour,' and thereupon prefixed to it a dedication to me, full of the warmest praise and expressions of friendship."

'A traveller from Spain complaining of the great quantity of uncultivated land you meet with there, Frere answered, "I like sometimes to see land that God Almighty keeps in his own hands."

'Cowper's translation of Homer. Prefers it very much to Pope's. Has read it half-a-dozen times. How beautiful the language when the old nurse recognises Ulysses and drops his foot into the vase, spilling the water. "Thou art himself, Ulysses!" A lady who cannot read the original should get one of the Oxford literal translations, and then, when anything in Cowper strikes her as particularly beautiful, should turn to the place and see what were the very words of Homer. Of the two poems, the "Iliad" has the finest passages, but the "Odyssey" is the more pleasing subject. There is nothing in the "Odyssey" equal to the parting of Hector

and Andromache at the Scæan gate, or to the mourning of Andromache at Hector's death—

> 'nor gav'st me precious word
> To be remembered day and night with tears.

Helen's too—

> 'Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee;

and the meeting of Priam and Achilles. Yet the "Odyssey" pleases more, because the story is so beautiful. Fox was a great admirer of Homer; when asked which he had rather have written, the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," he said, "I know which I had rather read, the 'Odyssey.'"

'A gentleman remarked that he did not like the new fashion of building churches with open seats instead of pews; you might find yourself sitting next your coachman. "So you might in heaven," replied Mr. Rogers.'

CHAPTER VI.

1845, 1846, WITH GLANCES BACK TO 1840-42.

Death of Sydney Smith, of 'Bobus' Smith, of Lord Grey, of Lady Holland—A Letter of Lady Holland's—Rogers's View of Lady Holland—Mrs. Kemble's 'Recollections'—Rogers and Mrs. Grote—Sydney Smith on Rogers—Letter from Edward Everett—An Autumn in Paris—Rogers and Mrs. Forster—The Political Crisis in 1845—Rogers and Lord Grey—Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Dickens—Letters from Edward Everett and Charles Sumner—Rogers's Portrait at Harvard—Rogers and Mrs. Norton—Letters from Mrs. Norton—Brougham's Correspondence—Mr. Ruskin and Rogers—Mr. Ruskin on Venice.

SYDNEY SMITH died on the 22nd of February, 1845, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.[1] His death was the going out of a great source of warmth and light from the circle in which Rogers lived. All the world missed and mourned the gentlest and most genial of wits, but to those who were constantly enlivened by his merriment, and improved and cheered by his pure and freshening influence, the world was permanently duller and colder for his loss. Yet probably, to the private circle, the death of his elder brother, Robert Percy Smith, a fortnight afterwards was even a more serious deprivation. His nickname of 'Bobus' was given him at Eton, and clung to him through life. He was the best writer of Latin verse in his time; he could repeat long passages of the Latin

[1] His latest biographer, Mr. Stuart J. Reid, says he was in his seventy-fifth year. He was born on the 3rd of June, 1771, and would therefore have completed his seventy-fourth year on the 3rd of June, 1845.

prose writers, and he was always spoken of by Rogers as one of the most acute men he had ever met. He made a fortune in India early in life, sat some years in Parliament, made his house in Savile Row one of the most popular in London, and introduced his brother Sydney to London society. He was one of the few men with whom Rogers, who had the highest esteem for him, talked over questions of theology. Rogers told Mr. Dyce that the three acutest men with whom he was ever acquainted, Sir James Mackintosh, Malthus, and Bobus Smith, were all agreed on the problem of evil. They came to the conclusion that the attributes of the Deity must be in some respects limited, else there would be no sin and misery. Rogers visited him as he lay dying. Bobus Smith said, 'Rogers, however we may doubt on some points, we have made up our minds on one,—that Christ was sent into the world commissioned by the Almighty to instruct mankind.' Rogers answered, 'Yes; of that I am perfectly convinced.' It is interesting to know that more than fifty years after Dr. Price's death, his most distinguished disciple still held the fundamental principle of his teaching. Bobus Smith is reported to have said to his brother-in-law, Dr. (afterwards Sir H.) Holland, who remarked to him, 'Your profession (the law) does not make angels of men.' 'No—but yours does.' Dr. Holland writes—

Dr. Holland to Samuel Rogers.

'Brook Street: Monday, 10th March [1845].

'My dear Sir,—Knowing your affection for the dear and excellent friend whom we have lost in Savile Row,

I cannot forbear writing a few lines to you, that we may in some sort mix our grief in this loss together. To himself the event was less painful than to us. You know that he never coveted life; and of late his blindness (which had become complete) and several other infirmities coming on, still further abated any wish to live.

'The disorder of which he died was identical with that which carried off his brother, after a more protracted illness—diseased heart, with dropsy of the chest as an effect of it. Singular that two such men, so related, should be carried off almost at the same moment of time!

'In all my own intercourse with the world, I have scarcely met one who might compare in power and fullness of intellect with him about whom I am now writing to you. I think you will join with me in this impression.

'Believe me, my dear Mr. Rogers, ever yours most faithfully,

'H. Holland.

'My poor wife feels deeply this double bereavement, scarcely to be repaired to her.'

As the year went on other deaths still further desolated the circle in which Rogers lived. On the 17th of July Lord Grey died at Howick, and his death was at once announced to Rogers in the following letter.

The Honourable Frederick Grey to Samuel Rogers.

'Howick: 17th July, 1845; Thursday night.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Your long friendship with my father and your kindness to myself make it my painful

duty to announce to you his death. He was, after being better on Monday than for some time previous, suddenly attacked by inflammation in the left arm on Tuesday morning. It soon proved to be erysipelas, and his strength rapidly gave way under the attack, and a little after eight this evening he breathed his last. He did not appear to suffer at all. Howick and myself arrived at two o'clock, but he was already so exhausted as to be scarcely, if at all, conscious of our presence. My mother was with him to the last and bore up wonderfully, and I trust she may have strength sufficient to support her.

'Believe me, my dear Mr. Rogers,

'Yours most sincerely,

'Fred. Wm. Grey.'

Earl Grey was a few months younger than Rogers, having been born on the 13th of March, 1764. He had, therefore, completed four months of his eighty-second year when he died, while Rogers was within a fortnight of his eighty-second birthday. He felt these successive losses most deeply. Lord Grey had his most sincere admiration, and, as we have already seen, he had heartily sympathised with the great Reform minister in the circumstances which led to his retirement from office eleven years before. The remarkable statement in Rogers's letter to Richard Sharp,[1] that the wish of Lord Grey's heart was to continue in office another year and to carry the two Church Reforms—a statement which Rogers says he knew to be true—shows the confidential relations in which they stood to each other. Lord Grey had been

[1] See *ante*, p. 107.

living in retirement for these eleven years, and new men and new questions were already coming to the front, when the 'long summer day' of his useful and honoured life and his 'still happier' age, to use Rogers's words, came to its close. Rogers's lines, 'written in July 1834,' fitly expressed the admiration and affection he felt for Lord Grey—

> Grey, thou hast served, and well, the sacred cause
> That Hampden, Sidney, died for. Thou hast stood,
> Scorning all thought of Self from first to last,
> Among the foremost in that glorious field:
> From first to last; and ardent as thou art,
> Held on with equal step as best became
> A lofty mind, loftiest when most assailed:
> Never, though galled by many a barbed shaft,
> By many a bitter taunt from friend and foe,
> Swerving, nor shrinking. Happy in thy Youth,
> Thy youth the dawn of a long summer day;
> But in thy Age still happier: thine to earn
> The gratitude of millions yet unborn;
> Thine to conduct, through ways how difficult,
> A mighty people in their march sublime
> From Good to Better. Great thy recompense,
> When in their eyes thou readest what thou hast done;
> And may'st thou long enjoy it; may'st thou long
> Preserve for them what still they claim as theirs,
> That generous fervour and pure eloquence,
> Thine from thy birth, and Nature's noblest gifts
> To guard what they have gained!

In November Lady Holland and Lord Melbourne died. Lady Holland had moved to South Street on Lord Holland's death, but she kept together there much of the society which had made Holland House famous

in earlier days. Sir Henry Holland tells us that he was present at the very last dinner party she ever gave, when Thiers and Palmerston met for the first time. She was the despot of Holland House society, and Rogers, though one of her chief favourites and most intimate friends, was sometimes rebellious under her sway. A letter from her, which is without date of year, I reproduce to illustrate the relation in which she stood to Rogers. It was probably written in 1832.

Lady Holland to Samuel Rogers.

'What are you doing, my dear friend, that I know nothing of you? You promised, if not a visit at least a note. Can you come to us to-day, to meet the Carlisles, or to-morrow, or, in short, on any day before the 12th, on which day we purpose being at Woburn, to make the Duke a visit before he joins the Duchess in Scotland? We proceed on to the Ladies of the Forest, and shall be at Ampthill at the end of the month, where, I trust, hope, rely, and believe you and your sister will bestow upon us the month of September. Remember how you are pledged always about Ampthill.

'I have read with great pleasure your beautiful description of the constellation of the Cross,[1] and also referred to Humboldt. When I began your volume, I could not lay it down. Surely the verses in Westminster Abbey are very fine; indeed, it is difficult within so small a compass to find so many beauties collected.

'Yours affectionately,

'E. V. Holland.

'Wednesday, 1st August.

[1] In the sixth canto of *Columbus*.

'Lord Holland has a little attack of gout, from the weakness in one of his hands. I was glad to find when I sent to enquire about Lord Ashburnham, that he was better.'

Rogers was in constant communication with her to the last, and a very short time after her death he gave Mrs. Kemble an account of her last days, which is to be found in a letter[1] written by her from Welwyn.

'Just before I came down here, Rogers paid me a long visit, and talked a great deal about Lady Holland; and I felt interested in what he said about the woman who had been the centre of so remarkable a society, and his intimate friend for so many years. Having all her life appeared to suffer the most unusual terror, not of death only, but of any accident that could possibly, or impossibly, befall her, he said that she had died with perfect composure, and though consciously within the very shadow of death for three whole days before she crossed the dark threshold, she expressed neither fear nor anxiety, and exhibited a tranquillity of mind by no means general at that time, and which surprised many of the persons of her acquaintance. . . . Rogers said that she spoke of her life with considerable satisfaction, asserting that she had done as much good and as little harm as she could during her existence. The only person about whom she expressed any tenderness was her daughter. Lady Holland desired much to see her, and she crossed the Channel, having travelled in great

[1] *Records of Later Life.* By Frances Anne Kemble, iii. 91–93.

haste, and arrived just in time to fulfil her mother's wish and receive her blessing.

'Her will creates great astonishment—created, I should say! for she is twice buried already, under the Corn Laws question. She left her son only 2,000*l.*, and to Lord John Russell 1,500*l.* a year, which at his death reverts to Lady Lilford's children. To Rogers, strange to say, nothing; but he professed to think it an honour to be left out. To my brother, strange to say, something (Lord Holland's copy of the British Essayists in thirty odd volumes); and to Lady Palmerston, her collection of fans, which, though it was a very valuable and curious one, seems to me a little like making fun of that super-fine fine lady.'

Mrs. Kemble tells us of the effect of these losses on the old poet. She describes him as 'very much broken and altered, very deaf, very sad.' This was written two days after Lady Holland's death, when, as Mrs. Kemble says, 'he literally stands as though his turn were next.' She speaks of him, however, in most affectionate terms. She persuaded him to go down to Burnham Beeches with her, and this is her account of the visit—

'I went down to Burnham with the old poet, and was sorry to find that, though he had consented to pay Mrs. Grote this visit, he was not in particularly harmonious tune for her society, which was always rather a trial to his fastidious nerves and refined taste. The drive of between three and four miles in a fly (very different from his own luxurious carriage) through intri-

cate lanes and rural winding avenues, did not tend to soften his acerbities, and I perceived at once, on alighting from the carriage, that the aspect of the place did not find favour in his eyes.

'Mrs. Grote had just put up an addition to her house, a sort of single wing, which added a good-sized drawing-room to the modest mansion I had before visited. Whatever accession of comfort the house received within, from this addition to its size, its beauty externally was not improved by it, and Mr. Rogers stood before the offending edifice, surveying it with a sardonic sneer that I should think even brick and mortar must have found hard to bear. He had hardly uttered his three first disparaging bitter sentences of utter scorn and abhorrence of the architectural abortion (which, indeed, it was), when Mrs. Grote herself made her appearance in her usual country costume—box-coat, hat on her head, and stick in her hand. Mr. Rogers turned to her with a verjuice smile, and said, "I was just remarking that in whatever part of the world I had seen this building, I should have guessed to whose taste I might attribute its erection." To which, without an instant's hesitation, she replied, "Ah! 'tis a beastly thing, to be sure. The confounded workmen played the devil with the place while I was away." Then, without any more words, she led the way to the interior of her habitation. . . .

'During this visit, much interesting conversation passed with reference to the letters of Sydney Smith, who was just dead; and the propriety of publishing all his correspondence, which, of course, contained strictures and remarks upon people with whom he had been living

in habits of friendly social intimacy. I remember one morning a particularly lively discussion on the subject between Mrs. Grote and Mr. Rogers. The former had a great many letters from Sydney Smith, and urged the impossibility of publishing them, with all their comments on members of the London world. Rogers, on the contrary, apparently delighted at the idea of the mischief such revelations would make, urged Mrs. Grote to give them ungarbled to the press. "Oh, but now," said the latter, "here, for instance, Mr. Rogers, such a letter as this about ——; do see how he cuts up the poor fellow. It really never would do to publish it." Rogers took the letter from her, and read it with a stony grin of diabolical delight on his countenance, and occasional chuckling exclamations of "Publish it! publish it! Put an R, dash, or an R and four stars for the name. He'll never know it, though everybody else will." While Mr. Rogers was thus delectating himself in anticipation with R—'s execution, Mrs. Grote, by whose side I was sitting on a low stool, quietly unfolded another letter of Sydney Smith's, and silently held it before my eyes, and the very first words in it were a most ludicrous allusion to Rogers's cadaverous appearance.[1] As I raised my eyes from this most absurd description of him, and saw him still absorbed in his evil delight, the whole struck me as so like a scene in a farce that I could not refrain from bursting out laughing.

'In talking of Sydney Smith, Mr. Rogers gave us

[1] The expression is given in another letter of Mrs. Kemble's. It was, 'I never think of death in London but when I see Rogers.' In her whole account of this interview Mrs. Kemble evidently mistook for serious what was meant in fun.

many amusing details of various visits he paid him at his place in Somersetshire, Combe Florey. . . . Rogers told us, too, with great satisfaction, an anecdote of Sydney Smith's son, known in London by the nickname of the Assassin. . . . This gentleman, being rather addicted to horse-racing and the undesirable society of riders, trainers, jockeys, and semi-turf blacklegs, meeting a friend of his father's on his arrival at Combe Florey, the visitor said, "So you have got Rogers here, I find." "O yes," replied Sydney Smith's dissimilar son, with a rueful countenance, "but it isn't *the* Rogers you know;" *the* Rogers according to him being a famous horse-trainer and rider of that name.'

The letter shown by Mrs. Grote to Mrs. Kemble in Rogers's presence may be compared with an extract from one addressed to Lady Holland, which Mrs. Sydney Smith sent to him soon after her husband's death.

Mrs. Sydney Smith to Samuel Rogers.

'I cannot resist sending it to you, dear Mr. Rogers—

'"I think you very fortunate, my dear Lady Holland, in having Rogers at Rome. Shew me a more kind and friendly man; secondly, one from good manners, knowledge, fun, taste, and observation more agreeable; thirdly, a man of more strict political integrity, and of better character in private life. If I were to choose any Englishman in foreign parts whom I should wish to blunder upon, it should be Rogers."—*Sydney Smith.*

'Praise is sweet, but when it comes from one not too

prodigal of it, though always just to give it where due, it is worth reading.

'Most affectionately yours,

'C. A. S.'

There are many letters from Mrs. Sydney Smith to Rogers in the next few years, all in the same affectionate terms, telling him of her husband's affection for him and asking his advice on various matters. In one of these, which is chiefly about her husband, she says, 'I have a most sincere affection for you as one of his earliest and most attached friends, and of whose friendship he was always proud.'

Mr. Everett gives strong expression to his sense of the friendly welcome which had been given him by Rogers, among others in the old home.

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston: 30th Sept. 1845.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I will not allow the vessel which brought us to America to return to England without a line to let you know that we have arrived in safety, and that, even in the midst of the excitement and tumult of reaching home, we all retain the most affectionate remembrance of the second home, which, through the kindness of friends, we had gained in the land of our fathers. It is true that with the pleasing remembrance of the happy hours passed in their society, is mingled the sadness of feeling we may never enjoy it again, and self-reproach that we did not more assiduously cultivate it. I am now discontented with myself

that I left you any peace. I assure you it was not insensibility to the worth of the moments I passed in your society, but real diffidence and desire not to be obtrusive. Will you not make me some little *dédommagement* by giving me a few moments of your time? Let me see your exquisitely neat handwriting, telling me you have not entirely forgotten us. And believe me, that if it is any satisfaction to a man to know that he is remembered with affection and gratitude in another hemisphere, there is no one entitled to a greater share of it than yourself.

'Should you have time to write me a few lines, they will reach me safely if sent to "Mr. John Miller, 26 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden."

'With sincere attachment, faithfully yours,

'E. Everett.'

The letter came while the octogenarian friend to whom it was addressed was disporting himself in Paris. Wordsworth in a letter speaks of him as 'singularly fresh and strong for his years, and his mental faculties (with the exception of his memory a little) not at all impaired.' His own account of his autumn visits shows that even his physical energy must have been unusual for his time of life.

Samuel Rogers to Sarah Rogers.

'Paris: 23rd Oct., 1845.

'My dear Sarah,—I wrote from Broadstairs, but, having heard nothing in reply, conclude that you wait to hear from me at Paris, and a diary will best answer my purpose and yours.

'*Oct. 6th.*—Maltby left me to return by steamboat, being anxious to see Travers.

'*7th, 8th, 9th.*—Went to Dover, there saw only the Miss Westmacotts and Barry the architect. Rough weather.

'10*th.*—A good passage to Boulogne. Dined at *table d'hôte* with Mrs. Cholmondley and Mrs. Romilly, who asked much after you.

'11*th.*—Abbeville.

'12*th.*—Beauvais.

'13*th.*—Paris. Took my old nest at the top of the tree and drank tea very comfortably with Lady E. and Miss J. and Pop, who wished for you.

'14*th.*—Went with them to Norma. Louvre in the morning.

'15*th.*—Dined with the D'Henins. Maltby will tell you about Adèle.

'16*th.*—The eldest Shee breakfasted with me. Went with the B[ellenden] Kers and Miss C. to the French opera.

'17*th.*—Dined with them at the Frères Provençales.

'18*th.*—Mrs. and Miss Horner breakfasted with me and went with me at night to the French opera.

'19*th.*—Went to the Italian opera. Delightful day. Went to Meudon.

'20*th.*—Drank tea with Mrs. Forster.

'21*st.*—Mr. and Mrs. Martineau and son breakfasted with me. So far well, only I caught cold yesterday and have it still, and like Paris less than before, but am not in spirits, and the fault is in me. To-day it rains, and for some days it has been colder than usual, though

there have been many sunsets very splendid. Have been invited to the Embassy, but could not go, or should have met the Abingers. Washington Irving is here from Madrid, and I have breakfasted with him and his niece.

'Lord and Lady Abinger are here on a nuptial tour. All this sounds very busy, very like what you read in "The Morning Post." But to go to a better subject: I hope you are pretty well and still in the country. Mrs. Forster has had Lord and Lady Nugent with her. They are gone to Malta, by Marseilles, travelling by public conveyances and without man or maid. At Dover I fell in with Lord and Lady Ashburton on their way to Italy with their daughters. We crossed together and parted at St. Denis. I say parted, having exchanged talk on the road, but having had no meal together. But who do you think came close behind me all the way? Lady Conyngham, though I could not somehow get a sight of her. Once she breakfasted in the same room with Reece, talking freely with him, and when I looked in at the door, and he asked her if she knew Mr. Rogers, she said, "No." The Kers are on the wing for England, and so are the Horners. Henry [Sharpe] arrived last night from England, and tells me you were expected at home; he is, as usual, in high spirits.

'Yours ever,

'S. R.

'Hôtel de l'Europe, Rue de Rivoli: 23rd Oct.

'I may stay a fortnight longer. The Kers are very active and see everything. The Horners have been here for some time in the absence of Mr. H. You may now go to Orleans by rail-road and return at night; as also

to Rouen. But those things are best done in the summer. I suffer more from the cold than ever, and my neighbour's smoke makes my eyes smart. I have not yet been to Versailles. To-day I breakfast with Mme. de Chabannes, *née* Miss Ellis. She is related to Lady Abinger, who is described as not handsome and about forty-five.'

Mrs. Forster, who is mentioned several times in this letter, is the old sweetheart spoken of in the first chapter of the first volume. His brief note, addressed to her at 23 Avenue Marbœuf, on the 20th of October, contains a sentence which describes the principle on which he acted all through his career. It used to be said that an invitation to breakfast with Rogers was a transition stage in acquaintance with him, a kind of probation before an invitation to dinner. It was nothing of the kind; it was the very reverse. An invitation to breakfast was a sign that he wished to have a real talk with the friend so invited.[1] He says to Mrs. Forster—

[1] Mr. Hayward says: 'He often read from his notes Rousseau's profession of "un goût vif pour les déjeuners. C'est le tems de la journée où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise." It was a current joke that he asked people to breakfast by way of probation for dinner; but his breakfast parties (till the unwillingness to be alone made him less discriminating) were made for those with whom he wished to live socially, and his dinners, comparatively speaking, were affairs of necessity or form. Even in his happiest moods he was not convivial; his spirits never rose above temperate; he disliked loud laughing or talking; and unless some distinguished personage or privileged wit was there to break the ice and keep up the ball, the conversation at his dinners not unfrequently flagged. It seemed to be, and perhaps was, toned down by the subdued light, which left half the room in shadow and speedily awoke the fairer portion of the company to the disagreeable consciousness that their complexions were looking

'I will do my best to look in upon you before you break up, as I wish much to see your inmates before they go. But, if I could, I would breakfast with my friends, and dine or drink tea with my acquaintances.

'S. R.'

Mrs. Kemble's account of him as 'deaf and sad and much broken,' was after this visit to Paris. It was towards the close of a very melancholy year. He soon recovered both health and spirits, and there are signs of his continued and lively interest in public affairs. In December, 1845, Lord John Russell was trying to form an administration. The crisis was one of the most exciting that has occurred in modern politics. On the 22nd of November, Lord John Russell had written the celebrated Edinburgh Letter to the citizens of London, declaring that it was no longer of any use to contend for a fixed duty on corn, and unreservedly declaring for Free Trade. On the 4th of December, 'The Times' declared that the Government of Sir Robert Peel, following Lord John Russell's lead, had determined to repeal the Corn Laws. 'The Standard,' on the next day, denounced the statement as 'an atrocious fabrication'; but it proved to be true. Sir R. Peel had announced his conversion and resigned. On the 8th, Lord John Russell was sent for by the Queen. He was at Edinburgh, and only reached Osborne on the 11th. He had determined not to attempt the formation of a Ministry, but, assured of Sir R. Peel's support, he undertook the task. Two men

muddy and their toilettes the opposite of fresh. After making every allowance for this drawback, however, his dinners were justly reckoned amongst the pleasantest in town.'—*The Edinburgh Review*, July 1856, p. 106.

seemed to him to be needful to his success, Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston. Lord Grey, in perfect consistency with his principles, declined to sit in a Cabinet in which Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, and Lord John Russell felt it his duty to state that owing to this refusal he had found it impossible to form a Government. The Whigs were greatly disappointed and annoyed, and went about declaring 'Lord Grey has done it all.' But there were many of the Whigs themselves who approved of Lord Grey's conduct, and Rogers was one of them. In the midst of the storm of unpopularity which Lord Grey had called down upon himself, Rogers wrote him a letter expressing full approval of his action. Lord Grey replied by return of post.

Earl Grey to Samuel Rogers.

'Howick: 31st Dec., 1845.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your very kind note, which I have received this evening. I cannot tell you how great a satisfaction it is to me to find that amidst the general censure which I have drawn down upon myself by doing what was very painful to me, but what I believed to be my duty, I am supported by the approbation of a person for whose judgment I have so much respect and on whose good opinion I set so high a value.

'Believe me, yours most truly,

'GREY.'

Lord Palmerston's name occurs but rarely in these volumes. He was not liked by the Whigs, who regarded

his foreign policy as showy, demonstrative, and dangerous. There was no intimacy between him and the oracle of the Holland House circle. But times were changing, though Rogers was too old to change with them.

There is not much to record in the next few years. An old man's life goes softly down the hill. Great as may be his interest in passing events, he has no very active share in them, and much as he may be concerned in the doings of his friends, he looks on them as a spectator who has done his part and only waits for the end. As an octogenarian, Rogers kept up his correspondence with remarkable energy, and went on his rounds of autumn visits and made his usual journeys to Broadstairs, taking Canterbury by the way. At Canterbury it was his habit to step quietly into the cathedral to enjoy the music. One year he was recognised by the clergyman who was conducting the service, and a verger was sent to him to ask what anthem he would like. Year after year as he passed through the city and went to the cathedral the same attention was paid him.

We have already seen from one of Dickens's letters that he was often with Rogers at Broadstairs, and his great conversational powers made him a most welcome companion. Dickens's high spirits, his genial humour, his kindness, and the chivalrous respect with which he treated a man so much older than himself, were exceedingly pleasant to the old poet, and there could scarcely be a greater contrast than the two men 'out on those airy walks at Broadstairs,' where Dickens most desired to live in his memory. Dickens and his wife were in Switzerland in the summer of 1846 and did not forget their aged

friend at Broadstairs. There is an amusing postscript, written by Charles Dickens, on the flysheet of a letter from Mrs. Dickens to Rogers. The rest of the letter has been lost. On the top of the leaf are the words, in Mrs. Dickens's writing, 'dear Mr. Rogers, very affectionately yours, Catherine Dickens;' and on the other side is the address, with a post-mark showing that it was posted at Lausanne on the 27th of August, 1846. Under his wife's signature Dickens writes—

'I cannot let this go to you, although the man is waiting to carry it off to the post, without adding for myself that I hope you won't forget us, and that when you are out on those airy walks at Broadstairs, I desire most to live in your memory. Let us promise and vow (God willing) to have tea there together again one windy night next autumn, when you will go home to Ballard's afterwards all aslant against the gale, and when that dimmest of lamps at the corner will be winking and winking as if the spray inflamed its eye. The wind is blowing down the lake now, driving fast shadows before it along the sides of the mountains; but it don't blow half as pleasantly, to my thinking, as over the North Foreland, or about that good old tarry, salt little pier. There's a Berne woman in the garden with a large stomacher and a gaudy cap; but she's nothing to Miss Crampton of the Terrace Baths. Wherever *I* am, I am always your affectionate friend, and shall always think it the best return in the world if you'll believe me so—though you *do* (in speaking to *her*) always call me

'HIM.'

Mr. Greville tells us that he went to Panshanger in September to meet Rogers, Milne, Morpeth, W. Cowper, Lady Sandwich, and some others, 'pleasant enough.'

Some letters from the United States show how energetically the old man kept up his correspondence.

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Cambridge, U.S.A.: 14th Sept., 1846.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I received with great gratitude your kind and affectionate note of the 2nd of last November. Since then, I have been delighted to hear several times of your health through Dr. Holland, who is so good as to write to me frequently. We are all as well as usual. My eldest son, whom you hardly recollect (he was at King's College School in London), has entered the college here, rather young, but he lives under my own roof. Little Willie, whom you honoured with your notice, continues to shew great precocity. I have not seen your friend Webster lately. He runs off to his farm as soon as Congress adjourns. He is quite well; but there is no hope of his returning to office—I do not say power, for office gives little *power* in any representative government, and least of all in ours. Prescott is finishing the "Conquest of Peru," a *pendant* to "Mexico." Sumner delivered a very brilliant address the other day before one of our literary societies, consisting of a eulogy on Mr. John Pickering (our most eminent philologist), Judge Story, Mr. Allston, and Dr. Channing, a performance of great beauty and power, of which I will send you a copy as soon as it is printed.

'We are all delighted with the settlement of Oregon,

and praying soon for peace with Mexico. Mr. Bancroft —our historian—succeeds Mr. M'Lane at your Court. He has great talent, learning, and general cleverness, and a very charming wife.

'Pray do not forget us; for we all hold you in the most affectionate recollection.

'Your sincere and grateful friend,

'Edward Everett.

'Pray give our kindest remembrances to Miss Rogers.'

Mr. Bancroft, of course, presented himself very soon after his arrival, bringing an introduction from Charles Sumner in his hand.

Charles Sumner to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston: 5th Oct., 1846.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Remembering with gratitude your many kindnesses to me, and your last little note, which was full of goodness, I venture again to appear before you by my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. The historian of the United States, and its Minister at the English Court, can require no word of introduction from me. His genius and amiability will enhance the recommendation of his station and his works. In Mrs. Bancroft you will find a willing and graceful listener, and one of the pleasantest examples of American womanhood.

'With hopes for your constant health and happiness, believe me, dear Mr. Rogers, ever sincerely yours,

'Charles Sumner.'

Another letter from the United States brought a request for his portrait to be painted by an American artist.

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Cambridge: 20th Nov., 1846.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I write you this letter at the request of an esteemed countryman and friend of mine, Mr. Chester Harding, who is one of our most distinguished portrait painters. Some years ago he was in London and painted the Duke of Sussex with great success. He wishes now to paint one or two persons whose portraits at the annual exhibition of the Academy would, if successful, bring him favourably before the public. He has enlisted my selfishness in his cause, by promising me the portraits after they have been exhibited. I have given him a letter for this purpose to Lord Aberdeen, and to no other person besides yourself.

'I am, of course, aware, as is Mr. Harding, of the immense inconvenience to you of sitting for your portrait, and I assure you that neither on his own account nor my own shall I be either surprised or hurt if you promptly decline.

'The only inducement I can hold out to you, in addition to those motives which your kind-heartedness will suggest, is that of rendering me, individually, an inestimable favour, and then the consideration that you will put it into my power to enrich my countrymen with a portrait of one whose name and fame they are spreading through the continent of America. I suppose there is no painting of you in the United States. Are we not

entitled to as much of your personality as can be transferred to the canvas?

'I am sorry to hear that Miss Rogers's health has not been very good of late. Pray, when you see her, remember us all most kindly to her.

'I hope there is foundation for the report in the newspapers that the plunder of your bank is to be restored. Happy the man to whom the loss and the restoration of such a sum are of so little consequence.

'Believe me ever, my dear Mr. Rogers, with sincere affection, faithfully yours,

'Edward Everett.'

The portrait was painted, and it hung for years in Mr. Everett's dining-room. On his death it was given to Mr. Sidney Brooks, who left it to Dr. William Everett, by whom, early in 1884, it was presented to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, by whom it has been hung in their beautiful Memorial Hall. There could be no more appropriate place for the portrait of an Englishman whose father put on mourning for the slaughter at Lexington, who himself sheltered Priestley on his last night in England, who sympathised with the United States in all their struggles for freedom, and at whose house, for fifty years, all the chief visitors from America to England found cordial welcome to the best society London could give.

In a letter of Crabb Robinson's is an account of the introduction of Mrs. Norton to a dinner party at Rogers's. It was a party of eight: Moxon the publisher, Kenney the dramatist, Spedding, Lushington, Tennyson, and

Crabb Robinson; the eighth was a lady coming, Rogers said, to see Tennyson. But the mysterious visitor did not come, and the seven wise men had to begin dinner without her. When the meal was half over, Rogers was called out of the room, and returned with a lady, neither splendidly dressed nor strikingly beautiful, as it seemed to Crabb Robinson. After a while it came out who she was, and Robinson rebukes himself for not distinguishing her beauty and grace by his own discernment. For ten years her domestic troubles had been matter for public discussion, and there was universal sympathy with her under the persecutions she endured from a weak and jealous husband. Rogers had stood by her as an older friend and the friend of her grandfather. On the first day of the trial in the ridiculous suit her husband had brought against her and Lord Melbourne, he had accompanied her into court. In after years she had been frequently at his house, and had on numerous occasions expressed the warmest gratitude to him for his kindness to herself and to her boys. None of her letters have any dates, but the period at which some of them were written is indicated in their subject matter. I have thought it best, therefore, to group them all together. One day she writes to apologise for staying away from breakfast. 'I cannot stand,' she says, 'till my headache goes off in the morning, nor can I come out to breakfast hiding my face in my hands from pain. You do not believe a word of it—but that is only because you have no headache yourself.' The signature is a pen-and-ink sketch of a lady kneeling down to an empty easy chair, with the words, 'Adieu—I make my vain submission to your foot-

stool for the chance of pardon.' Another time she writes a brief note, which she signs 'Yours dutifully, the Author of "Fugitive Pieces,"' with the postscript, 'Ah! little did I think you would have sacrificed me, your friend, for a *bon mot*. All night their paper ghosts have bowed to me, saying, "We are 'Fugitive Pieces'; we are 'Fugitive Pieces.'"' In March, 1845, she sends 'The Child of the Islands,' and her letter begins, 'I send you a book, the book, my book. I know you will not read it, but peep into it for the sake of the writer. I have marked two episodes—the death of a gipsy girl in prison, and the description of a ballet-dancer. . . . Don't lend it to anybody, because I depend on it for some bread and butter.' There is a postscript: 'A friend of mine, interrupting me, declares I have not marked the best passages, and has marked one of his own selecting; you may play at pitch-and-toss to decide which you may read; only remember, England expects that every man will do some portion of his duty'—the last sentence written on a scroll flying from a mast. In another note she says, 'I have come up from Eton to dine with you, having gone down in a great hurry to my sick boy just as your note arrived, which note has been torn from me as an autograph, besides my having to bear the insult of being asked if I was sure it was your writing, and not a secretary's—being "so very beautiful." I shall struggle for its return, being signed Ruggiero (I presume by an Italian Secretary).'

There are two letters, however, which were written at a period of great trouble, which show her character and the relation in which she stood to her grandfather's friend in a very striking way. The letters tell their own story—

Mrs. Norton to Samuel Rogers.

'Mr. Charlesworth's, Chapel Thorpe: Tuesday.
[13th September, 1842.]

'Dearest Mr. Rogers,—Thank you for your letter to my boy—he asked leave to write to some who would be "*really sorry*," and I gave him your name and my sister Georgiana's.[1]

'I still feel stunned by this sudden blow. The accident happened here, and I have been sheltered here ever since, and do not leave till Thursday, when my fair young thing will be laid in the grave. The room here, where he died (and which was the first I entered)—the room where there was so much hurry and agony, and then such dismal silence and darkness—is empty and open again, and the little decorated coffin is lying at his father's house (about two miles off)—ALONE; for Mr. Norton is gone to Lord Grantley's (Grantley Hall) till to-morrow, which is fixed for the funeral.[2]

'He died conscious—he prayed, and asked Norton to pray; he asked for me twice; he did not fear to die, and he bore the dreadful spasms of pain with a degree of courage which the doctor says he has rarely seen in so young a child. He had every attention and kindness which could be shown, and every comfort which was needed. He was kept here, not at first from any apprehension of danger, but because in his father's house

[1] Jane Georgiana, the youngest sister of Mrs. Norton, was Queen of Beauty at the Eglintoun tournament in 1839. She married, on the 10th of June, 1830, Lord Seymour, afterwards twelfth Duke of Somerset. She died on the 14th of December, 1884.

[2] Mrs. Norton's third son, William Charles Chapple, was born on the 26th of August, 1833, and died on the 12th of September, 1842.

there is no attendance—nothing but an old woman who opens the gate! It may be sinful to think bitterly at such a time; and at least, I have not uttered the thoughts of my heart; I have choked them back, to spare pain to one who never spared it to me! But it is not in the strength of human nature not to think, "this might not have happened had I watched over them!"—or not I!—put me, put their mother on one side—make a cypher of me, who nursed and bore him. Half what is now lavishly expended in ceremony and decoration of the coffin which contains the senseless clay of my little lost one, would have paid some steady manservant to be in constant attendance on their hours of recreation. My poor little spirited creature was too young to rough it alone, as he was left to do—and this is the end of it! When I first came down, Mr. Norton was in bitter distress, and he comforted me with promises for the other boys—for those that remain. But his impressions are so weak and so wavering that I only tremble. Oh! it is a hard thing that I and my boys—that so many hearts should be in the absolute power of one who has *no* heart. In a few days all will be as if it had not been, to HIM! Already there is a change—already he thinks less of the anguish which made me almost kneel for the boy (Brinsley) who *is* with me, than of the doubt whether that does not, in some way, cancel his AUTHORITY. I have had hard words to bear, even now, but I am too miserable to shrink from them. He was better before Grantley came down.

'Meanwhile he has at least allowed me to take Brin with me to London for a few days before they return to

school—and my eldest will also join me for a day or two. They return on Saturday the 1st.

'If you are in town, I will ask you to let my boy come to you some one morning: he is very eager about it. Poor little fellow! he thinks, having seen his father and me weeping *together*, all is once more peace and *home*. He made me write out a list of his relations, and of Brinsley and Georgie's children. He is full of eager anticipation to make friends of all that belong to me. He was dreadfully overcome *at first*, and had an hysteric fit when he saw his brother *dead*; but at his age (eleven next November), and with his buoyant temper, sorrow must be very temporary. My other boy's forethought, tenderness, and precocious good sense will, if God spares him, be the blessing of my life. He understands, by intuition, all I feel, and all that ought to be. He soothes his father, and watches me as if I, not he, was the helpless one; and God knows I *am* helpless! but my child is out of the storm—he is in heaven: too young to have offended, he is with those whose "angels do always behold the face of our Father"!

'I will write to you again; good and kind you have always been to me—God bless you. I shall have left this on Thursday morning.

'Your affectionate

'Caroline Norton.'

Mrs. Norton to Samuel Rogers.

'Saturday, 8th Oct. [1842].

'Dear old Friend,—My boys are gone back to school: the eldest only yesterday; as, after the funeral, he

became very unwell, and so continued for some days. And now I want to leave this home for a little, and come where I hope you still are. You kindly wrote to offer to take me rooms—will you do so? Like Gilpin's well-judging wife, I would have a reasonable eye to economy—but as it is for a short time—three weeks or less—and I am sick and sad, I would rather be at the hotel than have the trouble of even a small house. If I could have a very airy, double-bedded room, and a little sitting-room, my maid and I would require nothing more in the way of lodging. Then, if you would tell the landlady to charge board per week, and give me what she pleases—promising that I never want and never eat "pies, cates, and dainties"—but really only a morsel of meat and potatoes—it would be a very agreeable arrangement to me, as I should be spared all thought, just now, and live like a lily of the field—or a weed of the cliff.

'There is a business-like beginning, like the poetess who desired to borrow of you.

'My boys are nice creatures—intelligent, free-spirited, and true; they are so happy at being re-knit to me, that I can scarcely think of it without weeping. Little Brin [1] is brimful of gratitude and love to all who ever loved or were kind to me. He made me walk down to your house, and we stood outside the little iron gate which has so often admitted me for pleasant mornings, for some time, talking of the nightingales, and Milton's receipt for "Paradise Lost," and all the treasures in your shut-up house. The elder is quieter, more thoughtful, less spirited, but seems like an angel to *me*—and his whole care is to keep watch

[1] Thomas Brinsley, her second son, born 4th of November, 1831; died 1st of August, 1854.

over his father's kindness, that it may not flicker or go out for me.

Mr. Norton has a very great love for them I do believe: more than I thought or expected: and young as my eldest boy is, he is allowed the greatest influence over his father's mind—and uses it with a tenderness and tact very unusual at his age. I think and hope that we shall now be very friendly together, even if we continue apart. Mr. Norton went to the school to desire they would consider me equal with himself and not to be further controlled as to seeing them; to come and go on my own direction. You may believe I have no greater anxiety than to satisfy him now, and prove to him, poor fellow, that it will answer better to allow this peace to fall upon us, than the long warfare did, which is ended. He is very sorry for his little one: and very proud of these two.

'I have sent a letter of Brin's to his uncle Brinsley, which I will show you, as I think it very touching—and, indeed, it would be good reading for such men as in anger resolve to break the tie of mother and child. In it he says, "I think I would die of grief if I were parted from you again, you can't think how changed I am. I love you and my brother ten times more than I used to do—I love you, Papa, and Spencer, beyond anything or person I ever did before." In the earnestness of his child's heart—loving all better than ever, for being again in his natural position towards his mother—lies a lesson which, though simply given, is full of truth. I cannot tell you how his letter touched me; I think I feel as he does, that I love everyone better since I received his dear scrawl of affectionate writing.

'I hope you are well and that you will be a Broadstairs when you get this, and when I arrive. The Phippses are gone to Ramsgate on account of the child who has been ailing.

'If I can have one room looking on the sea, of course I should prefer it, and as it is so late in the season perhaps this may be accomplished. My boys will be with me again at Christmas, and then you will let me bring them to you.

'Yours affectionately,

'Caroline Norton.

'I have not had one moment to write while they were with me.'

To these letters I may add the following lines by the same writer—

To Samuel Rogers.

Who can forget, who at thy social board
Hath sat and seen the pictures richly stored
In all their tints of glory and of gloom,
Brightening the precincts of thy quiet room ?
With busts and statues full of that deep grace
Which modern hands have lost the skill to trace :
Fragments of beauty, perfect as thy song
On that sweet land to which they did belong.
The exact and classic taste by thee displayed
Not with a rich man's idle, fond, parade ;
Not with the pomp of some vain connoisseur,
Proud of his bargains, of his judgment sure,
But with the feeling kind and sad of one
Who through far countries wandering hath gone,
And brought away dear keepsakes to remind
His heart and home of all he has left behind.

There are various short notes from Lord Brougham, which are all without date, and no means of tracing the dates remains. One describes where Brougham is: 'It lies in Westmorland, distant from Penrith station one mile and a quarter. The journey is nine hours and a half. We send the carriage for you, and dine wholesomely at half-past six. The Douros come to us on the 15th; the Jerseys on the 17th, all on their way to Scotland. But Luttrell I expect later. Now, mind you come. Lady Malet is to arrive on the 10th or 11th of September.' Another is evidently an apologetic refusal of some favour Rogers had asked for a friend. Others are pressing invitations or brief references to books about which Rogers and Brougham had talked, or apologies for postponing visits. They are all, however, written with the same fulness of affectionate regard which appears in the remarkable series of Lord Brougham's letters in a succeeding chapter.

Two other of his letters, without dates, may be added here.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Grafton Street: Thursday.

'My dear R.,—I sent to ask you to join a very small party to dinner, but you are out of town.

'I also want to do an act of mere and strict justice in thanking you for the gratification you afforded me a few weeks ago while at Cannes. In the solitude of one of my evenings (for the sun even there only shines in the day) I read once more your charming poems; and I never was more certain than that I discovered many new and great

beauties, and that your future fame will eclipse your past. Pray, who is the friend to whom your exquisite "epistle" is addressed? I always supposed it to be Sharp. I had some doubts on reading it lately.

'When do you come? I am now without my green shade, but am still rather lame from the folly of travelling three nights consecutively last October.

'Yours ever sincerely,

'H. Brougham.

'Lady Malet is with us, and desires her kindest regards.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Berkeley Square: Sunday.

'My dear Rogers,—Allow me to give you a very trifling present, of little or no value in any sense, unless that it is valuable to me by affording an opportunity of expressing my admiration of the truly independent habits of thinking and feeling which a long intercourse with the aristocracy (the subject in part of this speech) has never for a moment impaired. Were I to say all I think on this matter, my good friends the Whigs, who have now discovered (a thing quite unsuspected by myself) that I have all my life been a flatterer of princes, might suspect me of flattering poets—a much lighter offence however, in my eyes.

'Believe me, very sincerely yours,

'H. Brougham.'

It is not inappropriate to introduce here some letters from Mr. Ruskin to Rogers, which, though spreading

over several years, have a kind of unity which suggests the placing them together. In the first volume of 'Præterita,' Mr. Ruskin tells of the birthday gift in 1832, his thirteenth birthday, by his father's partner, Mr. Henry Telford, of Rogers's 'Italy,' which he says 'determined the main tenor of my life.' He tells us too of his first visit to Rogers, and speaks of it 'as a sacred Eleusinian[1] initiation and Delphic pilgrimage.' He was taken by Thomas Pringle, the poet, 'who was on terms of polite correspondence with Wordsworth and Rogers.' Mr. Ruskin says, 'The old man, previously warned of my admissible claims, in Mr. Pringle's sight, to the beatitude of such introduction, was sufficiently gracious to me, though the cultivation of budding genius was never held by Mr. Rogers to be an industry altogether delectable to genius in its zenith.' He was unfortunate he thinks in his observations, and after they had taken leave Mr. Pringle advised him to listen more in future. On this advice Mr. Ruskin appears to have acted, for he had further invitations, and his letters show in what intimate relations to Rogers he ultimately stood.

Mr. Ruskin to Samuel Rogers.

'Denmark Hill, Camberwell: 4th May.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I cannot tell you how much pleasure you gave yesterday . . . yet, to such extravagance men's thoughts can reach, I do not think I can be quite happy unless you permit me to express my sense of your kindness, to you here under my father's roof. Alas, we have not even the upland lawn, far less the cliff with

[1] *Præterita*, vol. i., p. 150.

foliage hung, or wizard stream ;[1] but we have the spring around us, we have a field all over daisies, and chestnuts all over spires of white, and a sky all over blue. Will you not come some afternoon, and stay and dine with us ? I do think it would give you pleasure to see how happy my father would be, and to feel, for I am sure you would feel, how truly and entirely we both honour you with the best part of our hearts, such as it is. And for the rest, I am not afraid, even after so late a visit to St. James's Place, to show you one or two of our Turners, and I have some Daguerreotypes of your dear, fair Florence, which have in them all but the cicadas among the olive leaves—yes, and some of the deep sea too, "in the broad, the narrow streets," which are as much verity as the verity of it is a dream. Will you not come ? I have no farther plea, though I feel sadly inclined to vain repetition. Do come, and I will thank you better than I can beg of you.

'Ever, my dear Mr. Rogers, believe me, yours gratefully and respectfully,

'J. Ruskin.'

Mr. Ruskin to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Sir,—You must not think that my not having called since the delightful morning I passed at your house, is owing to want either of gratitude or respect. Had I felt less of either, I might have attempted to trouble you oftener.

[1] 'Its upland-lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless, nor unsung.'
An Epistle to a Friend, lines 33, 34.

'Yet I wished to see you to-day, both because I shall not have another opportunity of paying my respects to you until I return from Italy, and because I thought it possible you might devise some means of making me useful to you there. I shall, of course, take an early opportunity of waiting on you when I return, but I fear it will be so late in the season that I cannot hope to see you again until next year.

'I cannot set off for Italy without thanking you again and again for all that, before I knew you, I had learned from you, and you know not how much (of that little I know) it is, and for all that you *first* taught me to feel in the places I am going to. Believe me, therefore, ever as gratefully as respectfully yours,

'J. Ruskin.'

Mr. Ruskin to Samuel Rogers.

'Venice: 23rd June.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—What must you have thought of me, after your kind answer to my request to be permitted to write to you, when I never wrote? . . . I was out of health and out of heart when I first got here. There came much painful news from home, and then such a determined course of bad weather, and every other kind of annoyance, that I never was in a temper fit to write to any one; the worst of it was that I lost all *feeling* of Venice, and this was the reason both of my not writing to you and of my thinking of you so often. For whenever I found myself getting utterly hard and indifferent, I used to read over a little bit of the "Venice" in the "Italy," and it put me always

into the right tone of thought again, and for this I cannot be enough grateful to you. For though I believe that in the summer, when Venice is indeed lovely, when pomegranate blossoms hang over every garden wall, and green sunlight shoots through every wave, custom will not destroy or even weaken the impression conveyed at first, it is far otherwise in the length and bitterness of the Venetian winters. Fighting with frosty winds at every turn of the canals takes away all the old feelings of peace and stillness; the protracted cold makes the dash of the water on the walls a sound of simple discomfort, and some wild and dark day in February one starts to find oneself actually balancing in one's mind the relative advantages of land and water carriage, comparing the canal with Piccadilly, and even hesitating whether for the rest of one's life one would rather have a gondola within call or a hansom. When I used to get into this humour I *always* had recourse to those lines of yours,

> The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing,[1] etc.

and they did me good service for many a day; but at last came a time when the sea was *not* in the narrow streets, and was always ebbing and not flowing; and one day, when I found just a foot and a half of muddy

[1] There is a glorious City in the Sea;
The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating City—steering in,

water left under the Bridge of Sighs, and ran aground in the Grand Canal as I was going home, I was obliged to give the canals up. I have never recovered the feeling of them.

'But St. Mark's Place and St. Mark's have held their own, and this is much to say, for both are grievously destroyed by inconsistent and painful associations—especially the great square, filled as it is with spiritless loungers, and a degenerate race of caterers for their amusement—the distant successors of the jugglers and tumblers of old times, now consisting chiefly of broken-down violin-players, and other refuse of the orchestra, ragged children who achieve revolutions upon their heads and hands and beg for broken biscuits among the eaters of ices—the crumbs from the rich man's table—and exhibitors, not of puppet shows, for Venice is now too lazy to enjoy Punch, but of dramatic spectacles composed of figures pricked out in paper, and turned in a procession round a candle. Among which sources of entertainment the Venetians lounge away their evenings all the summer long, helped a little by the Austrian bands, which play for them, more or less every night, the music fitted to their taste, Verdi, and sets of waltzes. If Dante had seen these people, he would

> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
> Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky,
> By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
> Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
> The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
> Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
> As though the wealth within them had run o'er.
>
> *Italy:* 'Venice,' lines 1–17.

assuredly have added another scene to the "Inferno"—a Venetian corner, with a central tower of St. Mark's with red-hot stairs, up which the indolent Venetians would have been continually driven at full speed, and dropped from the parapet into a lagoon of hot café noir. Nor is the excitement of the lower classes less painful than the indolence of the upper on the days of drawing lottery tickets—days recurring but too often—and, as it seems to me, deeply condemnatory of the financial and educational policy of the Government. These lotteries are, I think, the only thing in which the Austrian Government is inexcusably wrong; they deserve to be embarrassed in their finances when they adopt such means of taxation. I do not know a more melancholy sight than the fevered and yet habitually listless groups of the poorer population gathered in the porches of St. Mark's, and clustered about its pillars, not for any religious service, but to wait for the declaration of the prize tickets from the loggia of Sansovino!

'You will, however, rather wish I had never written to you from Venice at all, than written to give these accounts of it, but there is little else to give, and I fear that now there is but one period of beauty or of honour still remaining for her. Perhaps even this may be denied to her, and she may be gradually changed, by the destruction of old buildings and erection of new, into a modern town—a bad imitation of Paris. But if not, and the present indolence and ruinous dissipation of the people continue, there will come a time when the modern houses will be abandoned and destroyed, St. Mark's Place will again be, what it was in the early ages, a green field, and the

front of the Ducal Palace and the marble shafts of St. Mark's will be rooted in wild violets and wreathed with vines. She will be beautiful again then, and I could almost wish the time might come quickly, were it not that so many noble pictures must be destroyed first. These are what I fear I shall miss most when I come back to London, for I shall not now be within ten minutes' drive of St. James's Place, and I shall have no pictures of the great schools near me. Here it is an infinite privilege to be able to walk out in the morning and to pay a visit to Titian, and, whenever the sun is too hot, to rest under a portico with Paul Veronese. I love Venetian pictures more and more, and wonder at them every day with greater wonder; compared with all other paintings they are so easy, so instinctive, so natural, everything that the men of other schools did by rule and called composition, done here by instinct and only called truth.

'I don't know when I have envied anybody more than I did the other day the directors and clerks of the Zecca. There they sit at inky deal desks, counting out rolls of money, and curiously weighing the irregular and battered coinage of which Venice boasts; and just over their heads, occupying the place which in a London counting-house would be occupied by the commercial almanack, a glorious Bonifazio—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; and in a less honourable corner, three *old* directors of the Zecca, very mercantile-looking men indeed, counting money also, like the living ones, only a little *more* living, painted by Tintoret, not to speak of the scattered Palma Vecchios, and a lovely Benedetto Diana,

which no one ever looks at. I wonder when the European mind will again awake to the great fact that a noble picture was not painted to be *hung*, but to be *seen*. I only saw these by accident, having been detained in Venice by some obliging person, who abstracted some [property] . . . and brought me thereby into various relations with the respectable body of people who live at the wrong end of the Bridge of Sighs—the police, whom, in spite of traditions of terror, I would very willingly have changed for some of those their predecessors, whom you have honoured by a note in the "Italy." The present police appear to act on exactly contrary principles: yours found the purse and banished the loser; these *don't* find the jewels, and won't let me go away. I am afraid no punishment is appointed in Venetian law for people who steal *time*.

'However, I hope now to be able to leave Venice on Monday next, and I do not intend to pause, except for rests, on my road home. I trust, therefore, to be in England about the 10th of next month, when I shall come to St. James's Place the very first day I can get into London. At first I go home to my present house —close to my father's—beyond Camberwell; I could not live any more in Park Street, with a dead brick wall opposite my windows. But I hope, with a few Turners on the walls, and a few roses in the garden, to be very happy near my father and mother, who will not, I think, after this absence of nearly a whole year, be able very soon to spare me again. So I must travel in Italy with *you*—who never lead me into any spot where I would not

be; and when I am overwearied with the lurid gloom of the London atmosphere, will you still let me come sometimes to St. James's Place, to see the sweet colours of the south? . . .

'Ever, dear Mr. Rogers, most affectionately and respectfully yours,

'J. Ruskin.'

CHAPTER VII.

1847–50.

Dr. Mackay's 'Breakfasts with Samuel Rogers'—Moore's last Visit to London—Death of Dora Quillinan—Death of the Archbishop of York—The Flaxman Gallery—Letter from Crabb Robinson—The Grand Duke of Weimar at Rogers's—Letters from Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Mr. Ruskin, Bernard Barton, and Wordsworth—Correspondence with Peel, Hayward, John Forster, and Tennyson—Letter from Lord Brougham—An Old Man's Talk at Broadstairs—Crabb Robinson on the Flaxman Gallery—Charles Dickens on Brighton—Lord Carlisle on Rogers—Introduction for M. Drouyn de l'Huys—Letters from Wm. H. Prescott, Edward Everett, George Ticknor, and Lord Glenelg—Death of Lord Jeffrey—Wordsworth's Death—Letters from Charles Dickens, Lord Brougham, and George Bancroft.

In Dr. Mackay's interesting memorials of a literary life, which he published in 1887, under the title of 'Through the Long Day,' he devotes a hundred and forty pages to 'Breakfasts with Samuel Rogers.' Like all other writers about Rogers, he makes mistakes about the facts of his life; for example, in the statement that he never proposed marriage to a lady till he was in his eighty-fifth year. My readers at least know of a lady to whom he proposed marriage in his youth, while the story of the later proposal is as ridiculous as Lady Morgan's statement, made after his death, that he had proposed for Cecilia Thrale before she was fifteen. Dr. Mackay, however, describes graphically enough what came under

his own notice. The letter I have published in a previous chapter shows that he had been in communication with Rogers in 1834 or 1835, and in 1840 dedicated a volume to him. He describes him as in his seventy-eighth year when he first breakfasted with him, which would bring it to the second half of 1840. Rogers was then, as indeed he remained for another ten years, 'in the full possession of all his mental faculties, with a remarkably tenacious and well-stored memory.' The hour of breakfast was always ten, and the guests rarely rose from the table till one. Dr. Mackay tells us that he went with an image in his mind formed in accordance with the spiteful epigrams Lord Byron and others had written on Rogers, but 'was agreeably disappointed with the reality of his personal presence and the kindly suavity of his manners. He was certainly not handsome, and never could have been so; but just as certainly he was not ugly, in the disagreeable sense of the word, while his conversation differed in the pleasantest manner from that of many among his contemporaries from not assuming the wearisome shape of a monologue. He not only talked, but allowed others to talk.' This agrees with what I have said elsewhere of the charm of Rogers's breakfasts and dinners, that there was always general conversation, that the parties were never so large as to break up into groups, that there was no noise of confused chatter on the one hand, no weary monologue on the other, but a conversation in which all were interested, all might take part, and in which the host was treated with the deference and attention his age and position demanded.

On Dr. Mackay's first visit, Campbell the poet and Gaspey the novelist were present, and the talk turned on Pope. Gaspey criticised Pope severely; Rogers defended him, and said his main fault was that he wrote too much. He said the same of Byron, on whom the talk turned. Dr. Mackay said of Byron 'he was full of fire.' 'Yes,' said Rogers, 'he had fire, no doubt, but it was hell-fire.' Of Don Juan he said that Moore declared the account of the shipwreck to be taken from a small book, 'The shipwreck of the "Juno."' 'That,' replied Dr. Mackay, 'was written by William Mackay, my grand-uncle.' He lent Rogers the book, and in returning it Rogers said he now fully agreed with Moore's opinion. At another breakfast he met Lord Glenelg, Lord Robertson, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Carruthers, and Mr. W. J. Fox. Lord Glenelg was newly ennobled, and Carruthers constantly addressed him as 'My Lord' and 'your Lordship.' 'Don't keep my-Lording him,' said Rogers quietly across the table. 'He's much better than a Lord. He's a very good fellow.' At another breakfast Dr. Mackay met Sydney Smith, Daniel O'Connell, Sir Augustus D'Este, and W. Harrison Ainsworth. In the later summer of 1847, the guests were Mr. Disraeli and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. The conversation was chiefly political, for all saw that Louis Philippe was fast driving to the Revolution. Immediately before the Revolution broke out, Dr. Mackay was again at St. James's Place, and the breakfast party included Louis Napoleon, Archbishop Whately, and Lord W. Pitt Lennox. Dr. Mackay was just back from Paris. Rogers asked, 'Will the agitation subside?' Not unless the King yields,' replied Dr. Mackay. 'He

won't yield, I think,' said Louis Napoleon, 'he does not understand the seriousness of the case.' Of the full talk at these and other breakfasts, there is an interesting account in Dr. Mackay's book.

One of Moore's latest letters to Rogers is published in Lord John Russell's Life of Moore.

Thomas Moore to Samuel Rogers.

'Sloperton: 23rd June, 1847.

'My dear Rogers,—When, when are we again to meet? I was in hopes that those Irish friends of mine who, as you may remember, gave me lodging under their roof these last two summers in Albemarle Street would again have been at their post this summer and again made me their guest. But the state of Ireland compels them to stand to their post; and this is to me a sad disappointment, for I had set my heart, my dear old friend, on having a few more breakfasts with you (to say nothing of dinners) before "time and the hour has quite run out our day."

'Yours, my dear friend, most truly,

'THOMAS MOORE.

'I am sinking here into a mere vegetable.'

Samuel Rogers to Thomas Moore.

'24th June, 1847.

'My dear Moore,—There is a small house in a dark and narrow corner of London (Memory Hall, as it was once called by a reckless wight who has played many a freak there and now sleeps in Harrow Churchyard) where

you will be most welcome. So pray come and make it your home and stay there as long as you can.

'To-morrow I leave it for three or four days, but I shall be there again on Tuesday the 29th of June, and pray come as soon as you can. Whether I am returned or not, you will be cordially and hospitably entertained. If somebody else comes with you, I shall be delighted. Pray persuade her.

'Yours ever,

'S. Rogers.'

Moore was already beginning to fail. Though he had but just entered on his sixty-ninth year, and Rogers was just finishing his eighty-fourth, the elder poet was the stronger of the two. Moore had a week of great enjoyment and then returned to that happy cottage where the loving care of the best and most devoted of wives more than compensated for the brilliancy of his friend's bachelor home. He wrote back—it is the last letter.

Thomas Moore to Samuel Rogers.

'10th July, 1847.

'My dear Rogers,—I am but just settling down into rural quiet after the week of gay doings with which you so kindly greeted me. Long, long, my dear friend, may you be able to keep up this spirit, not only in your own buoyant heart, but (as I found while with you) in the hearts of all those whom you draw within your chosen circle.

'In this instance, too, I have brought home with me a double stock of pleasure, as your friend Bessy has heard

the whole proceedings from me, and in my narrative enjoyed a great part of my pleasure.

'THOMAS MOORE.'

On the ninth of July, Dora Quillinan, Wordsworth's only daughter, had died. Wordsworth and his wife had been in London in the spring, and had been hurried back by the news of her serious condition. They were with her two months watching her as she faded away, and this is the 'long long trial' of which Rogers speaks in a letter a few pages further on. On the 5th of November another friend was called away in the person of the Archbishop of York. Lord Radstock writes from the Palace at Bishopsthorpe—'My dear friend,—We both had such regard for our dear archbishop that you should be made acquainted as soon as any of his friends with the loss we have sustained. His end, as his life, was perfect calm and peace without a sigh or struggle. . . What a blessing to have had the last glimpses of our dear friend! May our end be like his. God bless you.'

Rogers was at this time actively concerned in promoting the establishment of the Flaxman Gallery at University College. Miss Denman, Flaxman's sister-in-law, had just offered to present his sculptures to the College, and all its friends and supporters felt that the offer should be accepted. Hence this letter.

Henry Crabb Robinson to Samuel Rogers.

'10 Western Cottages, Brighton: 25th October, 1847.

'My dear Sir,—You already know from Miss Denman that through the excellent management of Edwin Field

the Flaxman remains have been rescued at a very small sacrifice. They are once more at her disposition. You know also what her anxious desire is—and I now think that that desire will be gratified, for she tells me that you take an interest in the matter and have expressed a wish to see me as soon as I return to London. I believe that that will be, at the latest, this day week. I will lose no time in seeing you, and I hope that it will suit your convenience to accompany me to the University College, where these things are warehoused now, but where I trust, with your aid, or rather through your instrumentality, they will one day constitute a Flaxman gallery.

'When Miss Denman offered these remains to the Government, a sum was offered which, if money had been her object, would have been acceptable; but as the Government had no room to place them in (it was declared by the officers at the British Museum that they could not afford to take in anything but marble), they would certainly have been lost to the world, perhaps in a short time destroyed. Now, what the Government could not give, the University College can give, but unfortunately nothing else—house-room. The finances of the College are in such a sad state that, with all my solicitude, I could not, as a member of the council, vote for the diversion of any portion of our scanty means from their proper object, even for the flooring of the apartment under the dome, where they might be placed; the funds must be supplied elsewhere both for fitting up the apartment and repairing the models and casts.

'When the negotiation took place with the Government, it was stated by the Council of the Royal Academy,

to whom the matter was referred, that it would cost 500*l.* to put the things in order, that is, repair, cleanse and paint; Miss Denman says it may be done for 200*l.*; Mr. Atkinson says the dome may be put in a condition to receive them for 150*l.* But it will be safer to estimate the requisite sum at 500*l.* to 600*l.*

'I cannot think that there will be any difficulty in raising the money. Edwin Field says the same, but we differ in our opinion as to the means of raising it. He would obtain subscriptions of 5*l.* or 10*l.* from the lawyers and artists. And he would give to each subscriber a cast from some favourite work. I would rather go to a few of the known patrons of art, such as Sir Robert Peel, Lord Northampton, &c., and I should expect that in sums of 100*l.* or 50*l.* the money might be easily procured. Many months ago, when I called on Watson the sculptor and hinted at this thought of forming a Flaxman gallery —but said nothing about sums—he said, if anything of the kind be done, let my name be put down for 50*l.* You will have the goodness to turn this over in your mind—and indeed, the whole business of the proposed gallery.

'I called yesterday on Miss Rogers, and was struck by a great change in her appearance and in her talk also. She was wonderfully improved. My friends the Masqueriers desire their best remembrances to you.

'Very truly yours,

'H. C. Robinson.'

Some letters of this year are interesting for various reasons.

Lord Rowe to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—The Hereditary Grand Duke of Weimar is anxious to pay you a visit. Will you allow me to ask whether it will be perfectly convenient to you to receive His Royal Highness at three o'clock this afternoon?

'Ever most truly yours,

'Rowe.

'Marlboro' House: Thursday.'

After his visit, the Grand Duke wrote a very flattering letter to Rogers, enclosing a specimen of Goethe's handwriting. He said, 'I on my part shall always esteem it a peculiar honour if I have the good fortune to live in the remembrance of the amiable and elegant poet who is justly and emphatically styled "The Poet of Memory."' Goethe's lines sent as an autograph by the Grand Duke are—

Erlauchte Bettler hab' ich gekannt,
Künstler und Philosophen genannt,
Doch kannt' ich Niemand, ungeprahlt,
Der seine Zeche besser bezahlt.

Daniel Webster to Samuel Rogers.

'Marshfield, Massachusetts: 14th June, 1847.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I have had the high pleasure of hearing from you, lately, through my friend Mr. Winthrop; and I now tender you a thousand congratulations on the continuance of your health, and a thousand good wishes for its further continuance. You are, my

dear sir, an essential element in my idea of London Society. I never think of it without finding you a prominent figure in the picture formed by memory; and Mrs. Webster, and my daughter, and Mrs. Paige, all remember you with equal respect and equal gratitude for your kindness to us.

'I give this letter to Mrs. Schuyler, a widow lady of intelligence and agreeable manners and conversation, and of highly respectable connexions with us. She goes abroad, with her and my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Miller of New York, and will probably visit the Continent as well as England. If the party find you in London, they will be anxious to see you, and I hope they may have an opportunity of paying you their respects. I may not depreciate Mrs. Schuyler's veneration for female sovereignty, but I may venture to say, that next to the Queen there is no one in England she would be more delighted to see than Mr. Rogers.

'Yours, with true and cordial attachment,

'DANIEL WEBSTER.

'We desire our very best regards to Miss Rogers.'

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Cambridge: 30th June, 1847.

'My dear and kind Friend,—When you know the gentleman who offers you this note, you will excuse me for again taking the liberty of addressing to you a letter of recommendation. Mr. Hillard is one of our best scholars, best writers, and best men. A lawyer by profession, there is as sweet an Ovid lost in him as in

Murray. He has lately been lecturing before the Lowell Institute, to admiring audiences of 2,000, on the life and times of Milton. Does not this give him a right to see the assignment of "Paradise Lost"? But what I most wish is that he should see *you*, and communicate to you, *vivâ voce*, the assurance of our unaltered and most affectionate regard. Mr. Hillard is the professional associate of Mr. Charles Sumner, and well known to all your American friends, at least in New England. Harding has got home, but I hear nothing from him.

'Adieu, dear Mr. Rogers. Let me at least once a year see a few lines of that beautiful writing of yours, though I do not need it to keep you constantly in the most cherished recollection.

'Semper et totus tuus,

'Edward Everett.

'May I ask you to make our kindest remembrances to Miss Rogers?'

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Cambridge: 15th Dec., 1847.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I cannot allow the year to close, as it will before you get this, without sending you a world of kind remembrance and love, and wishing for you the continued enjoyment of your serene and happy age. I felt for you, on receiving the news of the dear and honoured Archbishop's decease, as I did also last year when Mr. Grenville was taken from you. I knew how much you would feel their loss. But you did not, I know, repine; you had enjoyed their society so long

that you could not murmur at being called to resign it; and after all, to one who looks forward with anything like a strong practical Faith to the clearing up of the Great Mystery of our being, months and years are but seconds on the dial plate, on the morning of some eventful day.

'I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for your kindness in allowing Mr. Harding to paint your portrait, which, to my vexation and surprise, I have not yet seen. Mr. Harding was allowed by me to take a copy, and having been much from home since his return last summer, and having with the dilatoriness of artists delayed his work, he has at length gone off to Washington and taken you along with him, to be the ornament of his studio there. I cannot lament that your likeness should be seen in Washington, as it will, by many of the most distinguished persons in this country, who pass the winter there: but it is with no small annoyance that I forego the pleasure of gazing upon your friendly countenance in the meantime. But spring will come and bring me the pleasing sight.

'Would that it would do so in reality; but that train I must not pursue.

'Adieu, my dear Mr. Rogers, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

'EDWARD EVERETT.

'My wife and daughter send their kindest remembrance and a cordial happy new year.'

Another letter is in the style which only one Englishman writes.

Mr. Ruskin to Samuel Rogers.

'Denmark Hill: 17th Dec., 1847.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I only returned to town on Monday, and to wait on you to-morrow will be the first, as it is always the happiest, of my duties. I have been where

'The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty;

not even then without regretful thoughts of the better freedom of "St. James's Grove at blush of day."—Ever my dear Sir, believe me faithfully and respectfully yours,

'J. Ruskin.'

A characteristic letter from the Quaker poet recalls the memory of a man who at one time enjoyed considerable popularity, and who is not now by any means forgotten.

Bernard Barton to Samuel Rogers.

'My hand hath lost its cunning,
My eyes are growing dim,
So my Muse's fount stops running,
With this tiny Birthday hymn.

'Woodbridge: 3rd Feb., 1848.

'My dear Friend,—Thy praise nearly forty years ago reconciled me to my first poetical efforts. Do I hope too much in desiring to obtain it for what may prove my last? I expect I shall provoke a smile from thee in

talking of old age at sixty-four; but forty years of clerkship and bardship joined together have well-nigh used me up and worn me out.

'Believe me ever respectfully thine,

'B. Barton.'

Perhaps the following extract from a letter of Mrs. Kemble's may account for the origin of the rumour that he had made an offer of marriage in his eighty-fifth year—

'9th Feb., 1848.

'Dear old Rogers came yesterday, and sat with me some time; and talking over my various difficulties with me, said I had much better go and live with him, and take care of his house for him. It's a pretty house, but I'm afraid it would be no sinecure to be his housekeeper.'

Wordsworth writes from amidst the domestic troubles to which reference has been already made.

William Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Friend,—I have just received the enclosed, which I hope you will be so kind as to peruse. It is from Mr. Carrick, a miniature painter, who took my portrait when I met him not long ago at his native place, Carlisle. If you could comply with his wish I should be gratified, and should deem it an honour to be associated with you in this way. You preserve your health, I hope, in this severe March weather. You and your dear sister have both the good wishes of those that remain of this afflicted family.

'Believe me, my friend of nearly half a century, very affectionately and faithfully yours,

'WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

'Rydal Mount: 16th March, 1848.

'P.S. On second thoughts it is not worth while troubling you to read Mr. Carrick's letter, which was simply that I might strengthen his application that you would be so kind as to give him a little of your time.'

Samuel Rogers to William Wordsworth.

'My dear Friend,—You must be very sure that I could not hesitate for a moment to consent to such a fellowship as you propose, or to any testimonial of a friendship so long and so uninterrupted as ours. What delightful days have we passed together, walking and sitting wherever we were, and more especially among the rocks and waters of your enchanting country. Oh that they were to come over again!

'You may well conceive how much you were in my mind during your long, long trial. Pray remember me to those who remain with you, her dear dear mother and aunt, and pray believe me to be your grateful and affectionate friend,

'SAMUEL ROGERS.

'My sister desires me to say everything for her to you and to them. She is still, alas, on her couch, but all day long in the air, and in other respects the same as ever.'[1]

[1] She had had an attack of paralysis.

He had received four years before a similar letter from Sir Robert Peel.

Sir Robert Peel to Samuel Rogers.

'Whitehall: 2nd July, 1844.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I am building at Drayton Manor a gallery for the reception of that collection of portraits which I have formed of the eminent men of my own time. My collection is not confined to men distinguished in political life. It includes the portraits of Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Chantrey, Cuvier, Walter Scott, &c.

'Will you have the great kindness to let me fill up the void which I feel there is in this series of illustrious men, by giving to some artist who may be worthy of it a commission for your portrait?

'I will employ for this purpose (if you are enabled to accede to this request) whomever you may prefer, and shall feel greatly obliged by your compliance with this wish on my part, which is prompted by very sincere feelings of respect and personal esteem.

'Believe me, my dear Mr. Rogers, most faithfully yours,

'Robert Peel.'

Sir Robert Peel informs me that the portrait was painted by Lucas, and now hangs in the gallery at Drayton Manor. Some other letters from Peel, chiefly written during his administration from 1841 to 1846, are not of much interest except as showing Rogers's relation to the statesmen and the politics of his day. In

one of them, Peel says the Queen has approved a grant of 200*l.* a year to Mr. Tytler, the historian. Mr. Hayward writes once or twice to send him pamphlets, of one of which he says that if the Bishop of London comes to dine with him, he must 'place it where Sydney Smith placed Archdeacon Wrangham's.' On Easter Monday, 1848, John Forster sends his book about Goldsmith, with the assurance, 'should you ever be able to look into it and chance to find a passage that you can read with pleasure, I shall be very happy and proud indeed.' Lord Lovaine sends him a letter from Mr. Tupper, who had seen Rogers and Lockhart in his pew at Albury Church, and who is thereupon moved to write a sonnet of which the first line is—

Nothing of thee shall perish, rare old Man.

Mrs. Jameson writes on various occasions to say that she is coming to study some objects of art in his rooms. One time it is to see the two volumes of Ghiberti's gates and Lasinio's engravings after Ghirlandajo; another to take a sketch of 'a glory of cherubim and seraphim in a little French miniature you possess, it hangs up in your back drawing-room,' and so forth. There is some correspondence in 1848 with Croker about difficulties in Pope, part of which is published in Croker's Correspondence (vol. iii., pages 186 and 187). Croker writes in 1849 to ask him whereabouts in St. James's Street the St. James's Coffee House stood, where was the Cocoa Tree (afterwards a club), and where Almack's Club. Speaking of Moore, who was then very ill, Croker says, 'Poor fellow, he and I began our acquaintance in College fifty-three years ago; he was in the class above me.' Lord

Aberdeen had been asked to dinner when he had for a month been five hundred miles away. 'Is it not a strange specimen of the world in which we live,' he asks, 'that one of the persons whom I most highly value and regard' should thus invite him? Empson, editor of 'The Edinburgh Review,' whom he had reconciled to a friend, writes (without date), 'My dear Friend,—Blessed are the peacemakers,—and I trust you will sleep well to-night with this blessing on your pillow—better than hops.' Crabb Robinson writes to ask for his name to the Flaxman Gallery subscription, and to say how he enjoyed a breakfast party, 'You lived quite in the past age all the time.' Hallam, in an affectionate letter, gives him all the details of his daughter's engagement. So is the old man's age compassed about with troops of friends. Brougham writes—

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Brougham: Monday [1850].

'My dear R.,—Since I received yours I have no news, except that Lady Malet came down, having called, but not being let in. Lady Jersey is over in Germany on a king-hunting excursion; she goes to Hanover, Berlin, and Weimar. Madame Bury's book, "Germania," is very clever, but she also is a king-hunter and an ultra legitimist. Her hatred of the new and ridiculous republic has driven her (as is the way of women) into the opposite extreme.

'"Young Italy," by Baillie Cochrane, is clever and really not ill written. He came with his nice wife (D. of Rutland's granddaughter) to see me at Cannes. So he

must needs call me *Lælius*[1] in his book. I knew I was wise, but not exactly that my wisdom was so *meek* as Horace describes—

'Mitis sapientia Læli.

Lady Williams passed here the other day, but had a sketching niece, who took her soon away to Keswick, where they have seen only rain to draw. Here we have had vile and cold weather. Consider well your movements, of which I before wrote.

'Yours ever truly,

'H. Brougham.'

There are two letters from W. H. Prescott, full of respect and regard, and another from Edward Everett telling him 'we all take a great deal of comfort in your portrait,' and adding 'it hangs by the fireside in our family room, with Lord Aberdeen on the other side, as a pendant. Although you and he in former times were not brother Whigs, I am sure you render full justice to his conciliatory policy as Foreign Minister, and will not object to being made with him one of the joint tutelary geniuses of my domestic altar.'

In the summer he was again at Broadstairs, and his nephew, Henry Sharpe, who was also there with his family, puts on record a little more of the old man's family talk.

[1] 'Lælius is attached to the spot (his house at Cannes) not merely on account of its charms of Nature and climate, but because it is endeared to him by many associations and the memory of the loved and lost. Moreover, the whole of the more modern portion of Cannes claims his paternity.'—*Young Italy*, ch. i.

'William [Sharpe] wrote to me from Swanage asking me to come to him there, but why should he want me to leave this place that I have known these forty years, to go to one that I know nothing about? He said he was proud of having been shaken by the hand by every great man in England in his time, only Pitt he had not known, "but Pitt was not a great man." Fox sent for him when he was dying. Many reconciliations had taken place in his house, Jeffrey and Moore, Moore and Byron, Parr and Mackintosh, and others. When Jeffrey's review of Moore's poems appeared, Moore said he must fight him. He came to St. James's Place and said, "I have challenged Jeffrey, can you lend me pistols?" He would not, and sent him to William Spencer. Spencer mentioned it to several people, and when they met on the ground the next morning they were stopped by the Bow Street officers and arrested. "I went early to Spencer to learn what had happened and found that he had just got a note from Moore from Bow Street, asking him to come and bail him. 'But,' said Spencer, 'I never go out till four.' It was then nine, so I went to Bow Street and bailed him, and Horner gave bail for Jeffrey. The quarrel was then referred to me and Horner, and we called in General FitzGerald as umpire. After hearing the circumstances he said: '*Mr. Jeffrey* is not called upon to go out again.' If I had reported it in the same words to Moore, he would have challenged him again, but I kept my own counsel and they were reconciled."

'He said the poems which were most popular were those which contained no allusions to subjects that

required much learning in the reader, and particularly if in addition they had a religious tendency. This it was which made Cowper so much read.

'He repeated some lines which he had written when about eighteen, on meeting his sisters and some schoolfellows (one was Miss Denison, afterwards the Marchioness Conyngham) in Queen Elizabeth's Walk, Stoke Newington.[1] He also repeated a couplet out of a Prologue which he had written for a play that was acted at Ramsgate, when he chanced to be there a great many

[1] He was nearly twenty-two when the lines were written. They are published in the autobiography of his nephew, Samuel Sharpe, contained in his *Life*, pp. 21, 22.

'*To a Party of Young Ladies who were sitting on a Bench in Queen Elizabeth's Walk at Eight o'clock last Thursday Night.*

'Evening had flushed the clear blue sky,
The birds had sung themselves to sleep,
When I presumed, I don't know why,
In old Queen Bess's walk to peep.

'And there was she: her belles and beaux
In ruffs and high-crowned hats were there!
But soon, as you may well suppose,
The vision melted into air.

'When, hark! Soft voices through the shade
Announced a little fairy train,
And once, methought, sweet music played;
I wished to see, but wished in vain.

'For something whispered in my ear,
"Away, away! At this still hour
Queen Mab with all her court is here,
And he who looks will feel her power."

'I shut my eyelids at the sound,
And found, what every youth will find,
That he who treads on sacred ground
Is sure to leave his wits behind.

'Saturday, 14th May, 1785.'

years ago. He said that now that he was old and felt he was so soon to leave the world, he looked at everything so very differently and saw so much more in things than he used to do. People have not time to think when they are, as it is called, fighting the battle of life. Looking at the North Foreland lighthouse in one of our walks, he said, "Ah, that used formerly to remind me of going to Paris and the opera and the Louvre, but there is nobody there now. Within these few months I have lost Mr. Locke of Norbury, who was always to be seen at the Louvre, and who knew the Raphaels and the Titians better than any of them. And Mr. Grenville. And Lord Ashburton." (I did not like to ask him whether he never intended to go to Paris again, he is eighty-five). He thought every man ought to have a pursuit, such as the writing a book, which gave an interest to life such as was not known without it. People thought they could not write because they were not Newtons or Bacons, but every man could be what he liked.

'Having a wonderful memory himself, he said people only did not remember the beautiful parts of the things they read because they did not attend to them. He treasured up in his mind the most exquisite lines that he met with, and repeated them to himself as he lay awake at night, or as he walked on Hampstead Heath, and he was the better for them all his life. And then he repeated passages—the nurse recognising Ulysses, from Cowper's Homer; "Me, me, adsum qui feci," &c., from Virgil; touching epitaphs that he had read in churchyards, &c.

'He mentioned with acrimony a review by Moore of his "Jacqueline," appealing to us for our opinion of the passages that had been sneered at—

> 'Oh, rather, rather hope to bind
> The ocean wave, the mountain wind,
> Or fix thy foot upon the ground
> To stop the planet rolling round—

which he considered rather a fine thought, and named the person from whom he had got it. "Then what was Jacqueline to do?" which was thought trifling.

'He said my aunt complained of Maltby's being dull, that he always talked of Dr. Johnson. "I like to hear about Dr. Johnson, and so do you; I wish we had him here. Is it better to hear how Lady Trumpery is gone to town, or that Mrs. Fiddle Faddle had a party last week?"

'The lines in his poems "To the Youngest Daughter of Lady Jersey," he said, were addressed to Lady Harriet Villiers, now the wife of Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Bath and Wells, "and she is as proud as Lucifer of them." I said I had not known that. "No, because you did not care; nobody cares. I have not put the name of every right honourable to whom I have addressed any lines." He very much blamed Dr. Bathurst for laying out so much of his money in restoring Wells Cathedral, so that he is now a poor man, while nobody thanks him for it.

'He praised the Duchess of York very much; he used to be a great deal with her at Oatlands. Once at a dinner party there, as the ladies retired from table, the Duchess said something in passing to "Monk" Lewis,

which almost brought tears into his eyes. When she was gone, Lewis exclaimed, "She is so kind, so good!" To which Colonel Townsend replied, "Oh, never mind, man; she meant nothing by it."

'When Lord Byron was at Florence he gave Moore the manuscript of his memoirs, telling him to keep it and publish it after his death for the benefit of his (Moore's) son. Moore sold the manuscript to Murray—having first shown it about to all the world. When Byron died, the executors having heard of the memoirs, came to Moore to induce him to destroy them. He appointed them to meet him at Murray's, taking Mr. Luttrell with him as a friend and adviser. He was there persuaded to throw the manuscript into the fire. "He did not consult me," said Mr. Rogers, "because he knew I should not have let him destroy them. He had no right to do it; and he had great difficulty in raising the money to repay Murray."

'When Sir James Mackintosh died and his son undertook to write his life, he applied to many friends of his father for any letters they might have. Among others to Sydney Smith, who replied that he had none, that from principle he destroyed all letters except business letters. Mr. Rogers blamed him very much. "He ought, then, never to read any letters that were published. I wrote him one once which I was sure he would not destroy, and his wife told me he did not."

'He said he kept a great many letters and some of them he often read. His own papers, that is, unimportant poems, attempts and first sketches, he should burn before his death, as he did not wish any person to

publish those things which he had not thought worthy of it.

'A certain clergyman received a summons from Blomfield, Bishop of London, to attend at London House in consequence of representations that had been made to him as to his conduct. The clergyman asked the name of his accuser; the bishop replied he was not bound to give it, and would not. A few days after the visit, the clergyman wrote to the bishop: "My Lord, I called at London House on such a day, but instead of your Lordship, I was shown up to a conceited, impudent coxcomb, who abused me for half an hour without ceasing. When next I call there, I hope I may have the honour of seeing your Lordship." This I had from the bishop to whom Dr. Blomfield told it.'

'Sir Robert Peel said to me one day, sitting by me at dinner, "My father used to say to me, 'Robert, I will not leave you a penny if you do not make yourself minister.'" His sister has told me the same thing.

'A man should be careful to let the nurses and people about his children when young be persons who speak English with a good accent; a nurse with a provincial dialect will give a whole family habits which they cannot get over all their lives. A man bringing up a family in the country should send for a nurse from town. You should always praise your servants or children when they do well, it makes them good, as they wish to deserve the praise; they feel they have a character to lose. A father should have engravings after Raphael and the other great masters hanging about in the rooms where his children are, to accustom them early to what is beautiful.

A taste for the beautiful should be cultivated when young.

'Persons who marry and have families are exposed to many pains and cares that the single have not, but on the whole the balance is very much in their favour. A man is very silly to go through life and know nothing of the relations of a father and a husband.'

Crabb Robinson was staying with Masquerier at Brighton when, in November, Rogers and his sister went thither to Harewood House. She was recovering, and though she had lost the power of conversation she could listen. The scheme for the Flaxman Gallery, in which Robinson was interested, rather hung fire, and he wrote—

Henry Crabb Robinson to Samuel Rogers.

'10 Western Cottages [November, 1848].

'My dear Sir,—Masquerier and I are to dine with you on Tuesday, I am aware; yet I send you the accompanying paper of subscriptions to the Flaxman Gallery. The amount far exceeds what I expected to raise—and this will give you pleasure—at the same time the cost of the repairs and putting up exceeds to a still greater extent my expectation, and therefore I must beg for a continuance of those active exertions of the friends of fine art which have been already so successful. I was quite startled when I saw for a moment Lady Chantrey at your house, for I had intended to ask your advice, what would be the most decorous manner of requesting that lady to add her name to our body?

'It is impossible for any one to have set so noble an example in making a present of all the works of her late

honoured husband, not to rejoice in seeing that example followed. Besides, that very act showed that she partook of the liberal spirit of Sir Francis. Had he been alive when I first undertook to assist Miss Denman in her anxious endeavours to preserve the works of her revered parent by adoption, he was one of the first persons I should have applied to; and I am sure that he would have relieved the Academy from the reproach which must attach to it if the subscription be now closed as far as its members are concerned. Of the amount—between 650*l.* and 660*l.*—only 20 guineas have been contributed by members of the Academy. I believe this has been in part from ignorance and partly because the statue of Flaxman by Watson has been confounded with a subscription to the gallery. The statue has been given to us—and a most acceptable and appropriate present it has been, but it will add to our outlay, as we of course have to add a pedestal to it.

'You are not perhaps aware that we have only about 100*l.* on hand, and therefore it will not be possible for us to put up all the works unless we have a much larger addition to the subscription than we have any right to expect. We shall, therefore, go on putting up the pieces which may be deemed the most valuable, in the fittest places as the means may be from time to time supplied. I am not without hopes that we may obtain a large subscription from the Academy in its corporate capacity—but this is mere hope and surmise on my part.

'I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

'H. C. Robinson.'

They had met with Dickens in this visit to Brighton. After they had left, with his promise to call when he was in London, he sent a copy of 'Mary Barton,' and this letter.

Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Brighton: Eighteenth February, 1849.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I was detained on Monday—I mean Wednesday, last—first by business with Bradbury and Evans, and afterwards at the Literary Fund, until I was more than due at the railway. My servant stands charged to bring you "Mary Barton" to-morrow. If I had had a spare moment before I came away, I should have brought it myself.

'Kate and her sister send you their loves. Brighton is just as you left it. The people, in carriages, on horseback, and afoot, jingling up and down the esplanade under the windows like gay little toys; and the great hoarse ocean roaring unheeded beyond them, and now and then breaking with a deep boom upon the beach, as if it said sullenly, "Won't anybody listen?" But nobody does; and away they all go, jingling up and down again, until the sun sets, and then go home to dinner.

'Ever faithfully yours,

'Carlo.'

Lord Carlisle says in his journal—

'*May 25th.*—Breakfasted with Rogers. It was a beautiful morning, and his house, view, and garden looked lovely. It was extremely pleasant. Mahon tried

to defend Clarendon, but was put down by Hallam and Macaulay. Macaulay was very severe on Cranmer. Then we all quoted a good deal; Macaulay (as I had heard him before) four very fine lines from the "Tristia," as being so contrary to their usual whining tone, and of even a Miltonic loftiness of sentiment—

'En ego, quum patriâ caream vobisque domoque,
Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuere, mihi,
Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorque fruorque:
Cæsar in hoc potuit juris habere nihil.

'I think we must have rather shot beyond Rogers sometimes.'

Here is another of the letters of introduction which were constantly arriving at his door—

G. de Berardin to Samuel Rogers.

'Paris, Hôtel de l'Empire, Rue Neuve St. Augustin:
'10th July, 1849.

'My dear Sir,—On being appointed French Ambassador in London, Monsr. Drouyn de Lhuys, the late Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic, I anticipate his desire to make your estimable acquaintance by taking upon me to inform you of this wish of his Excellency. Would it be too much presumption of me to beg of you to pay him an early visit at Hertford House? I have had occasion to speak great deal of you with my friend Mr. Drouyn, who knows the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" well enough by reputation, and naturally, when he may have an opportunity, he longs for the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance.

'Monsr. Drouyn is very well versed in the English literature, and I feel satisfied you will both be delighted with your reciprocal conversation.

'Madame Drouyn de Lhuys is a charming and accomplished lady, and she does too well the honours of a diplomatic saloon not to revive all the festivities, for too long laid in abeyance, of Hertford House.

'Accept, my dear Sir, my best wishes for your welfare, as well as the assurance of the perfect consideration with which I have the honor to be, my dear Sir, yours very devotedly,

'G. DE BERARDIN.'

Another letter of introduction from Edward Everett, one of thanks from Prescott, and one from Ticknor sending his 'History of Spanish Literature,' show how his American friends kept him in mind. The two former are worth giving.

William H. Prescott to Samuel Rogers.

'Nahant: 30th July, 1849.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I cannot let this steamer sail without thanking you for your kindness to my son when in London. He is now, I suppose, in Switzerland, where he passes the summer months. I knew, from the interest you have ever expressed for his father, that you would receive him kindly; but I feel truly grateful that you should have allowed him to have so much of your society, and such free admission to your hospitable house. A young man like him can bring little to society but the qualities of a good listener; and I trust he has

employed them well to garner up the stores for future reminiscences.

'He is too young to travel with the most advantage, but he is not so young as I was, when, in 1816–17, I made the same tour. But, though I enjoyed it right well, I feel now that I saw only the outside of things. I ought to go again to see the inside. And I have been on the point of doing so more than once; but, when I attempt it, I find I am like Gulliver when he tried to rise up in Lilliput, and a thousand little ties pinioned him down. I have not quite so many ties, thank Heaven! but enough, it seems, to pinion me, and keep me from wandering; so my migrations are rarely further than those of the Vicar of Wakefield. The town in winter, a cottage on the cliffs for the sea-breeze in the dog-days—where I am now writing—and my old paternal acres in the autumn, bring round the year; while I find myself idly busy with spinning the historic yarn, and of rather an indifferent staple, I fear, of late. But enough of myself.

'We have all been occupied the last year, on this side of the Atlantic, with looking and speculating on what you are doing on the other. Such a *trastorno* of kingdoms and popedoms as was never seen the like! But things seem to be coming now more into the old track. I trust, however, that important results will remain, both in the awakening of the minds of men and in the reform of ancient abuses. We have all admired the composure with which your little island rode out the storm—or rather the squall—which for a moment seemed to threaten her. Long may she brave every

storm that assails her, and lead the civilization of the Old World, as her Anglo-Saxon progeny lead that of the New!

'I suppose you know Boston is to send you another Minister next autumn. Our town seems to be selected as the nursery for the English mission. It is quite a compliment to us. The Minister now appointed, Mr. Lawrence, is quite a different sort of person from his predecessors—Bancroft and Everett. He represents the industry and material interests of the nation. He made his own way in the world, and has employed his large fortune in a very liberal manner. One of his last acts has been to establish a Scientific School at Cambridge, to which he has given ten thousand pounds, with the purpose, it is understood, of doubling the sum. Besides the donation, he prepared a plan for the organization of the institution, which did his head as much credit as his heart. He has shown an enlightened spirit always; and his knowledge of the interests of the country, especially ts financial and economical relations, is extensive. You will not find in him, however, the elegant literary culture which belongs to his predecessors.

'Mr. Bancroft will retire on his history, I suppose—as harmless an occupation as diplomacy. Everett has wearied of his academic life, and is passing his days in glorious *otium* at Cambridge. Yet he has too busy and sensitive a mind to relish the *far niente*.

'With my best wishes for your health and happiness, I remain, my dear Mr. Rogers,

'Very sincerely yours,

'Wm. H. Prescott.

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Cambridge: 3rd Sept. 1849.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—It is such an age since I have written to you that I am really under obligations to my honored friend, the Chief Justice of Massachusetts, who has asked of me for his son-in-law, Mr. Herman Melville, the favor of one or two letters to London. This gentleman (I am sorry to say) is not known to me personally. He is known to you and the entire reading world by his "Typee" and "Omoo," and another work of the same class, which I have not yet seen. I understand Mr. Melville's character to be altogether such as warrants me in commending him to your kind notice. His brother, who was Secretary of Legation under Mr. M'Lane, was, I think, known to you. Few of our writers have been as successful at home as Mr. Herman Melville, and I am happy to perceive that his productions are well known on your side of the water.

'Mr. Melville is going to pass a few months in England and France, and while he is in London I want him to see a few of those choicest spirits, who even at the present day increase the pride which we feel in speaking the language of Shakespeare and Milton. In a word, my dear friend, I want you to admit him to the freedom of No. 22 St. James's Place.

'I need not tell you how constantly we think of you, how often we speak of you, how regularly we do the honors of your portrait to all who come to us. I should be delighted to hear, under your own hand and seal, the confirmation of the good accounts I have of you from

others; and I pray you to believe me, my dear Mr. Rogers, with the strongest attachment, sincerely yours,

'EDWARD EVERETT.'

Of a different kind is a letter from Lord Glenelg, one of the few I find in Rogers's correspondence in which there are references to questions of doctrinal theology.

Lord Glenelg to Samuel Rogers.

'Boulogne-sur-Mer: 10th Oct., 1849.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I cannot help writing a line to ask how your cold is, and to report progress. Thanks to you, I was most comfortably lodged and entertained at Mr. Wright's. . . . He enquired much about you, and regretted your not coming there this year.

'I heard the beautiful music and saw the noble Cathedral, with its very fine crypt. I saw also the Augustine College. On Monday, I crossed, at Folkstone, a very rough but glorious sea, and an excellent passage. Here I am at the Hôtel de Londres—a very good hotel. I have some friends here, the Osbornes (Mrs. O. is sister-in-law to the Duchess of Somerset). I hope to leave this to-morrow. May I beg you for one line only, to say your cold is better, or, as I trust, quite gone, and address it to me here; it will be forwarded to me. I remembered your advice about the blanket, a most useful measure. I also paid yesterday my *devoirs* to the house where the author of "Gil Blas" died.

'I was much struck with the letter you showed me last Saturday from Mr. H. Drummond. I allude to it only to express my entire assent to his declarations as to

the only resource and consolation of immortal beings under the countless and severe sufferings of this life, namely, the atonement made by our divine Saviour, and his infinite compassion. I do not presume to speak of myself as Drummond has a right to do of his own case, but I speak of what I have seen in several remarkable instances.

'I did not mean to be so long on this, but you will forgive me, and ascribe it to the sincere affection and gratitude I must ever cherish for you.

'Believe me, my dear Mr. Rogers, yours ever,

'GLENELG.'

A fragment of another letter from the same writer, without date, but certainly of another year—in all probability 1850—shows again the regard entertained for Rogers by his friends.

Lord Glenelg to Samuel Rogers.

'. . . half-past four, and crossing the saloon to see what o'clock it was, and looking out, was perfectly overwhelmed by Mont Blanc all splendid with the rising sun; no vapours had yet gathered round him, all was glorious majesty, ridges radiant, depths deeper, in short, worthy of your Muse. It was so grand and beautiful a vision that I could not help awaking my fair companions; they were entranced. I can find no words to describe what we saw. I watched it in every advancing stage of the sun, successively opening new ridges, with varying light. On Monday we came to Vevay; one of the most beautiful of days. You know the magnificence of the

lake. The day before yesterday we reached this place in a very heavy rain. Yesterday we intended to commence a three days' tour in the Oberland, but the rain has been so heavy and incessant, and the country so completely involved in the mist, and the prospects of the weather so gloomy, that we must wait here, which is unfortunate, as we are limited in time.

'May I beg you to have a line written to me, *poste restante*, Baden-Baden.

Believe me, ever yours affectionately,

'G.'

Death was making rapid havoc with the old man's early companions. Nearly all whom he had known the best when he set up housekeeping in St. James's Place were gone, and now Moore was laid aside, and the new year soon brought the news that Moore's old antagonist Jeffrey was no more. It was conveyed in a note from his son-in-law.

William Empson to Samuel Rogers.

'Moray Place: Monday (28th Jan. 1850).

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—A three days' illness, apparently slight in its causes and symptoms, deprived us, at six o'clock on Saturday evening, of our dear friend. Millar was not alarmed, nor Christison, until four and twenty hours before his death. He suffered no pain, but from the sense of increasing weakness. Wine and brandy (he took nothing else) had no effect on his pulse or system. What there was of illness was a feverish cold, accompanied by a slight bronchial cough.

'Mrs. Jeffrey and Charlotte are bearing up against this sudden and terrible calamity as well as their friends can reasonably expect.

'Your long and continued friendship will make you interested in these sad particulars. He often spoke of you as the last of his early London friends: and you know with what a sense of your kindness, I am

'Ever yours,

'W. Empson.'

Jeffrey and Rogers had been friends for more than forty years. After the King of Clubs was founded in the first year of the century, Jeffrey was one of the early additions to it, and one of Rogers's first efforts as a peace-maker was in effecting a lasting reconciliation between Jeffrey and Moore. He was ten years younger than Rogers. Only three months later death came nearer still. Wordsworth, his friend of nearly half a century, as he describes himself in a letter on a previous page, was called away. He had completed his eightieth year on the 7th of April, but the shadow of death was already upon him. Sixteen days later he died. Less than a year before he had spoken of Southey as having had the misfortune to outlive his faculties; in this respect Wordsworth was happier than either Southey or Rogers. He had full possession of his faculties almost to the last. Such a death, at such a full age, was the fit ending of a poet's life. All his friends, Rogers among them, felt with Manoah, 'Nothing is here for tears.' To Rogers, it was only one more finger pointing along the inevitable road. He could not but reflect that he was nearly seven

years older than his venerable friend. The death was communicated to him in two letters.

John Wordsworth to Samuel Rogers.

'Rydal Mount: Tuesday.

'My dear Sir,—As my Father's oldest son, I write to you as his oldest, perhaps, living friend, to inform you that he expired this day at a quarter to 12 o'clock.

'My best prayer for you is that your latter end may be like his; it was tranquil, and without much previous suffering; he was himself to the last. I have had running in my head with regard to it and him what Lucan puts into the mouth of Brutus respecting Cato—

'Minimas rerum discordia turbat,
Pacem summa tenent.

'Believe me, dear Mr. Rogers, with much regard and esteem, yours very faithfully,

'J. Wordsworth.'

Edward Quillinan to Samuel Rogers.

'Loughrigg Holme, Rydal: 23rd April, 1850.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—You would be prepared from my last note for the melancholy communication I have now to make. My dear father expired at 12 o'clock this day. He passed away calmly, and almost imperceptibly to those around him.

'Believe me, my dear Sir, yours always faithfully,

'Edward Quillinan.'

Three letters will bring this chapter to a close.

Charles Dickens to Samuel Rogers.

'Devonshire Terrace: Thursday evening,
Eighteenth April, 1850.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I am poor in words—but not in heart—to thank you for the beautiful mark of your remembrance which you left for me to-day. Believe me, I shall prize it all my life, and set no common store by it for your sake.

'Anything I could write would read coldly to me, with such a token of your friendship and regard lying on my table. I could thank you better in a few lines of your own immortal verse, but somehow I am better satisfied to give no expression to all that I affectionately feel towards you. Your kind and generous imagination may be trusted with it safely.

'Ever faithfully yours,

'Charles Dickens.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Paris: Monday [no date].

'My dear R.,—I write to you now in case I should be prevented to-morrow by the hurry of new arrivals. I write to impress as strongly as I can on you the imprudence of exposing yourself to cold. I called the other day before one, and found you gone out to walk on a very cold day. Now when you have been ill of a bad cold, this was the very worst thing you could do. Old Dr. Brownrigg of Cumberland, a friend of Dr. Black and all our famous men, said to a man who told him he "had nothing but a cold." "Nothing but a cold! Would you

have the plague?" And so it is to all persons advanced in life. I have taken more pains against that than any other malady, and I do most strongly urge you to do the same thing yourself.

'I have seen the Hollands and Normanbys and Arago —no one else. I dine at Holland's to-day and Luttrell is to be there.

'Things are quiet for the hour—or week—or month. But no one has the very least confidence in them. I wish you were going with me on Sunday to philosophis in Provence with a fine sun and dry air. Adieu.

'Yours ever most sincerely,

'H. Brougham.'

Mr. Bancroft to Samuel Rogers.

'New York: 15th May, 1850.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Were I in London, I know very well you would allow me to bring a friend to you. And the distance of three thousand miles seems only to draw me nearer to you, each mile as I passed it being a witness to the regret with which I parted from cherished friends in England. Mrs. De Witt Clinton, the widow of our Governor Clinton, who deservedly ranked among our most distinguished statesmen and was the father of the internal policy which makes the State of New York so great, visits Europe, and if she finds you in good health, I hope you will do me the favour to receive her visit as you would so kindly have done if I had been in London to accompany her. No one in New York is more respected than Mrs. Clinton, and she is our near friend.

'The fruitful hours that we passed with you dwell in our memories; and Mrs. Bancroft deputed me to write this note commending our friend to you, for had she begun to write to you of the pleasant mornings we passed with you, I know not when she would have come to an end.

'Let me wish you health, and long-continued life, and everything that can make life happy.

'I am, dear Mr. Rogers, ever most truly your obliged friend,

'George Bancroft.'

CHAPTER VIII.

1850.

The Laureateship—Letter from Prince Albert—Lord John Russell on Tennyson — Rogers's Accident — He is lamed for life — Lord Brougham's Letters on Public Affairs—Death of Sir R. Peel—Further Letters from Lord Brougham—Letters from Lady Russell, Hallam, Empson, Mr. Ruskin, Mrs. Jameson, E. Everett, and Sir H. Holland, —Rogers to the Bishop of London on his Accident—Signs of Decline —Letters from Lady Morgan, Lady Emily Pusey, Sir Charles Napier, Lord Brougham, and E. Everett.

One of the most gratifying events in a life which was unusually full of occasions for congratulation, was the offer by the Queen through Prince Albert of the Laureateship rendered vacant by the death of Wordsworth. Wordsworth had held it only seven years, and, as he was seventy-three when he was appointed, there was a precedent for offering it to an old man. Rogers, however, was seven years older than Wordsworth, and therefore fourteen years older than Wordsworth was when he was appointed in 1843. It was an unexpected honour to Rogers that at eighty-seven he should be thought of for the post, and every circumstance connected with it gave him satisfaction. In making the offer promptly, and in communicating it by the hand of the Prince Consort, Her Majesty gave emphasis to a choice which seemed in his old age to remind him how

his youthful wish to be known and recognised as 'the Poet Rogers' had been fulfilled. I am graciously permitted by Her Majesty to print the letter in which Prince Albert, on her behalf, made the offer—a letter which is as honourable to the Prince as it is to the aged poet to whom it was addressed.

H.R.H. Prince Albert to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—The death of the lamented Mr. Wordsworth has vacated the office of Poet Laureate. Although the spirit of the times has put an end to the practice (at all times objectionable) of exacting laudatory Odes from the holder of that office, the Queen attaches importance to its maintenance from its historical antiquity and the means it affords to the Sovereign of a more personal connection with the Poets of the country through one of their chiefs. I am authorised, accordingly, to offer to you this honorary post, and can tell you that it will give Her Majesty great pleasure if it were accepted by one whom she has known so long, and who would so much adorn it; but that she would not have thought of offering it to you at your advanced age if any duties or trouble were attached to it.

'Believe me always, my dear Mr. Rogers,

'Yours truly,

'Albert.

'Buckingham Palace: 8th May, 1850.'

The Laureateship was thus offered purely as a recognition of his established position and fame. There were precedents for declining it. Scott had done so in 1813; he had another career before him then. Gray had done

so on the death of Cibber in 1757. Rogers was sorely tempted to accept it, but his shrewd common-sense, which never failed him all through life, suggested that the honour was in the offer, and that as he was approaching the close of his eighty-seventh year, it was his duty not to accept it. After much hesitation, therefore, he wrote the following letter, of which I find a copy in his own handwriting—

Samuel Rogers to Prince Albert.

'How can you forgive me, Sir, for having so long delayed to answer a letter which I have had the honour to receive from your Royal Highness, but I was so affected by it as to be utterly unable to do justice to my feelings. Coming whence it came—in such words as were not soon to be forgotten—and under the sanction of *one* whose mind and whose countenance were from her earliest childhood no less heavenly than her voice—I felt as if it left me no alternative; but when I came to myself and reflected that nothing remained of me but my shadow—a shadow so soon to depart—my heart gave way, and after long deliberation and many conflicts within me, I am come, but with great reluctance, to the resolution that I must decline the offer,[1] but subscribing myself, with a gratitude that will not go but with the last beat of my heart,

'Yours ever most affectionately,

'Samuel Rogers.'

[1] Rogers had previously declined an offer by the Prince of an honour almost equally tempting to a man of culture and refinement. The Prince had been elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1847,

There was probably not much hesitation in the mind of monarch or of minister who should wear the laurel Rogers had thus put aside. Some years earlier Peel had granted to Mr. Tennyson a pension from the Civil List of two hundred pounds a year. In writing to inform Rogers of this event, Mr. Tennyson told him that Peel said the favourable impression his books produced upon him, 'was confirmed by the "very highest authorities," yourself and Hallam.' Mr. Tennyson then says that he has only thanks to return for this practical kindness. 'But my thanks,' he adds, 'mean more than most men's.' This circumstance explains a reference in the following letter to Rogers's advice to Sir R. Peel. The letter is further of interest as showing first of all the care taken by a great minister in advising the Queen on so comparatively small a matter, and next the slow growth of Lord Tennyson's universal fame.

Lord John Russell to Samuel Rogers.

'Minto: Oct. 3, 1850.

'My dear Rogers,—As you would not wear the laurel yourself, I have mentioned to the Queen those whom I thought most worthy of the honour. H. M. is inclined to bestow it on Mr. Tennyson; but I should wish, before the offer is made, to know something of his character, as well as of his literary merits. I know your opinion of the last by your advice to Sir Robert Peel, but I

and he instructed his secretary to write to Rogers and offer him the degree of LL.D. or M.A., to be conferred by *mandamus*. If he accepted the offer, his name was to be put on his Royal Highness's list, and the degree conferred upon him in full congregation.

should be glad if you could let me know something of his character and position.[1]

'We are both much interested in the progress of your recovery. I heard you were at Broadstairs, and hope the air agreed with you. Lady John desires to be affectionately remembered.

'Yours very truly,

'J. Russell.'

When this letter was received, Rogers was partially recovering from the serious accident which brought his active career to a close. He had kept up his energetic habits into his eighty-eighth year, and was frequently to be seen, late at night, walking home from a friend's house at which he had been spending the evening. On his way home on Thursday night, the fourth of June, he was knocked down by a carriage, which proved to be that of a friend, and though not otherwise seriously hurt, he sustained a fracture of the thigh-bone in the socket, which lamed him for the rest of his life. The accident was the occasion of a remarkable expression of sympathy and esteem from all sorts and conditions of men. The high position which he occupied in the social life of London, and the interest which was felt in him among cultivated people in the United States and all over Europe, were strikingly shown in the calls at his door, the letters which poured in upon him, and the statements in the press. The picture I have been endeavour-

[1] On his appointment Mr. Tennyson went to Court in Rogers's Court dress. 'I well remember' says Sir H. Taylor, 'a dinner in St. James's Place when the question arose whether Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred.' But it did for Wordsworth, and it sufficed for his successor.

ing to draw of Rogers in his relation to his contemporaries would be entirely incomplete without some selection from this correspondence, difficult as it is to make. I have given precedence to a series of remarkable letters from Lord Brougham, which were written with the object of keeping the sequestered poet and politician fully informed of the public events in which he and his friends felt close personal interest. Lord Brougham's letters are remarkable exhibitions of energy for a man of seventy-two; they are also illustrative of his character, and give curious and interesting glimpses behind the stage of public life.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Grafton Street: Tuesday [11th June, 1850].

'My dear Rogers,—I cannot tell you how anxious I am, and all of us, to hear that you are not injured by this cursed accident. It is almost worth being ill to have so universal a feeling expressed as prevails. Make your people give me an answer.

'H. Brougham.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Sunday [16th June, 1850].

'My dear R.,—I went to meet the Nepaul Embassy by invitation of the East India Company. The dinner was splendid, and we had a gallery of ladies to see the jewels and dress of the Indians and to hear our speeches.

'The chief Indian spoke a long distinct speech in his own tongue, which half the company, having been in the

East, understood, and said it was much better than the interpreter made it. It pleased the East India Company much, for it lavishly promised all the Nepaul resources to us, and to stand by us against China. Hobhouse spoke as if mightily contented with the Indian Prince, and said the Embassy would return home impressed with the benefits and beauties of our free constitution! This I thought strong, considering that the Prince had just dethroned, or at least subdued, his Master, and really reigned in his stead, and that he had forcibly brought away with him the leaders of the opposition to his usurpation—which leaders he did not suffer to dine with him, but they were at another table. By the way, all of them dined in a room by themselves and joined us after dinner. I hear that one of them, being asked how he liked our rifles, said he had one which he had used to kill a servant, and that it answered very well.

'When it came to my turn to speak (called upon to return thanks for the judges and bar), I said that justice was everything, politics nothing. But I must say one word on that, too; and I said that, with the other lessons learnt, I hoped the Indians would carry back a most positive assurance that the Government here, and the people, and above all our hosts the East India Company, never would dream of extending their dominions by one acre, or of lessening by one inch the short distance which, we were just told, separates our Eastern Frontier from the Western Frontier of China (that distance being Nepaul); but that the world would see we had at length discovered the wisdom and the justice of never breaking the peace nor suffering others unpunished to break it.

This was really a right thing to say, and it was very well received—much better than might be expected.

'Such was our Nepaul banquet. The ladies were, I doubt not, disappointed, for the Princes had not their jewels, and the speeches were as dull as possible.

'Yours very affectionately,

'H. Brougham.

'Lyndhurst goes on well. Mind, I continue my interdict against your writing. Send only verbally how you go on.'

Rogers appears to have written a few lines, and Brougham sent him a reply the same evening—

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Sunday Evening [16th June, 1850].

'My dear Friend,—I am truly delighted to see your handwriting and hear of your welfare. But I do most positively interdict all exertion of writing, as I have to Lyndhurst even before his operation. It was performed by Dalrymple, which we thought right, rather than John Russell, not because he was more skilful, but as having attended him.

'I will give you a letter every two days to keep you up to what is going on during your confinement. I have a very bad account of poor Luttrell.

'Yours ever affectionately,

'H. Brougham.

'Our ladies desire their kind regards, and yesterday Lady Jersey nearly bit off my nose because I could not answer her so satisfactorily as I shall this evening.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'House of Lords: Tuesday [18th June, 1850].

'My dear R.,—I am here sitting on causes at ten this morning, having only got to bed at half-past four. We had such a victory over my poor friend Pam as no man ever dreamt of. The Government said they should be beaten by 3 or 4; they were beaten by 37.[1] Ominous number!—being my majority in 1816, by which I destroyed the Income Tax.

'I was really sorry to be obliged to vote against Palmerston in a personal case, and I refused to debate it, and only made a panegyric on him when I announced my reluctant vote. No man ever was so ill-defended: Lansdowne excellent as always, but all the Lords were away at dinner. Beaumont and Eddisbury did him harm. Stanley very good; Canning also, but savage; Aberdeen good, but ditto.

'Yours ever,

'H. B.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'House of Lords: Friday [21st June, 1850].

'My dear R.,—I was prevented by accident from sending you my two-day letter yesterday. First of the friends; next of the country. Lyndhurst's bandages go off to-day. He saw well on the mat four days ago. He

[1] This was a debate on the Don Pacifico case. Lord Stanley's motion, regretting 'that various claims against the Greek Government, doubtful in point of justice or exaggerated in amount, have been enforced by coercive measures directed against the commerce and people of Greece,' was carried by 169 against 132.

will to-day be permanently released from his nine-months dark cellar. . . . and will experience his new birth.

'Next of the country. This House of Lords defeat is a dreadful blow, both to the Government and [to] Pam especially. The attempt of Roebuck to set it aside in the Commons will be very embarrassing, for, if the motion is lost, the Government go, and we have a dissolution of Parliament as well as Ministry; if it is carried by a small majority, we have a conflict of the two houses, and the public with the Lords.

'Yours most truly,

'H. B.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'House of Lords: Tuesday [25th June, 1850].

'My dear R.,—I wanted to see if I could give you any light as to the fate of the Government in the House of Commons—in the Lords their fate is fully decided.

'I believe they will have a majority even considerable; some say as many as 50.[1] I should little wonder, for the men vote with a pistol at their breasts, "your vote or your life"; that is, your Parliamentary life, for dissolution is the alternative, and many will not be re-elected. But happen what may in their favour, the Lords' vote is not to be got rid of. It is a millstone about our necks in all negotiations, and in all debates of the Lords it is a millstone round Lansdowne's neck,

[1] The division on Mr. Roebuck's motion took place on the 28th of June. The numbers were 310 for the Government, and 264 against—a majority of 46.

for the Lords will be revenged for a counter vote of the Commons.

'Yours truly,

'H. B.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'House of Lords: Friday [28th June, 1850].

'My dear R.,—I went to see L. Philippe at St. Leonards on Wednesday. I found him quite well and in excellent spirits, but so altered in appearance that I should certainly not have known him. However, the medical men think he is recovering, and that the disease was not organic. He is pleased with the flocking of men of all shades from Paris to visit him, and he has been of much use in forwarding the President's dotation, holding that a refusal must have brought on a dreadful crisis and probably ended in an absolute monarchy.

'I sat yesterday with Lyndhurst and found him in excellent health and spirits on recovering his sight. The attack of the lunatic on the Queen[1] will give us the plague of addresses and trials. It is rather a pity the mob were kept from killing the man, for sudden and summary justice would do more to prevent repetition of the offence than twenty trials, and all you do by such trials is example. A madman's life is worth less than nothing to himself or the world.

'Yours ever truly,

'H. B.

'No one can tell what is to be the majority to-night in the Commons. I believe it will be considerable.'

[1] The attack on the Queen by Robert Pate took place on the 27th of June.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'House of Lords: Tuesday [2nd July, 1850].

'My dear R.,—I have a good account of you, which cheers us.

'The Government had the folly yesterday to bring over Normanby from Paris, and Clanricarde on his crutches from his sofa, to be miserably defeated after a severe debate, though, to escape, our good friend Lansdowne (the best leader of a House I have ever known) began his reply at the close of the debate by giving up the Government measures, and divided only against the Opposition substitute, preferring a middle course. But the Government were defeated by seventy-two to fifty. So much for hatred of Romish priests to which I contributed my mite.

'Peel has been in imminent danger almost all night. His son writes to me that he is a shade better, and they have hopes of his recovery; but plainly, not strong hopes.

'Lady Jersey and myself are occupied with Lord Hardinge and others in making up a purse for Mr. Macfarlane, author of travels and other excellent works. He has fallen into difficulties and we have got a cadetcy for his son, and are raising money for his outfit. Your known benevolence makes us think of you. Say your pleasure.

'Yours ever affectionately,

'H. Brougham.'

The accident to Sir Robert Peel took place on Saturday the 29th of June. On the day before he had spoken

in the debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion, and had, of course, taken the side of the opponents of Lord Palmerston's policy. He was out on Saturday afternoon for his usual exercise, when, on Constitution Hill, his horse reared and threw him, and he was so much hurt that he only lingered three days, suffering the severest agonies that a highly-strung nervous system could endure. He had seemed somewhat better on Tuesday morning, the day Brougham's letter was written, but became suddenly worse, and died at eleven o'clock that night. When the news was spread all over the country on Wednesday morning, there was a general and most striking manifestation of public feeling. The church bells tolled, and men of all parties went about speaking in undertones of the country's irreparable loss.

The division of which Brougham writes took place on the Parliamentary Voters (Ireland) Bill. The Government proposed to give the Parliamentary franchise for the Irish counties to occupiers of lands rated for the poor rate at a net annual value of 8*l.* or upwards. Lord Desart moved an amendment fixing it at 15*l.* Lord Brougham supported this proposal on the ground of the influence of the priests over the lower class of electors, and it was carried by seventy-two against fifty. Lord Lansdowne, speaking last, gave up the 8*l.* which had been adopted in the Commons. On the Bill going back to the Commons, 12*l.* was inserted instead of the 15*l.* which the Lords had fixed, and the Lords assenting, the Bill passed. Lord Brougham's letters continue.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Sunday [7th July, 1850].

'My dear Rogers,—Little has occurred since I last wrote. I forget if I mentioned the evil consequences of an injudicious yielding to feelings, instead of following the course pointed out by sense and reason, in regard to Peel's death. The Lords must needs have a talk upon the subject; we had one praising the deceased because he spoke the truth, and another describing his travels with him in a "hack post-chaise." These subjects require to be handled by artists, and you never can keep off clumsy hands which expose you to the risk of ridicule.

'Mrs. Meynell (*née* Pigou) was anxious to hear how you get on, and, I suppose, called, but I dare say did not see you.

'Sir B. Brodie tells me that Peel's accident proved fatal from splinters of the broken bone injuring the vessels near the heart, so that he died of internal bleeding. He suffered the greatest pain almost all the time he lingered.

'Yours ever sincerely,

'H. Brougham.

'The slaver of parasites is more mischievous than the tooth of enemies. Prince Albert will be hated as much as ever Prince was for this *Exposition*, and the consequent invasion of the park. A man in his very peculiar position should have the sense to know that repose and inaction is his only security against ridicule. But he must needs be disliked as well as laughed at.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Thursday [11th July, 1850].

'My dear R.,—You see we have got a Chancellor. The ministers had decided (as they do without decision) to have the Great Seal in commission till February, but the pressure from without (some half-dozen lawyers anxious to increase their fees but professing much regard for the public) pushed on the Government, and Wilde, Lord Eltham,[1] is chosen. I have seen him, and he is a great friend of mine, and always was one of my favourite *protégés* and chums. He was sixth counsel for Queen Caroline with me, in 1820 and 1821. He was long a City solicitor, like his father before him, and knows somewhat of Chancery business accordingly. He is a very honest and honourable man, and will not, like ——, abuse and job his patronage to selfish, party, or worse, personal emolument. Indeed, the latter is almost impeachable if not indictable for his sordid proceedings. Wilde is of a very far higher nature. I only fear he can never get through the arrears in Chancery which Cottenham, retaining the Great Seal so long after he was unable to work, has accumulated, for it is Wilde's failing to be long, and very long, about his business—a failing he had at the Bar and on the Bench, bringing it with him from his attorney's days; for an attorney holds every one point in every one case to be the very pivot on which the cause turns—a dreadful fault for either advocate or judge.

[1] Sir Thomas Wilde did not take the title Brougham here bestows upon him. He became Lord Truro.

'I shall help him all I can in the House of Lords where I now am sitting. But when I run over to America it will not be quite so well. However, the Government may be out before that trip.

'Yours ever sincerely,

'H. Brougham.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Tuesday [16th July, 1850].

'My dear R.,—I have little to report these two days. The cry against our new Chancellor continues. Rolfe was certainly the fittest man, but Dean Swift says *that* quality is quite fatal to any candidate. Then he had no place to give up which any one wished to have. Wilde, Lord Truro of Bowes, in Middlesex (for the heralds are queer geographers) took his seat yesterday, and I ushered him in with Redesdale. Lyndhurst would have been my second, but he came late. The peers present observed that my friend has not the "air distingué." But I predict that his kind and honourable nature and entire freedom from all affectation and conceit will make him a favourite. I only dread his working himself to death to get rid of the arrears, and he cannot do it, work how he may. I had ten times his bodily strength, and more than ten times his power of shortening business. His fault is in that direction.

'Let me know by verbal message if you desire I should call on you. We have no news except that an ex-Maid of Honour advertises for a situation—as servant, I suppose.

'Yours ever truly,

'H. B.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'House of Lords: Wednesday [24th July, 1850].

'My dear R.,—Palmerston's dinner of Saturday was the greatest failure ever known. Not a single colleague nor any person in office, except Attorney and Solicitor-General. All the M.P.'s known Radicals. The rest utterly unknown. It is said there was a riot and fight, and the police called in. No news have occurred since I had the pleasure of seeing you.

'I have been prevented calling with Lady Malet, by being a prisoner in this House, hearing causes daily from ten to five. I am working off Cottenham's arrears. The new Chancellor does exceedingly well.

'Yours affectionately,

'H. Brougham.'

This was a dinner given to Lord Palmerston by the members of the Reform Club. It was limited to the first two hundred members who had signed the invitation, that being the number the dining-room of the club could accommodate. The chair was taken by Mr. Bernal Osborne.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Brougham: Monday [12th Aug., 1850].

'My dear R.,—I was so occupied with deciding on the fate of railway gamblers the last week, that I could not continue my bulletins to you nor call on you as I wished, for I had to leave town at 9 on Saturday morning, and I sat all Friday, as all the week, in the Lords. (I want

your subscription for Macfarlane—£10. Pray send it to Messrs. Bouverie & Co., Haymarket, for C. Macfarlane.) But I thought of you yesterday, while I was following your prescription of the flesh-brush, by which I daily profit; and it occurred to me that now all London is gone or going out of town (Lady M. will call before she goes), you will find your confinement irksome for want of visitors. So this idea came into my mind: There is no difficulty in having yourself transported to the railway station and taking the whole of a carriage in which your bed is to be put. You get here in eight hours; you have an apartment on the ground floor, close to a garden; and for the next two months there will be a succession of your friends here, besides ourselves. Do think of this.

'Yours ever,

'H. B.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Brougham: Sunday [8th September, 1850].

'My dear R.,—We all long to hear of you and how you get on. Mrs. Meynell is here, and desires, with Lady Malet, to be most kindly remembered to you. She did not like to call as she passed through town, for fear it might have troubled you; but I told her you would have been most happy to see her. Lady M. did call, but was not let in. We are all curious to know if it is really true that Luttrell is married. Pray satisfy our curiosity.

'Lady W. Russell and her sons are here, and very agreeable they are. I have seen nothing of the Hollands, and learn that they are gone to Paris.

'Metternich writes me his opinion of France, which

agrees quite with my own, that the entire want of provident views in that people makes it impossible to foresee what may any day happen to them, but that meanwhile Louis Napoleon's strength consists in possession being more to be trusted than expectation—or, as we say, holdfast being a better dog than brag.

'I shall send you my letter to Denman on Law Amendment the moment it is out.

'Believe me, sincerely yours,

'H. B.'

From the many letters from other friends which served to lighten this time of suffering, I can only select a few. They cover the whole period of this correspondence with Brougham, and show the warm interest of Rogers's friends in his welfare.

Lady John Russell to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—You have often, when you were well, made me pass a pleasant evening; will you allow me—when you feel fit for it—to prevent you from passing a solitary one? Tuesdays and Fridays I am always in town, and I shall hope for a summons, though I dare not hope for it soon, as I know you must be very quiet for some time. I shall only add that, if thinking of you could have done you good, Lord John and I should have cured you long ago.

'Believe me, dear Mr. Rogers, always affectionately yours,

'Fanny A. M. Russell.

'32 Chesham Place: 19th June, 1850.'

Henry Hallam to Samuel Rogers.

'Wilton Crescent: Monday morn [June], 1850.

'My dear Rogers,—Is it consistent with your surgeon's injunctions that I should call to see you? I know that you have been visible to few only—do not, therefore, hesitate to say No if it ought not to be. If otherwise, I should greatly desire to shake your hand, as soon as you can admit me—at least, before I depart for the Continent. This will not be until the 10th of July. I am almost confident that you will be able to see me long before that time.

'I need not say how much I was shocked by your accident, though I constantly now hear that you are going on well. I was once, as you know, a fellow-sufferer, and can bear witness to the irksomeness of long confinement to the bed of helplessness, though not of pain. But I trust, as your injury is less important, your recovery may be considerably quicker than my own. I have been at Oxford most of last week. Yesterday I dined with the Berrys at Petersham, but the Elder did not appear.

'Yours, my dear Rogers, most truly,

'H. Hallam.'

William Empson to Samuel Rogers.

'E.I.C.: 16th June [1850].

'My dear Friend,—Your accident has grieved us very much. Lady Rolfe and Mr. Moxon and other friends to whom I have applied assure me that you are doing well. God grant it be so! Those pleasant walks home at

night-time, which I have so often had with you and—in his London days—with Jeffrey!

'You will like to know that my wife keeps well, in spite of a sick nursery. She desires to be most kindly remembered to you, and I am always your much obliged and most affectionate

'W. Empson.'

Mr. Ruskin to Samuel Rogers.

'Park Street: 5th July [1850].

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—I have long been wishing to write to you, and have suffered day after day to pass by, thinking that you would be not a little tormented by notes of condolence; which, however, I do not intend mine to be—for I have not the least doubt that you will be just as happy upon your sofa in your quiet drawing-room (with a little companionship from your once despised pensioners, the sparrows outside) for such time as it may be expedient for you to stay there, as ever you were in making your way to the doors of the unquiet drawing-rooms—full of larger sparrows inside—into which I used to see you look in pity, then retire in all haste. I am quite sure you will always—even in pain or confinement—be happy in your own good and countless ways: and so I am only writing to you to thank you for making me happy too in the possession of the two volumes which I found upon your hall table the first time that I came to inquire for you, and which make me some amendment even for not being able to see you, since the kind inscription of them enables me now to read them as if every line in them were addressed to myself—with special purpose and

glance of the eyes—such as I have so often met when I was going to be instructed or encouraged (or, when it was good for me, extinguished). And so helped, though I will not say that I can "pass the shut door without a sigh," I can, at least, look forward patiently to the time when I may be once more allowed to sit beside you.

'Believe me ever, dear Mr. Rogers, respectfully and affectionately yours,

'J. Ruskin.'

To this generous tribute from the most distinguished living writer on artistic and kindred subjects may be added one from another eminent writer, whose works are among the classics of the art literature of England.

Mrs. Jameson to Samuel Rogers.

'Ealing: 8th July [1850].

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—Am I committing an indiscretion in writing to you, instead of leaving the usual bit of unfeeling pasteboard with a name upon it? It has been on my mind to do so for many days past, and I have hesitated, but something in my heart says write; so I venture. Dear Mr. Rogers, of those who have grieved to hear of your accident and its painful consequences, I am perhaps the most insignificant to you; yet, let me say that few can have thought of you oftener. You gave me some flowers the last time but one that I breakfasted with you; I am going to leave England the end of this month, and I take those flowers with me; the associations connected with them can never fade from my mind; I am sure, dear Mr. Rogers, that you believe me, and

feel that this is not a bit of sentiment I utter: yes, I *do* thank you from my heart for all the delight and improvement I have had in your society, and from the beautiful and glorious and precious things assembled round you, and which made of your house a temple and a sanctuary. None could more appreciate them than I have done, nor feel more strongly that, valuable as they are, their highest, dearest value, when I think them over and bring them before my mind, is derived from their association with you and your great and good gifts and your remembered kindness. How I wish at this moment there were anything in the world I could do to pleasure or to comfort you! Since that may not be, forgive me for being selfish and wishing to be remembered by you once kindly before I go from England.

'God bless you, dear Mr. Rogers, and grant that I may find you, if not well, at best better, on my return. I shall leave this myself, and hear of you this morning.

'Believe me truly yours,

'ANNA JAMESON.'

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Cambridge, U.S.A.: 9th July, 1850.

My dear Mr. Rogers,—I cannot express to you with how much concern I heard from Dr. Holland of your late accident. . . . When you get well recovered of your accident, I shall read you a serious lecture, about your exposing yourself by walking home in the evening; but at present I cannot find it in my heart to utter a word of reproach. How I wish it were in my power to be near you on this occasion, and endeavour to relieve the

tedium of your confinement by my share of those assiduities which your friends will all be so happy to employ for your amusement. I was about writing to you at the time, on occasion of the recurrence of your birthday;—I am truly grieved to be obliged to give up so much of my letter to so different a subject. You are, however, so much of a philosopher as not only, with Horace, to number your birthdays without repining, but even to meet them with equanimity when obliged to celebrate them in the present untoward circumstances.

'I hope your ill-health has not prevented your seeing something of my friend Prescott. He would feel it as the greatest of privations to have to leave England without making your personal acquaintance, as I know you would yourself much regret it. But I am unwilling to think he has been so unfortunate.

'The papers tell us that the Queen has offered you the vacant Laureateship. It is what one might expect from her taste and judgment. The lost honours of that appointment have been sufficiently retrieved of late years to make it not unworthy of you. I will not ask you to write to me; for that may for some time be too great an effort, but I shall be truly rejoiced when I hear from some friend that you are quite recovered.

'In the meantime, my dear Mr. Rogers, I pray you to believe me, as ever, with sincere attachment, faithfully yours,

'Edward Everett.'

Rogers did see Prescott, as the next letter shows.

Dr. Holland to Samuel Rogers.

'25 Brook Street: Monday [July, 1850].

'My dear Sir,—I have now been in London a week, but so incessantly occupied with arrears of business, added to by three journeys to patients in the country, that I have not before found time to tell you of my return, as you were good enough to ask me to do.

'First of yourself—My last direct tidings of you were through Prescott, at whose house in Boston I dined on the 1st of this month, with Everett, Ticknor, and one or two other Boston worthies—a most agreeable close to my American excursion. Prescott spoke with much earnestness of your kindness to him, awakening much affectionate memory of the same in our friend Everett. Your portrait is in the drawing-room of the latter, opposite to that of Lord Aberdeen.

'From Mr. Prescott's report I infer favourably of your progress to that time. I shall rejoice in learning that it has continued the same since; and that you have gained good to your strength and to your general health by your stay at Brighton. All that relates, too, to the state of the limb, I shall gladly learn—gladly, at least, if the account be good.

'I lived with Everett at Cambridge, near Boston, both when disembarking in America and returning to Europe; and had great enjoyment in his society and in that of the learned and scientific of Cambridge congregated around him. In the interval between my visits to him I accomplished 3,900 miles of travel, stretching as far westwards as the great prairies between Lake Michi-

gan and the Mississippi; making a voyage of more than a thousand miles through the upper Lakes; revisiting Niagara; making a tour through some of the finest parts of Upper Canada, descending the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and finishing by a journey through the states of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. This is a naked outline; but it will show you that I have not been idle nor inattentive as an observer of this wonderful country, of the unparalleled progress of which few people here have any due conception. The changes and improvements since I was there five years ago are marvellous to me—and improvements in manners and habits, as well as in the physical conditions of the community.

'I accomplished my travels without a single accident or misadventure of any kind, and with very great good to my health, both present and prospective, for the labours of the winter. The transition is indeed sudden: from prairies, forests, lakes, and rapids, to diarrhœa, catarrh, rhubarb, and antimony; but these changes are agreeable and refreshing to me, and the former make me better competent to deal with the latter.

'Farewell, my dear Sir. Believe me, ever yours most faithfully,

'H. Holland.'

Rogers was by this time sufficiently recovered to write notes in answer to inquiries. One of these notes is worth reproducing. It was in answer to a letter from the Bishop of London, who wrote on the 31st of July, saying that for three weeks he had been confined to the house and unable to call to inquire after him in person, and asking him to send him a report. Rogers replied.

Samuel Rogers to the Bishop of London.

'3rd August, 1850.

'My dear Lord,—What can I say to you? How can I express to you my sense of your great kindness? I can only thank you in the fulness of my heart, and assure you how much I lament your long illness—so severe an affliction to your friends and such a loss to the world.

'As for myself, I am going on, I believe, as well as I can expect, being at length promoted from my bed to a chair; and if this is to be my last promotion, I shall endeavour to console myself, as Galileo is said to have done under a heavier dispensation—"It has pleased God that I should be blind; and ought not I to be pleased?"

'Pray remember me most particularly to Mrs. Blomfield, and believe me to be

'Most affectionately yours,

'Samuel Rogers.'

There is a sign of failing powers in this letter. From this time forward many of his notes began in the same way. Lady Dufferin, in the very ill-considered letter which she wrote about him after his death, and which is published in Mr. Hayward's 'Correspondence,' says that his letters 'generally begin with "Pray, pray"—a form of exordium which alternated with "What shall I say?"' This is absurdly false as to his life up to its eighty-ninth year, but it is true of the few closing years. Rogers's memory has suffered from the fact that so much of what

has been called his 'Table Talk' belonged to the declining period, and that so many of the accounts of him which have been published refer also to his failing days. Mrs. Norton's letter in the same volume as that in which her sister's is published, and the extracts from it which Mr. Hayward included in his 'Edinburgh Review' article may be advantageously compared—may I not say contrasted?—with her letters to Rogers himself in this volume. In mentioning this letter of Mrs. Norton's, there is, however, one passage in it which I may quote with approval, as true of one aspect of his life. 'He was the very embodiment of quiet, from his voice to the last harmonious little picture that hung in his lulled room; and a curious figure he seemed—an elegant, pale watch-tower, showing for ever what a quiet port literature and the fine arts might offer, in an age of "progress," when every one is tossing, struggling, wrecking, and foundering on a sea of commercial speculation or political adventure: where people fight even over pictures, and if a man does buy a picture, it is with a burning desire to prove it is a Raphael to his yelping enemies, rather than to point it out with a slow white finger to his breakfasting friends.'[1] The picture is of Rogers in his old age, and especially after his further promotion from the bedroom chair to the familiar rooms in which he still entertained his friends.

On the 25th of October Hallam's second son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, died at Siena. When the news came Rogers wrote a letter of sympathy to his distinguished friend, and here is the answer.

[1] The Hayward Letters, vol. i., p. 287.

Henry Hallam to Samuel Rogers.

'Wilton Crescent: 26th Nov., 1850.

'My dear Friend,—I have answered very few of the many kind letters my friends have written; the expressions of sympathy have been most general; and I hear that no such event has been ever more deplored. Nor is this wonderful. There are many who love me—full as many who knew how to love and admire him who has thus suddenly, thus almost mysteriously, been taken away. But this is the second blow that has fallen on me in almost the same circumstances, and just when the memory of one had been recalled and rendered familiar to all by Tennyson's remarkable volume, the tribute of undying friendship, we are called on to lament a calamity not less bitter, and very similar in all respects. Yet *not* in all, alas! for one left behind him the living image of his talents and virtues, and seemed by the mercy of providence as it were restored in another person—while there is now nothing to fill the gap, nothing to take off from the solitude of my last days, or if I have still a blessing left that prevents solitude, nothing to preserve my name and memory when I go home and am no more seen. But I will not dwell on this.

'You, as I have said, are one of those few friends whose friendship I cannot leave unnoticed. Of you I thought often during my absence, and heard very little. It was a great gratification to see the date of Brighton on your letter.

'I hear now favourable accounts of your progress,

and especially of your general health. God preserve you long to us!

'My dearest daughter has borne two lessons with resigned piety—a steady principle in her heart. She has been inspired not to think this world a home of mere pleasure.

'Affectionately yours,

'H. Hallam.'

Rogers had at this time removed to Brighton, and was so far recovered as to be able to see his friends, and to take the air in his carriage as well as to write his letters. Among the large number of ladies who wrote to him at this period was Lady Morgan, one of his admirers, who, after his death turned round and spoke contemptuously of him. Lady Morgan was visiting Lady Dungarvan at Marston, in the summer, and she wrote to Rogers after reading the poetical works of Lord Orrery, 'in whose library,' she says, 'I am writing, with "the Orrery" of his famous descendant beside me, and the portrait of his philosophical ancestor, Robert Boyle, before me.' She tells him that while all the fine ladies in London are besetting his door with anxious inquiries and personal attentions, 'there are three, far away, who are most desirous to learn of your progress to perfect recovery, and who prove, by the interest they feel about you, that "les absents n'ont pas toujours tort."' These were Lady Dungarvan, Lady Morgan herself, and another, whom she represents as all belonging to the troop 'who were called into being to flutter round you when here and think of you when absent.' In a very different tone Jessie de

Sismondi writes from Tenby to ask after him and to assure him that 'the secret benevolence of your life which Mackintosh has so often told us with affectionate admiration,' gave them confidence that he would sympathise in their desire to express their honour, admiration, and affection. The 'we,' she says, 'are Allens who have so often experienced your kind attention.' Another friend writes.

Lady Emily Pusey to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I have felt very anxious about you ever since we left London. Some weeks ago I wrote to you, but I do not know whether you received my letter. Last week my brother went to London, and I begged him to call on you, that is, to make inquiries after you at your house. He brought me the pleasant intelligence that you had been able to leave London and were at Brighton. I am indeed rejoiced to hear that you had been able to move, and I trust that you have no difficulty in driving out every day.

'I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will allow your servant to write me two or three lines to tell me how you are, and whether you go out. I conclude that you will pass great part of the winter at Brighton, where I hope you have found some of your friends.

'Do not you think that our sober countrymen have gone a little mad on the subject of No Popery? I never was a Whig even in early days, yet I always disliked the anti-Catholic cry. I think Lord John, in his bitterness against my good brother-in-law and his friends, may have cause to regret the rashness of his letter, which I hear

is universally condemned. I must not, however, get into these subjects, nor weary you by writing too much, so I will only say again that few things would give me more pleasure than to hear that you were pretty well, and I remain, my dear Mr. Rogers, with the kindest love of all my circle, yours very affectionately,

'Emily Pusey.

'Pusey, Faringdon: 17th Nov., 1850.'

Sir Charles J. Napier writes from Simla, as soon as the news of the accident reaches him, making affectionate inquiries. In the course of the letter he says:—

'The union of *cabs* and *macadamised* streets is a perfect nuisance, and soon no one but Harlequin will be able to walk them without making a will. For my part, as I am very short-sighted, and the sense of hearing being of no earthly use against cabs that glide like noiseless ghosts, I expect to end my mortal career, not, like a gentleman, on the field of battle, but on a street crossing in the arms of a compassionate sweeper, broken on the wheel without the honour and glory of being publicly executed.'[1]

He adds in a postscript:—

'I have had a little fighting since I left England, but thank God not much, and that little we ought not to

[1] Mr. Justice Denman, who, in his undergraduate days, often walked home with Rogers from Lord Denman's house in Portland Place, tells me that on the last time he did so, Rogers made a very long pause before he would venture to cross Margaret Street, saying, 'I am sure I shall die of a cab.' This was only a few days before his accident.

have had, at least so I think. There will be more yet ere many years pass.'

A letter from Lord Brougham, and one from Mr. Everett in reply to one from Rogers, may appropriately bring this chapter to a close.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Château Eleanor-Louise : 22nd Nov., 1850.
Cannes, Var.

'My dear Rogers,—I have heard nothing of you since I came to the country of the sun, but I conclude you have well-nigh finished your recovery, and I hope to find you in good force when I turn my face toward the fog and the frost.

'You are, however, kept in some heat in England by the fury of contending sects. As for the Pope—his folly exceeds his impudence, but agreeing with J. Russell in his indignation, I also join him in feeling no alarm. Certainly, whoever supposed the anti-Catholic spirit to be gone down in England made an egregious mistake. It really seems as strong as ever, though the seventy years elapsed since Lord G. Gordon have so far improved our mob that Cardinal Wiseman may escape alive notwithstanding all that is doing and saying.

'We have had in this remote quarter rumours of conspiracy, and even domiciliary visits—nothing close here, but a few miles off; and the persons arrested are sent to be tried at Lyons by a military commission, I suppose—that being one of the liberties enjoyed under a Republic. There has been at Lyons and thereabouts

a little, and but a little, foundation for these alarms of conspiracy and revolt.

'I shall be much pleased to hear that my conjecture of your having got well is better founded than the No Popery alarm in England, and the Rebellion and associated stories in France.

'Believe me ever yours truly,

'H. Brougham.'

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Cambridge: 24th Dec., 1850.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter of the 22nd November from Brighton. To know that you "are promoted from your bed to your chair," from London to the seaside, and that you contemplate your remaining privations with serenity and cheerful acquiescence, is delightful. How I wish it were in my power to amuse occasionally one of your vacant hours! How I envy those who have the privilege of doing it! Mr. Prescott constantly speaks of the pleasure which he enjoyed in being admitted to your bedside. He has returned greatly improved in health, and in excellent spirits; and his friends are delighted to find that, in his case at least, the ill-natured adage, *presentia minuit famam* was not exemplified.

'You are good enough to send your remembrance to all beneath my roof. You could not send it where it is more highly prized. I have been obliged, however, to speed it onward. My daughter (now, alas, my only daughter) has married and is living at Washington, where she is very agreeably settled. Her husband is an

officer in the Navy of the United States, the author of a sprightly book called "Los Gringos," of which I will try to send you a copy with this letter. He is at present attached to the United States Coast Survey, with a prospect of not being speedily ordered to sea. My oldest son got through College last summer, and is studying surgery; my second is to go to the University (or "go up," as you say in England) next July, and my "youngest hope," as you once called him, is at home, and going to an excellent day school. He will be next summer as well fitted for college as most boys of 17; but as he is yet but little over eleven, I shall, of course, not send him. His memory is truly wonderful. I mentioned to him the other day that, according to Mr. Fox, neither Homer nor Virgil speaks of the singing of birds. This, you recollect, is one of Mr. Fox's sayings which you have treasured up. On my repeating it to Willy, he immediately said, "I think, Papa, that is an error as far as Virgil is concerned," and quoted—

Et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus.

It is very nearly two years since he read the eighth book of the Æneid; and when he made the quotation—which was done instantaneously—his mind was on a totally different track: he was writing an article in his little commonplace book on the "Persian Lilac."

'I have had some slight thoughts of running over to England next spring, under the pretence of seeing the Exhibition, but mainly to see my dear English friends, whom I long to see once more with a desire "which passeth show." I need not add that there is no one

among them whom I more wish to take again by the hand than yourself.

'My wife joins me in affectionate regards. Your portrait, which hangs by our fireside, sheds its steady light on our little circle, and gives life to many a pleasant recollection.

'Farewell, dear Mr. Rogers, and believe me, with sincere attachment, gratefully and ever yours,

'Edward Everett.'

CHAPTER IX.

The Great Exhibition—Sir B. Brodie—Rogers and Macready—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Lord John Russell, Crabb Robinson, Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Denman, Lord Glenelg—Lord Brougham's Letters on Public Affairs—Kenney—Barbara Godfrey—Lady Herschel—Lady Campbell (Pamela)—Rogers as a Letter-writer—Lady Morgan—Mrs. Tom Moore—Moore's Death—Letter from John Forster—Mrs. Grote—Luttrell's Death—Turner's Death—Sir C. Eastlake on Turner's Will—Lines on the Hon. George Denman's Marriage—Letter of Lord Brougham—Rogers to Lord John Russell on a Volume of Manuscript Poems.

The year 1851 seems to most middle-aged men to lie so close behind them, that it is with a feeling akin to surprise that one thinks of Rogers in connection with it. That a man whose early life was passed in the eighteenth century, the first volume of whose memoirs ends in 1803, should live to see the Great Exhibition, even though he was only wheeled round the building in an invalid chair, shows how a long life links several generations together. The contemporary of Pitt and Burke and Fox lives to be the personal friend of Mr. Gladstone; a man who had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door, and spent a day with Adam Smith, and heard Robertson and Dr. Blair preach, entertains Macaulay and Dickens and Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin. The Exhibition year, when it came in, found Rogers greatly restored, though still lame. Crabb Robinson says that after the return of Rogers

and his sister from Brighton, in January, they were able to drive out every day. 'He gives up his numerous breakfast parties, but wishes to have every morning one or two friends to come at half-past ten. . . . His clever lad, Edmund, manages everything for him.' On the 18th he records spending an interesting two hours with Rogers, meeting Henry Sharpe (his nephew) and Moxon, and he adds, 'Rogers talks as well as ever.' He had been attended by Sir Benjamin Brodie, and on his offering his fees, the great surgeon refused to accept them. In a letter in January, 1851, he says—

'Pray send me no money, but let me have some piece of plate, which may be to me a memorial of yourself and your constant kindness for more than thirty years, and an heirloom in my family afterwards. Oblige me further by not selecting anything very costly, as it is for the sake of the donor, and not for its own sake, that it will be valuable to myself now, and to my son when he inherits it.'

Rogers's reply begins with the form which I have already said indicated the failure of his powers.

Samuel Rogers to Sir Benjamin Brodie.

'13th January, 1851.

'My dear Friend,—What can I say, what can I do when he who has so nobly devoted his life to the service of mankind, and has now, at the close of mine, spared no time or labour in his endeavours to restore to one so unworthy what in a rash, in an unthinking moment, I

had lost, now declines to receive (small as it must be) the return I would make him.

'What he suggests, however, I will not fail to do, and as much more as I can if he will let me. Forgive me if I venture to subscribe myself,

'Yours ever most gratefully and affectionately,

'SAMUEL ROGERS.'

The gift was made, and in acknowledging it, Sir Benjamin Brodie says—

'I take the opportunity of expressing how great is the satisfaction which I have derived from my acquaintance with you, since I first met you at Holland House, some thirty-five years ago. The generous and liberal sentiments displayed by you on all occasions were not unnoticed by me when I was yet a young man, and I hope that they have not been altogether thrown away.'

Rogers was one of the stewards for Macready's Farewell dinner on the 1st of March. On the 18th, Macready writes in his diary, 'Called on dear old Mr. Rogers—"Heu quantum mutatus!" I shall never see him again. He talked much, and I sat long. He talked much of poetry, quoting passages and citing from his own. He spoke of sonnets, to which he has a great dislike, and thought them the Procrustean bed for thought. He sent his love twice to Catherine, and seemed, as I parted from him, to have the persuasion that it was the last time. I turned as I left the room, and his two hands were lifted up to his head in the action of benediction on me.' On the 4th of May he writes: 'Forster called; went with

him to Rogers. Found the old man very cheerful, thinner than when I last saw him, but in very good spirits. He told all his stories "over again." Expected the three bachelors to get married. Spoke of Scott, Byron, and Moore, and of his own poetry, quoting, as a particularly fine line, "their very shadows consecrate the ground. . . ." Took leave of dear old Rogers once more, I think indeed, for the last time.'

Here is a characteristic letter from another of the celebrities of the time, then in the hey-day of his fame.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to Samuel Rogers.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—I have just received some strawberries from the country—and I venture to request your acceptance of them. If they are a little in advance of the season, they are more appropriate as an offering to you—since to the Poet there are no seasons, or rather, he is Lord over all.

'Floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles et cærula regna.

'I quote from a poem with which you perhaps first made acquaintance when strawberries were dainties, at least, for my part, I suppose it is from some association of youth between the first-fruits of the summer and my own early Latin studies, that I find myself quoting Gray's noble lines, "De Principiis Cogitandi,"[1] which I cannot have read for these twenty years, *à propos* of a basket of strawberries! But indeed, when one writes to

[1] Lines 87–89.

the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," one is naturally hurried away from March winds and debates on Papal Aggression, to find oneself

'In the groves of Academe
Or where Ilyssus winds his wandering stream.[1]

'Believe, dear Mr. Rogers, in the profound respect of your admiring and faithful friend,

'Edwd. Bulwer Lytton.

'Athenæum: 25th March, 1851.'

There are abundant signs that, in spite of some failures of memory such as Macready notes, Rogers still kept up his interest in public affairs. He wrote a good many letters, his servant, Edmund Paine, often acting as amanuensis. His correspondence thus went on almost as largely as in earlier days. Among the innumerable letters which are the relics of these closing years, there is one from Lord John Russell asking his aid as a critic to polish an inscription for Lord Holland. 'The marble is already polished and awaits my inscription,' says Lord John. He adds, 'that on Lady Holland is short, but I meant it to be so.' Crabb Robinson writes to tell him that he has been to see Thrupp's statue of Wordsworth in the clay, and to express the hope that Rogers will go to see it. He had gone in by the back way and had a perfect view of the figure, and tells Rogers that if he will drive in at the mews at the east end he may see it from

[1] From Rogers's *Human Life*. The lines are—

'Young Byron in the groves of Academe,
Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream.'

his carriage without alighting. Mrs. Gladstone writes from Fettercairn telling him he is always so kind to her she cannot help flying to him in her necessity and asking for some contribution for a House of Mercy at Clewer. A little later Mrs. Gladstone writes again, thanking him for a contribution: 'I gave your loving messages to my little rosebud,' Mrs. Gladstone adds, 'who sends you kisses. I shall bring her to you, please God, before the spring. My husband begs to be allowed to send you his love and best wishes. We hope you approve of his letters to Lord Aberdeen, with whom we have lately been staying and who was much pleased that I could give him tidings of you.' Lord Denman sends from Stony Middleton a letter which he dates 'July 14 (Destruction of the Bastille, hurra!) 1851,' and which begins—

> If the lark has lost his feet,
> He may nestle in the wheat.
> Though the lark should lose his wing,
> If he soar not, he may sing.

In another letter he says, 'We are anxious to know from yourself that this hot weather agrees with you as well as it does with us, that is, perfectly well.' Lord Denman had resigned the post of Lord Chief Justice of England in the year before. His letters are in an old man's trembling hand. Lord Glenelg writes from Paris that he can scarcely tell how much he felt being obliged to leave England without wishing him good-bye. Lord Brougham's letters have so much of the story of the year in them, that it will be better to string them all together in their order—

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Paris: 19th April, 1851.

'My dear Rogers,—I lamented exceedingly not having been able to see you before I set out; but I was hurried by business to the last moment. I was so much lowered in January by the influenza that the work of the Session fell heavily upon me, and I found I must go and take a few weeks' rest. I therefore set out to-morrow morning for the Blue Mediterranean, as you poets call it, or ought to call it, and hope, D.V., to be at Cannes on Thursday evening, sleeping every night but one on the road.

'I have letters from Lady Susan Hamilton, now at Venice, which show all the stories of Walpole having left her to be pure fabrications, as I always believed they would turn out to be.

'I can give you no public news from this place. All seems unsettled and uncertain. But I feel confident there will be no mischief now, and most likely none before the election in 1852, or even then. This however is not the general opinion. I rely for my view on the universal fear of violence which constrains all parties.

'Yours ever sincerely,

'H. Brougham.'

Lord Brougham's letters from France in 1851 bear constant testimony to the unrest and fear of violence which prevailed among the upper classes of the French Republic in that year. He had however, as is pointed out in Mr. Hayward's 'Correspondence,' no prevision of

the *coup d'état*. Everything was unsettled and uncertain, but public apprehension had fixed on the Presidential Election of 1852—'the inevitable 1852' as Louis Napoleon's enemies were always calling it—and the *coup d'état* of December took Lord Brougham, as it took the world, altogether by surprise. Brougham was soon back again from the blue Mediterranean.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Wednesday morning [2nd July, 1851].

'My dear R.,—The day is very unpropitious for an expedition. But even had it been ever so fine, I am ordered to the House of Lords to be imprisoned in a committee on a Bill brought in to help, perhaps mainly to puff, the Court hobby, the Glass Palace, and as I was the person who made them refer the Bill to a Select Committee (for it was on the point of altering the whole Patent Law[1]!!) I must attend. This will lock me up till Friday, when I hope we may meet at two.

'Yours ever sincerely,

'H. Brougham.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Lichfield: Wednesday [16th July, 1851].

'My dear Rogers,—I was exceedingly vexed at not being able to call before I left town, but the whole of last week I was locked up in the House of Lords from ten o'clock. Sunday I went into the country and Monday again in the Lords all day; and even yesterday I had to be there till the moment I set out.

[1] This was the Patent Law Amendment (No. 3) Bill, which was passed into Committee on the 1st of July, 1851.

'My journey has even already been of service to me, and I expect to profit much by the change of air, and above all the quiet of Brougham, where I hope to arrive late to-day.

'I have been to the Cathedral service; the music is certainly fine, but it is never at all an impressive thing, except to the multitude. The simple liturgy is worth a hundred of it for effect. I remember that Wilberforce's funeral in Westminster Abbey affected no one. It was all chanted. Campbell's, which was all read, was the most affecting thing I can remember.[1]

'I had not been in the Cathedral here since 1798. therefore Chantrey's famous group (1817) was quite new to me. It has great merit, but I recollected the remark (on examining it) that the difference of ancient and modern sculpture is this—the latter gives form and flesh, the former *skin also*. I believe it to be quite true.

'The Johnson stone statue painted over is really not so bad as I expected to find it. So here ends my travel.

'I hope to find you as well as ever, if not better, when

[1] Rogers himself took a very different view of Campbell's funeral. His nephew Samuel Sharpe, says in his Diary, under date the 4th of July, 1844: 'I spoke to my Uncle Sam of Campbell's funeral yesterday in Poets' Corner, and of his not being there. He said: "I did not attend your uncle Henry's nor your brother Sutton's, and so, of course, I did not go to Campbell's. Besides, I did not want to be elbowed by lords who never did anything for him when alive."' Again, on the 20th of October in the same year, Mr. Sharpe writes: 'My uncle again spoke of the folly of burying Campbell in Westminster Abbey, and praised Pope for refusing to be buried there. He thought the sentiment of seeing the poet's tomb in the village churchyard so much more valuable than seeing it among a crowd of vain candidates for fame in Poets' Corner.' (*Samuel Sharpe, Egyptologist, &c.*, p. 175.)

I return to London on my southern flight for the winter. Meanwhile, make some one give me a bulletin of you.

'Yours ever most truly,

'H. Brougham.

'I wish you would let Luttrell know why I could not call again, also how happy I am to have such good accounts of him.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Brougham: 31st August, 1851.

'My dear Rogers,—I am truly obliged to you for your kind and friendly letter, and, as you say nothing to the contrary, I conclude you are well. It is not, however, the weather that will do either of us much good, for I have been these last two weeks in a climate more like Christmas than the dog-days. Nevertheless, I am going on mending, and hope to have got quite round before the real winter comes.

'I have been reading Barente's "Histoire de la Convention," and it is very well and fairly written. I expect to have far less satisfaction from La Martine. But my good friend Mignet's "History of Mary Stuart" will tempt me on that old and beaten ground, I doubt not.

'Glenelg, from whom I heard lately, gave me a good account of you, and he could not have given me any more agreeable intelligence.

'I have just heard from the Hollands, who are taking the baths at Aix (in Savoy). They describe the Prince of Joinville's coming forward [1] (if he really does) as a very

[1] As a candidate for the Presidency in the election which was to have taken place in 1852.

alarming thing to Louis Napoleon. If the said Prince has a chance, it is on account of the very worst defect he can have, namely, being likely to give the army what they want—a war. Of this you may be assured.

'Believe me, most sincerely yours,

'H. Brougham.

'Remember me most kindly to Luttrell. I hear often from Denman, who is quite well, thank God.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Walmer Castle: 20th Sept., 1851.

'My dear Rogers,—I was obliged to come away between ten and eleven this morning, and prevented from sending to you as we had agreed. I told the great man of this Castle that you desired your kind remembrances and respects to him, and he said he was much gratified and asked me very kindly after you, being quite pleased with the good account I gave of you. When I told him I had seen you in the hands of the operator, and quoted the Sheridan anecdote[1] as given me by you, he was much amused, but he did not admit his own repugnance to undergoing it, probably because he feels that he has been compelled to do so repeatedly.

'There is no one here except Lady Charles, and I don't think that in all the agreeable evenings I have passed with him I ever had one so pleasant and so interesting as this.

'To-morrow, I hope to dine at Paris (D.V.), as the boat sails early.

[1] See vol. i., p. 218.

'I shall let you know from there if I hear anything interesting.

'Believe me most truly yours,

'H. Brougham.

'Don't omit to remember me to Luttrell, whom I was extremely vexed not to be able to see.'

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Cannes (Var), Château Eleanor-Louise:
'12th Oct., 1851.

'My dear R.,—I have to thank you, which I do most heartily, for your kind letter. I wish I could afford you any return by giving you information as to the state of this unhappy country—unhappy, with all the elements of the greatest prosperity. But the fatal effects of a sudden, and utterly groundless, revolution (1848) continue to be felt in every way. There is a general sense of insecurity which pervades the whole people, and all feel gloomy and alarmed. I really consider that there is no foundation for this alarm, as far as regards *general convulsion*, because there is among all parties such a dread of it, that this is likely to prevent violence, except from the rabble. But partial outbreaks may very probably take place. However, the bad effects of the prevailing sense of insecurity are everywhere to be seen. No speculations are entered into and all manufactures and trade are kept in as much suspense as possible, in order to wait and see what may happen. The feeling which I find most universal, except, perhaps, among the Socialists and Rouges, who, of course, one never sees, is indignation at the shelter given in England to all insur-

rection-mongers; and now this feeling is increased by the reception of Kossuth, though he is not, by any means, of the same class with the London Committees of Insurrection. Indeed, our good folks are not aware that the Hungarian affair was almost entirely an aristocratic movement.

'I found nobody at Paris except Madame Lieven, and the diplomatic people, and also Thiers. The almost universal feeling is against this proceeding of Joinville.[1] The violent Republicans like it, because it hurts the President's chance, who, however, is pretty sure to be re-elected in one way or another. But the general wish is for Royalty as the only means of living tolerably secure from perpetual change, only there is no Royalist party ready to take the Government, and they all must submit to a Republic nearly all despise and hate.

'I am here in a sultry summer, but I hope to see you before Christmas or very soon after it, and to find you as well as when I left you.

'The journey here is now so easy that I could have arrived the fourth day from Paris, had I not stopped to pay a visit on the road.

'Believe me ever most sincerely yours,

'H. Brougham.'

[1] This is a reference to his candidature in the pending Presidential election. The Constitution forbade the existing President to be re-elected. Louis Napoleon demanded a revision of the Constitution, because the chiefs of the parliamentary majority had broken faith with him, and had put forward the Prince de Joinville as a candidate, demanding the abrogation of the Law of Exile, in order to permit the Prince to return to France, and to stand as a candidate. The refusal of the Assembly to revise the Constitution in the above sense was followed by the *coup d'état* of Dec. 1851.

The next letter was written after the *coup d'état*, and it presents Lord Brougham in the attitude of partial approval of Louis Napoleon's action.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Château Eleanor-Louise: 11th Dec., 1851.

'My dear R.,—As you probably have not often received letters from correspondents under Martial Law, I write you this. The *état de siége* was proclaimed in this department two days ago, to the great delight of all the inhabitants who had anything to lose, and of many who had even their lives to lose, for nothing can exceed the ferocity of the Socialist mobs wherever they have had the upper hand. I am sorry to say our department (the Var) has been very bad, most of the towns having for a day or two been in possession of the Sovereign People, with mayors and other functionaries in prison; in some places pillage, murder, and all kinds of violence were committed. But the troops very soon defeated them, and after some attempts to escape and carry off the chief people in the places as hostages, to-day we find that they have everywhere failed, and the hostages have been recovered. It is curious to see how completely the fear of these Socialists and their madness and villainy has reconciled the country to the most outrageous act that ever was done. And it will make that act perfectly successful, at least for the present, I suppose.

'L. N. [Louis Napoleon] is ready to prove that there was a general conspiracy against all society by the Rouges and the Socialists. If he cannot prove that, it will be impossible to defend his conduct or to bear with

him except as preventing worse. He will find it comparatively easy to succeed to a certain extent, but his great difficulty will come with his Assembly or Assemblies. The vehement desire of strong measures to repress the miscreants who would plunge the country in blood and anarchy exceeds belief, and that desire is his strength.

'I shall remain here till things are quiet. We have had two threatenings here, but both failed. In the next department they are far from being in a quiet state.

'Yours ever truly,

'H. B.'

Lord Brougham's letters are sufficient to prove how vivid was Rogers's interest in public affairs. Of his more private correspondence it is almost impossible to give any adequate account. There are a number of letters from the old dramatist, Kenney, and his daughters which extend over the years 1849, 1850, and 1851, and are full of proofs of Rogers's kindness to an old friend. Not long before his accident Barbara Hughes (once Barbara Godfrey, the Miss Godfrey of Tom Moore's letters) had written to tell him of the loss of her husband, and to remind him that he was one of the very few remaining old friends. 'Indeed, there is scarcely one left belonging to the days of aunt Donegal.' He had once said to Lady Herschel, 'I can never gaze at a sunset without uttering a prayer;' and Lady Herschel, writing to him in this period of his decline, and speaking of her grandchildren, tells him, 'Your name is planted in their young hearts, where it will bloom and fructify in beauty

and fragrance when our generation is transplanted beyond the most glorious of sunsets.' She concludes, 'With every feeling of love and veneration from Sir John Herschel and myself.' There are affectionate letters from various members of the Fitzwilliam family; from Lady Campbell (Pamela) whom he had met at William Stone's house when Fox and Sheridan and Talleyrand (then only known as the Bishop of Autun), were there in 1792;[1] from the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; from Mrs. Meynell Ingram of Temple Newsam; from Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, Lord Braye, and Lord Carlisle. The one characteristic feature of all these letters is the deep personal regard they express for the venerable friend to whom they are addressed. Many of them are in reply to his own. In a letter to Moore, written in 1809 and published in the eighth volume of Lord John Russell's 'Memoirs of Moore' (page 79), Rogers says, 'I cannot write; and continually do I walk miles to save the necessity of writing a single line.' This expression was interpreted by Mr. Hayward to mean that he had a confirmed dislike of letter-writing, and this impression has been repeated by nearly all who have written about him. Yet these piles of letters conclusively prove that towards the close of his life at least, if not much earlier, the dislike of letter writing had been entirely overcome.

There are many glimpses of him in the Exhibition year. Sir Wentworth Dilke writes on the 7th of June to tell him that the Russian Commissioners have displayed

[1] *The Early Life of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 244, 245.

the malachite productions, and sends him a Bath-chair ticket that he may go and see them. Lady Morgan, writing about him, says—'Poor Rogers, I sat an hour with him the other day; he is the ghost of his former ghost; he talked with compassion of Moore's state, who is now bedridden, and has lost his memory, remembers nothing but some of his own early songs, which he sings as he lies, and which is heartrending to those who are around him.' Mrs. Moore, in a series of brief letters, all expressive of the greatest affection, keeps Rogers informed of the progress of her husband's illness. None of her letters are dated. They begin with Moore's first seizure, when she says, 'Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell sat with him on the day he was taken ill,' and adds, 'My mind is full of fears, but God gives me the great comfort of nursing him; he knows me, talks of you and other friends, his evanescent temper is now a blessing to himself and me. . . . He never recovered the sudden death of his beloved sister,[1] now almost four years.' The letters continue at intervals. In one, she says her husband 'was much affected when he heard of your accident.' In others, she tells him of her troubles with a bad servant. At length Mrs. Starky writes, on the 26th of February, 1852, to say that Mrs. Moore has tried to write herself, but is unable to do so, 'to inform him that Mr. Moore has been gradually sinking the last few days, and yesterday evening, at six o'clock, he breathed his last, with the utmost calmness and apparently without pain.'

[1] His sister Ellen, who died very suddenly in February 1846. Moore's *Diary and Letters*, vol. viii. pp. 12, 13.

The summer and autumn of the Exhibition year brought great numbers of visitors to his door, and a good many were admitted. Rogers had recovered sufficiently to get about in his carriage and to receive visitors in his easy chair or on his sofa, but he never walked again. The call mentioned in the following letter was therefore only a call in his carriage.

John Forster to Samuel Rogers.

'Fort House, Broadstairs, Kent: 9th Sept., 1851.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I find by a card I have received this morning, that you have been so kind as to call upon me in town. I therefore trouble you with this note as my only present means of returning your call. I came here a few days after I last had the pleasure of breakfasting with you, and am to stay about three weeks longer. I do all my work here, and go up to town every Friday to correct my proofs, coming back early on the Saturday, as the railroad now enables us to do. I am staying with Dickens, who, with all his family, desire their most kind remembrances to you.

'This place is full of associations connected with you, which make it more pleasant to all of us. A steamer from Hamburg (or Rotterdam), with a large cargo of live cattle, was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands at midnight on Saturday. Early on Sunday the Broadstairs boatmen went out to the wreck to save or to render what assistance they could; and at ten on Sunday night they returned with sixteen oxen and twenty-four sheep, of course all dead. Such of the poor creatures as the boatmen had found alive, still swimming about the wreck,

they were obliged to kill before they could secure them—and several of them had been carrying on the desperate struggle for life in the water more than eighteen hours. The incident made quite a stir on the little pier on Sunday night. But I beg your pardon for boring you, my dear Mr. Rogers, when I only intended, in writing this note, to say that as soon as ever my sea-side holiday is over, I shall call in St. James's Place on the chance of your being in town; and I beg you to believe me always

'Most sincerely yours,

'JOHN FORSTER.'

Mrs. Grote writes in October acknowledging a copy of his poems, and telling him she accounts this proof of his regard 'as among the most interesting of the consolations I possess, under habitual ill-health and frequent depression of spirits consequent upon it. To be honoured with the affectionate sentiment of the writer of such things as are contained in these two volumes of poems makes me feel joyful in spite of myself and solaces my weariest hours of existence.'

The winter was spent at Brighton, as usual, and just before Christmas he heard of Luttrell's death. Luttrell had been ill for two years, and Mrs. Groyn says, in a letter announcing his decease, that the illness had been borne with great patience. 'It was wonderful to see how little he minded a confinement of two years, the last nine months of which, and especially the last three, his sufferings were, at times, very acute, and painful to witness;

yet, whenever he was free from that sad neuralgic pain, his bright mind shone forth with some little, spirited joke, to cheer those around him.' He was eighty-one, and had been a prominent figure in London society for fifty years. Since the death of Richard Sharp, no name had been so closely associated as Luttrell's with that of Rogers. They were, as Charles Greville tells us in his Diary, 'always bracketed together, intimate friends, seldom apart, and always hating, abusing, and ridiculing each other. Luttrell's *bons mots* and repartees were excellent, but he was less caustic, more good-natured, but in some respects less striking in conversation than his companion, who had more knowledge, more imagination, and, though in a different way, as much wit.'

In the same month Turner died, and Rogers was left as one of his executors. It is enough to insert a letter on the subject, written a few days after his funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Sir Charles Eastlake to Samuel Rogers.

'7 Fitzroy Square, London: 3rd Jan., 1852.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—At the risk of telling you things that you have heard before, about the great man we have lost, I give you, from good sources, but without vouching for correctness, some of the stories which are now current. He had been ill, and almost confined to his bed since October. Mr. Harpur, one of the executors, and I believe a relative, only found out his place of concealment about ten days before his death. He had been residing at Chelsea for some years, with a widow named

Booth or Brooke, and it seems that he was there known only by her name. When his danger was apparent, a Dr. Price, who had formerly attended him, I think they say at Ramsgate, was sent for. On his telling Turner that he must be prepared to quit this world, our friend, perhaps observing some agitation in his doctor, said, "Go down stairs and take a glass of sherry." When the medical man returned, T. said, "Well, what do you say now?" The same opinion was repeated. "Then," said T., "I am soon to be a nonentity." This expression had, I am convinced, no special meaning, but was only one of his grandiloquent phrases, meaning that his end was come. On the morning when he died, it is said that either by his desire or by accident the window-curtains were opened just before he breathed his last, and the red sunlight, struggling through the fog, shone full on his face. The body was removed to his residence in Queen Anne Street, and a cast was taken of his face under Mr. Jones's direction.

'The magnificent funeral procession reached St. Paul's on Tuesday last through the crowded streets without any obstacle, and the full service, with chanting and anthem, was performed by the Dean.

'It was not till the following day that rumours began to circulate about his will. Having now conversed with several of the Executors, I believe what follows to be near the truth. He had not more than 80,000*l.* in the Funds. The property in dilapidated houses and land is not considered important. On the other hand, there is a vast amount of proof impressions of engravings from his works, sketch books, drawings, and unfinished

pictures. All the finished pictures are bequeathed to the nation, provided a room be built for them within ten years; if not, they are to continue to be exhibited in his gallery and house till the end of thirty years, and then to be sold for the benefit of the R. Academy. The unfinished pictures and all drawings and sketches are to be sold, together I presume with the engravings. You doubtless know that he has left his Executors (you being one) 20*l.* apiece, but almost all his Executors were his warm admirers, and he intended to honour them by the selection. To his (natural) daughter he has left nothing, to his old housekeeper in Queen Anne St. 150*l.* a year and some bonds; to the Chelsea lady nothing; 60*l.* a year for a professorship of landscape painting in the Academy, and an annual medal for landscape; 50*l.* a year for an annual Academic dinner! The great bequest is for a proposed foundation of almshouses for decayed painters on some land of his at Twickenham; some legal difficulty is expected with regard to this, the question being whether the Statute of Mortmain will interfere with his intentions or not. If it does, the bulk of his property will go to the nearest of kin. Many of the bequests are contingent and depend on the residue after the alms-houses are built and endowed. He has left 1000*l.* for a monument to himself.

'The bequest of his finished pictures excepted, his will has not given satisfaction; the wisdom even of the alms-houses is questioned by many, the Academic dinner is folly; the old housekeeper's legacy alone meets with universal approval. More will come out by degrees, but I send you what I have heard so far.

'With best wishes, in which my wife joins, to Miss Rogers and yourself, I remain, my dear Sir, truly yours,

'C. L. EASTLAKE.'

Towards the close of the year Lord Denman's fourth son, the Hon. George Denman, now Mr. Justice Denman, wrote to him to announce his engagement. Rogers replied on the 29th of December and addressed to him what are probably the last lines he ever wrote. A correspondent of 'The Illustrated London News' sent them to that paper, after Rogers's death, and said, 'I sat beside his chair, watching their progress, and here quote them as they dropped from his own lips.'

> Forth to the altar, and with her thou lovest,
> With *her* who longs to strew thy path with flowers,
> Nor lose the blessed privilege to give
> Birth to a race, immortal as your own;
> That, trained by you, may make a heaven on earth
> And tread the path that leads from earth to heaven.

The lines express a feeling which strongly possessed him in his old age. The occasion on which they were written —the approaching marriage of a son of one of his oldest friends—was eminently characteristic.

It is a sign of his sympathetic nature, and of the affectionate confidence he inspired, that young men wrote to him as Mr. Denman did. There are other similar letters among Rogers's papers, and there is probably not one to which he did not send a prompt and sympathising reply.

Here is another of Lord Brougham's efforts to keep him informed on public affairs.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Grafton Street: 3rd February, 1852.

'My dear Rogers,—I called this morning in St. James's Place, being the first hour I have had to myself since I returned the other day, and I was sorry not to find you come back; though much gratified with the good accounts of you.

'We are now all in suspense as to the course matters will take on Palmerston's affair, some supposing, as the newspapers of the morning say, that it will lead to no debate or even talk at all; but I am confident that is impossible, and that P. will go into his whole case, and then J. Russell will be obliged to give his account also.[1]

'The far more important matter of the alarm from France will, I hope and trust, be delicately handled; and that we shall not be exposed to the frightful risk of a misunderstanding by any offensive expressions in any quarter. It is a sad thing to have outlived all free government in that country, as you and I have done. But it is *their own* affair and not ours, and there is no use and much harm in abusing them whether they may be deserving of blame or of pity.

'We are all in hopes of soon seeing you again in town.

'Believe me very sincerely yours,

'H. Brougham.'

Moore's death on the 25th[2] of February has been

[1] This anticipation was fulfilled. The fullest explanations were given on both sides in the debate on the Address.

[2] The date is given in Lord John Russell's Preface to Moore's *Memoirs and Correspondence* (p. xxxi) as the 26th of February. But

already mentioned. It was so long expected that it took no one by surprise. He had suffered so much and was so complete a wreck that none of his friends felt any regret for the final stroke. He had been long absent from the familiar rooms his merry laughter had cheered, and even Rogers had ceased to miss him. But he felt that one more peg was drawn, as it were, in the slow process of striking his own tent. Mrs. Moore writes in the course of the spring, to send the inscription she had written for her husband's grave-stone. He had been quietly buried in the same grave in Bromham churchyard in which the bodies of his children slept; and to the record of their names upon the stone his widow added: 'And their Father, Thomas Moore, Tenderly beloved by all who knew the goodness of his Heart; The Poet and Patriot of his Country, Ireland. Born, May 28, 1779. Sank to rest, February 25, 1852; aged 72. God is Love.'

In the previous spring, Lord John Russell had sent to Rogers a copy of some charming lines by Lady John Russell, of which he says that he thinks if the subject were more deserving they would be very good. The subject was himself; and the lines had for their theme the rest and relaxation from the toils of public life, and the refreshment for new labours which he enjoyed in the delightful home at Pembroke Lodge. The poem is altogether worthy of its theme, and Rogers read it as all who have been privileged to see the manuscript have read it, with the greatest admiration and delight. But

Mrs. Starky's letter, quoted on page 403, and Mrs. Moore's own copy of the inscription on his grave-stone, both show that he died on the 25th.

that poem is not the only work of the same accomplished pen, and when Rogers returned from Brighton in 1852, Lord John Russell brought him a little volume of manuscript poems, beautifully illustrated, of which Rogers wrote as follows.

Samuel Rogers to Lord John Russell.

'15th April, 1852.

'My dear Friend,—How could you entrust me with anything so precious, so invaluable, that when I leave it I run back to see that it is not lost? The work of two kindred minds which nor time nor chance could sever, long may it live, a monument of all that is beautiful, and long may they live to charm and to instruct when I am gone and forgotten.

'Yours ever,

'S. R.

'22 St. James's Place.

'What may not be done by the pen and the pencil when two hearts are called in to mediate.'

The exquisite volume, within the covers of which Rogers's letter is preserved, deserves all that he says of it, as those who have seen it know.

CHAPTER X.

1852–55.

Fables about Rogers's Wealth—Appeals for his Patronage—Mr. Hayward's Estimate of him—His Kindness to Servants—Friends of later Years—Miss Coutts on Joanna Baillie's Death—Tom Taylor on the Duke of Wellington—Lord Brougham—Death of Empson—Lord Glenelg—Lord John Russell's 'Memoirs of Moore'—Lady John Russell—Mrs. Sigourney—Other American Friends—Lord Shaftesbury—Mrs. Carrick Moore—The Napier Family—Lord Brougham—Rogers and Lord Denman—Lord Denman's Death—Lord Brougham on France—Lady Ely—Lady Emily Pusey—Failure of Rogers's Memory—Death of William Maltby—The Bishop of Durham—Mr. Everett's Lady Ely's, and Lord Brougham's last Letters—Death of Sarah Rogers—The Closing Scene—Hornsey Churchyard.

Rogers did not escape the penalties that are exacted from all prominent men. Whatever false statements have been circulated about him since his death, they are little more than the results of an inevitable reaction from the fables which were popularly believed about him while he lived. I have already spoken of some falsehoods which have been published as to his want of liberality to struggling genius. During his lifetime exactly the contrary was said of him. The story of his good deeds went out through all the land, and brought him innumerable applications for help and patronage. To many of these no answer could be returned, and the stories of his supposed hardness are thus easily accounted for.

The most exaggerated rumours were circulated as to his wealth. One of the most curious of these illustrates the absurd want of reflection which characterises the purveyors of popular scandal. Among the bundles of rhymed rubbish sent to Rogers from all parts of the world, and in his latter days preserved from the destruction it merited and handed down to his heirs, is a long poem by a lady in Scotland, founded on a story of vain and vulgar ostentation she had heard and believed about him. One of the things shown to every visitor to his house was Milton's receipt for the five pounds paid to him for the copyright of 'Paradise Lost.' This receipt, framed and glazed, hung on one of his doors. This probably gave rise to the story, on which this lady wrote her poem, that the Bank of England had issued only four bank notes for a million sterling each, and that one of these, in a frame of solid gold, hung up in Rogers's room.

This story has been told of others. It seems to be the form in which a certain class of minds realise the idea of enormous wealth. The widespread notion of Rogers's power to advance the interests of poor authors was scarcely less absurd. He was supposed to be a kind of literary Jupiter, whose nod was immortality. It is impossible to look through a dead man's papers without feeling, with the Preacher, that 'all is vanity'; but this feeling is painfully intensified on opening a huge bundle of epistles, each made bulky by the enclosure of sheets of vapid verse which the writer takes for poetry, and which he asks 'the greatest poet and patron of the age' to read and to approve. Of all the names to these

letters—names of budding geniuses, of hard-working strugglers for bread, or of confident expectants of poetic fame—not one is known. They have all gone into utter oblivion; the pathetic story of their struggles, their hopes, their difficulties, and their aspirations has had some obscure ending, of which the world knows nothing. The few who wrote to him as strangers, and whose names stand out above the vanished crowd, are not in this category of suppliants for a favouring word. They ask for nothing. They merely send their works in recognition of Rogers's great literary position, and not in quest of patronage or aid. Among these correspondents are most of the men and women whose names are held in honour by the new generation.

Mr. Hayward gives, from a private manuscript, some instances of the old man's generosity. He quotes from the letter of a lady, of whom he says that she was 'nurtured and domesticated with genius from her childhood,' who writes: 'I knew the kind old man for five-and-twenty years—I say kind advisedly, because no one did so many kind things to those who, being unable to dig, to beg are ashamed. The sharp things were remembered and repeated because they were so clever. He was essentially a gentleman—by education, by association; his manners were perfect. Once, when breakfasting with him, when taking our seats he called my daughter to his side, thus obliging a young man to leave his place; feeling that this was not courteous, he said, "I ask you to move because I love your parents so dearly that I feel as if you were my son." He not only gave freely and generously, but looked out for occasions

of being kind. My father once saw him, and he asked after a mutual acquaintance: "How is K——?" The reply was, "As well as a man with nine children and a small income can be." The next day Mr. Rogers sent him fifty pounds. A friend once asked him to assist a young man at college; he gave immediately twenty pounds, and, after leaving the house, returned to say, "There is more money to be had from the same place, if wanted"!'

The writer of the article in 'The Quarterly Review' for October, 1888, already quoted, speaks of the thoughtful consideration with which, on every Antient Concert night, he fetched a gentle lady, diminished in means—the widow of an eminent scientific man—and took her to enjoy the feast of music doubly at his side. Another feature of his character was his kindness to servants. 'He felt,' says the Quarterly Reviewer, 'that the odds between master and man are too unequal to justify harsh measures even towards an unrighteous steward; that what injured the one comparatively little, was irrecoverable ruin to the other.' He not only preached this doctrine, but had himself practised it. The servant who had robbed him of his plate in 1835[1] was afterwards assisted by him to emigrate, with his wife and family, that he might have a new chance in another land. He used, also, in illustration of his plea for kindness to servants, to tell the story of an excellent servant, who had long served a cold and reserved master, and who at length gave notice to leave. The master was much distressed, and asked the man how he could think of leaving a place

[1] See *ante*, pp. 118, 119.

where he was prized so much. 'But how could I tell, sir, that you cared for me? You never told me so!'

Among the friends of his later years were some who are but rarely mentioned in these volumes. I find, for example, in Samuel Sharpe's Diary, records of the company at his Tuesday breakfasts, in which are the names of the Rev. Alexander Dyce (compiler of the volume called 'The Table Talk of Samuel Rogers'), the Rev. W. Harness, the Rev. W. Mitford (nephew of the historian), Gould, Spedding, Dr. Henderson, Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Jesse—as well as those of Luttrell and other intimate friends. One of the friends who had known him from her earliest years and now helped to cheer his decay was Miss (now the Baroness) Burdett-Coutts. Early in 1851 he had taken Miss Coutts to see Mrs. Joanna Baillie, and on her death, on the 23rd of February, had at once written to tell her of the event. In her reply, Miss Coutts expresses her satisfaction that she had seen the venerable authoress, and says, 'Her last words, as I left her, were that she looked forward to the time when she should be released with more pleasure than to anything else, and I thought to myself that I hoped that I might look as peaceful and happy as she did at that moment.' In this and the two following years Miss Coutts sends him chatty and interesting accounts of continental tours, and on the flyleaves of one or two of her letters are brief notes pencilled by Rogers for Edmund Paine to copy, full of thanks and affectionate regard. Lord Harrington writes early in 1852 to invite him to spend some time at Elvaston Castle, and on the letter is a pencilled reply that he should be happy to fly to Elvaston on the

wings of the wind, but, alas, he is unable to do so. 'In the spring,' he adds, 'when you come to town and I am in better health, pray, pray call upon me.' On the fourteenth of September the Duke of Wellington died. On the 25th Tom Taylor sent Rogers the lines which appeared in 'Punch.' 'They were written,' he says, 'in much sincerity of admiration and respect, and as I know the mutual appreciation there existed between him and you, I have obeyed the impulse which prompts me to send you a copy of a tribute which, in itself, I feel has no claims to notice, but which at least shows that even in the light and satiric pages of a publication like "Punch," admiration of a great man is allowed to express itself—becomingly, as I hope: honestly, as I feel.' Meanwhile, Brougham wrote—

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Scarborough: 2nd August, 1852.

'My dear R.,—I long to hear of your well-being, whether in London or at Brighton.

'I have been here these three weeks and more with my brother's children, he being still detained in town. Except Denman, I have seen no one that I ever saw before; but I am far from complaining of that. Denman was here 10 or 12 days, and found the fine bracing air of the place agreed well with him. We often talked of you; and he said you were his great example. We also talked over this *outrage* lately committed by poor Langdale's family—publishing such letters as L. himself would sooner have put his hand in the fire than made

public: some of his own, and some—much more improper—of his friend and benefactor Burdett.

'There is a book lately come out which I recommend to you—Mallet du Pan's Memoirs—as containing curious matter. I had always a prejudice against him, though I recollect Romilly used to take his part, and I now think justly. Nothing in the book is more remarkable than the low estimate, in all respects, of the Bourbon Princes and the emigrants generally. Of Louis Philippe it is quite otherwise.

'Believe me ever sincerely yours,

'H. Brougham.'

There is some correspondence this year with Empson. He sends Rogers his Life of Jeffrey, and says, 'I always connect you with Jeffrey, from the very true affection he had for you and because it was through him that I first began to know you, and to pretend to your friendship.' At the end of October he writes again: 'We are all better than usual, and Master Francis Jeffrey is exulting in a Shetland pony and button clothes. So moves on this changeful and transitory scene—one permanent landscape, with new figures in its foreground.' Changeful indeed; for the next letter in which Empson's name is mentioned is this—

Lord Monteagle to Samuel Rogers.

'E. I. College: Wednesday night [December, 1852].

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Your kind heart will, I know, make you anxious to hear a renewed account of our excellent friend Empson. He has held his ground to-day

and is not worse, but still no hopes are held out to us of his recovery. With the exception of a painful hiccough now and then after taking food, he has no bodily suffering whatever, and his state of mind is as blest with calm happiness, trust, and resignation as if he were passing from his library into a garden of flowers. He often and most affectionately speaks of you, and when this evening, at his own desire, I read to him that beautiful 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore shall I want nothing—though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," he said, "Tell Rogers that you read this to me. I read it once with him, he will remember. He was a good friend to me," he added, "if ever I had one." His heart is as warm and all his affections as fresh as they ever were, and his intellect and memory both bright and clear. Wrightson, who is one of his oldest friends, came down to-day. "It is you," he said, "my own unchangeable Wrightson. Yet you now see a change which we must all come to." I read to him, as arising out of one of Arnold's sermons which he had wished to hear, that wonderful 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. . . I go to prepare a place for you. . .; that where I am, there ye may be also." He said, "Yes, those are plain, simple words that cannot be mistaken or misunderstood if read in simplicity." In short, my dear Mr. Rogers, if we are to lose our friend, never was a more peaceful close of life. The setting of a summer sun over a calm sea is not more beautifully tranquil. Poor Charlotte bears up wonderfully and leaves no duty undischarged.

'I have written more than I meant, but the message he directed me to deliver you must be my excuse, and when writing at all I could not omit what is not only interesting but profitable to us all.

'God bless you, dear Mr. Rogers. With earnest good wishes for yourself, believe me always and most sincerely yours,

'MONTEAGLE.'

To this letter of Lord Monteagle's, with the indications it gives of talk and thought on the great subjects of religion, it may be well to add another from Lord Glenelg, who continued, as it appears, his well-meant efforts to make Rogers understand what are called 'Evangelical' views. What Rogers's opinions were I have shown. He had learned them from Dr. Price and he kept them to the last. One of the acts of his old age, still vividly remembered by the remaining members of the groups of children who were round the table, was to say to them just before the party broke up, 'We have eaten together, we have played together, but we have never prayed together; let us do so now.' And he made them kneel while he repeated the Lord's Prayer.

Lord Glenelg to Samuel Rogers.

'Wed., 22nd Sept., 1852.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Will you pardon my intruding on you for a few minutes? I fear I did not explain clearly enough my meaning as to the question you put to us yesterday. Lest there should be any mistake, I will now shortly state what I think.

'Forgiveness is promised to sincere repentance—that is, repentance followed by amendment—but this forgiveness is granted for the sake of the expiation made by our divine Lord and Saviour. The death of Christ is the only ground of hope for any of us, and that ground is sure and certain. The atonement and the intercession—that is the only refuge—but as the efficacy of that atonement is unlimited, so is the mercy of the Redeemer. "His blood," we are assured, "cleanseth from all sin," but the penitent must seek pardon and acceptance, trusting not in himself or his own virtue, or his repentance, but only on the mercy of the Supreme Being extended to us through the merits and mediation of his Son. To him must be our prayer. I will not enlarge further, but I should be sorry to be at all misunderstood on such a subject, though I feel it a subject too sacred for me to touch.

'You will, I am sure, receive kindly these few words, as they are meant kindly and come from a sincere and affectionate friend.

'With every good wish, believe me, ever yours,

'G.'

In the later autumn he occupied himself in preparing his papers for Lord John Russell's Memoirs of Moore.[1] He sent him all the letters, telling him they were divided into two parcels, one marked with X, the other with O,

[1] Moore wrote his Diary as a means of making some provision for his wife and family. Only his wife survived him; and thanks to Lord John Russell's labour of love the Memoirs produced enough to make her comfortable.

the first containing passages of interest, and the second letters which might probably be omitted, but leaving them all to his better judgment. 'With regard to my own,' he said, 'you cannot extract too little, and pray let me see the extracts. I hope that little will be there to offend anybody, as I am now withdrawn from the world.' In the same spirit he sent to the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth all Wordsworth's letters, indicating a number of them which he thought should not then be printed. None of these interesting and characteristic letters were used in the baldest biography ever written of a great man. As the reasons for withholding any of them exist no longer, I have in these volumes published them all. With respect to Rogers's letters to Moore, Lord John Russell writes to thank him for the trouble he had taken in looking through them, and says of his forthcoming volumes, 'I hope the books will afford some amusement and no pain, that at least has been my object in my numerous erasures.' The necessity for making these erasures arose from the promptitude with which Moore's Diary and Letters were published. Many omissions were then necessary which would not be needful now; they were made with the greatest consideration and care, but they inevitably diminished the public interest in the Diary, and it might perhaps be worth consideration whether a new edition in which the eliminated passages were restored, might not now be issued. The fourth volume contained an admirable engraving by H. Robinson of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Rogers. These first four volumes appeared in 1853. Rogers, when he had had time to look over

them, wrote to Lord John Russell expressing his approval, and this was the reply—

Lady John Russell to Samuel Rogers.

'Chesham Place: 16th Jan., 1854.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—Your kind note made Lord John very happy, and me too. What he said was but the truth, and what you say is one of his pleasantest rewards for the trouble he has taken. You ought to have told us how you are, and whether as we hope you are coming. I must thank you for another note which I received some time ago, the kindness of which touched me deeply.

'Yours affectionately,

'F. Russell.'

The other note was on the occasion of Lady Minto's death in the summer of 1853. Rogers never failed to write to his friends on such occasions, and the kind feeling which always dictated his letters is reflected in the very affectionate terms in which he was constantly addressed in return.

The year 1852 brought with it even more than the usual budgets of letters from the United States. Among these was one from Mrs. Sigourney, whose 'Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands,' published in 1843, had given an account of a European tour. On the title page she had quoted, as a motto, some lines of Rogers's, and had spoken of him in the book itself. From her visit to him in 1841 onwards she had occasionally corresponded

with him. Her letters are all in the style of her book and of this letter.

Mrs. Sigourney to Samuel Rogers.

'Hartford, Connecticut: 17th March, 1852.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—So long a time has elapsed since I had the pleasure of hearing particularly from you, that I cannot refrain from writing to inquire and to repeat the assurances of my vivid and affectionate remembrance. The public papers of our land conveyed the intelligence of your having sustained some injury by a fall from your carriage, and by various friends who have persuaded me to give them an introductory line that they might look upon your face, I have received occasional descriptions. But these are not sufficient to satisfy me, and if it should be fatiguing to you to write, will you have the goodness to direct some other pen to give me more particular statements of your health and welfare? You may not have been so fully aware as the friends in my native land, of the peculiarly deep interest and veneration I cherished for you, from our first meeting; and that to none of the distinguished literary characters in your realm, from whom I received undeserved attentions, does my heart turn with an equally fervent regard.

'Perhaps you have not known what a deep sorrow has fallen upon me, the death of my only son, the "apple of my eye," who fell in the bloom of nineteen, a victim to that foe of the young and beautiful, consumption. You will forgive me, that I send you a few mournful verses on the leaf of a periodical.

'One jewel remains in the maternal heart's rifled casket, his gentle sister. I have sometimes thought of taking her across the ocean, for a short summer excursion, as the avails of my writings would permit of such an indulgence. Should I decide to do so, might we hope for an interview with you? One of my chief objects in going would be to see you and to show you to her; for Wordsworth, and Miss Baillie, and Miss Edgeworth, whom I loved, are no longer there to take me by the hand.

'An interesting anniversary has recently occurred in my native city (Norwich), the hundredth birthday of a valued friend of my own blessed father. They were born in the same year; but one left us at the age of 88, with unfrosted hair, and an elastic step; the other remains, with an ear quick to hear, and a calm enjoyment of all life's comforts, though for the past few months his limbs have declined their accustomed services. His intellect is wholly undimmed, and on his centennial morning he received a *levée* of some two hundred friends, with much satisfaction and apparently without physical exhaustion.

'Hoping that I may not have wearied your patience with this long epistle, and requesting soon to have the privilege of hearing from you,

'I remain yours, with true and affectionate regard,

'L. H. Sigourney.'

Other letters from the United States at this period were all written in a tone of affectionate solicitude, which gave Rogers much comfort. Daniel Webster begs him

to 'accept anew assurance of my affectionate regard. Here, as elsewhere, everybody thinks and speaks kindly of you. Indeed, if good wishes are roses, then are you always "on a bed of heaped Elysian flowers."' Mr. Prescott sends by the Lyells, who had just been staying two months in America, a volume containing 'an account of the residences of the New York bookmongers, and of mine among the rest.' Prescott had only arrived in London in 1850, on the day after Rogers's accident, 'but I had still,' he says, 'the satisfaction of more than one pleasant interview to lay up in remembrance. At the last one you told me, I recollect, that you intended to humbug the doctors, and that you may long continue to humbug them as successfully is the wish, I assure you, of many a friend of humanity and genius on this side of the water.' Washington Irving writes to introduce Mr. Henry Tuckerman, signs himself 'ever very truly and affectionately yours,' and in a postscript thanking him for kind attentions to his niece, Mrs. Storrow, during a visit to London, adds, 'of which whenever she speaks her heart runs over.'

He did not live to see the abolition of American slavery, but his sympathies were all with the Abolitionists as a brief correspondence shows.

Samuel Rogers to Lord Shaftesbury.

'My dear Lord,—It is now half a century since I expressed my admiration publicly for the speech of an ancestor of yours, in the reign of William the Third. May

I venture to express my admiration for what you have written on the subject of slavery in the Western world?

'Yours, with great respect,

'SAMUEL ROGERS.

'22 St. James's Place.'

Lord Shaftesbury to Samuel Rogers.

'11th November, 1852.

'Dear Mr. Rogers,—I cannot permit an hour to pass without thanking you for your kind commendation of the few words I have written on behalf of the wretched negro in America. I heartily rejoice that you approve the tone and sentiments of the address, and it is indeed refreshing to observe the youthful sympathies and zeal of a green and gracious old age.

'May God bless them to your comfort.

'Yours very truly,

'SHAFTESBURY.

Though he had spoken of himself some time before as withdrawn from the world, the process of withdrawal was prolonged over a couple of years. There is, however, no story to tell of this period. The time had to be spent on the sofa or in the easy chair—articles of furniture he had never, till his accident in 1850, even had in the room in which he chiefly lived. His carriage was so adapted that he could be placed in it in his chair, and he enjoyed driving, even when his memory was so far gone that he had to ask his coachman the names of friends he met. In 1853 and 1854 he saw a few chosen friends, made a few visits, wrote a few letters, and travelled as

usual to and from Brighton. The few letters which have the chief interest are from old friends—some of them to announce the death of companions of the earlier time.

There are many letters from Mrs. Carrick Moore, full of the most affectionate gratitude for his kindness to her in a period of suffering and sorrow. There is a good deal of correspondence, too, with various members of the Napier family. During the last illness of Sir Charles James Napier, Rogers's attentions and inquiries were incessant. He sent delicacies from his table, and affectionate messages to which 'the acknowledged hero of a family of heroes,' as the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' calls him, responded. Miss Napier in her letters pours out her feelings with the unreserve of intimate friendship. She keeps Rogers constantly informed of her brother's condition, and at last announces his death on the 29th of August, 1853. At Christmas Lady Napier, Fox's niece, who signs herself Caroline Napier *née* Fox, writes on behalf of Sir William to ask whether Rogers remembers seeing the Manuscript of 'Harold.' He had once promised to read it, and to give his opinion upon it. The Manuscript was afterwards found, and was published in 1858 under the title of 'William the Conqueror, an Historical Romance.'

Lord Brougham occasionally reports how the world goes on.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Grafton Street: Saturday, 5th March [1853].

'My dear Rogers,—I have been prevented from writing to you by the hope that I should have something

like better accounts to give of our excellent and much-loved friend Denman. The general health is as good as possible; but, unhappily, there is very little, if any, progress in the restoration of his speech. I need hardly add that this state in which he had been all the time I was at Cannes, prevented me from going over to Nice, where my being, and unable to see or communicate with him, would have given him great pain.

'The consequence was that our poor friend, the Duchess of Bedford, I did not see; she had been quite well five days before her death, but walked so as to heat herself, and then got a chill in the carriage.

'The climate on our fine coast at Cannes has been marvellously cold.

'My brother (whose family I left there) writes that they have had snow a foot deep, and often years pass without any snow at all, and never above a sprinkling.

'I hear that Larpent's book is worth reading. Douro (the new Duke) strongly recommends it. Lady Susan Hamilton is on her way home. I saw the Duchess—her mother—to-day quite well.

'Yours ever sincerely,

'H. Brougham.'

His old friend Lord Denman was at the time suffering from paralysis, with which he had been seized in the previous December. It was accompanied by complete loss of the memory for words. His biographer, Sir Joseph Arnould, tells us that he retained his emotional and intellectual faculties almost unimpaired, but that his powers of communication with others by speech or

by writing were entirely taken away. He read and understood the letters of his friends, but could only reply by copying, in a sort of formal print, parts of them which had pleased him. He retained his fondness for scenery, his delight in pictures, his passion for flowers, and he could read, and could clearly understand everything that was read or said to him. He liked to be written to, and Sir Joseph Arnould mentions three letters—two from Samuel Rogers, and one from the Duke of Devonshire—which gave him peculiar pleasure. Rogers was within a few months of the completion of his ninetieth year; yet we are told the writing of the letter shows no signs of age or shakiness. The probability is, however, that the mere writing was Edmund Paine's, which was scarcely to be distinguished from that of Rogers himself.

Samuel Rogers to Lord Denman.

'My dear Friend,—How can I thank you for your kind inquiries after me, and for the little book, which I have read with great delight? Your friendship and your benevolence never sleep, night or day. As for me, I am as well as I can hope to be, and you are always in my thoughts. I can never forget you here or hereafter.

'Samuel Rogers.

'22 St. James's Place: 14th March, 1853.'

Lord Denman was at Nice when this letter was written, but returned to Stony Middleton in April and replied from thence. His answer was written by Mrs. Hodgson, his widowed daughter, who, with her children, was living

at Stony Middleton; but the letter was read and approved by Lord Denman, though he could not have written or composed it himself. Rogers replied.

Samuel Rogers to Lord Denman.

'My dear Friend,—I need not say with what delight I have read your letter from Stony Middleton.

'Pray give my love to one and all there. As I am not with you, and must be elsewhere, I am consoling myself by the seaside, and wishing you all were with me, not omitting the young voices that are rejoicing you all day long.

'I am as well as I can hope to be, but should be better if I could transport myself where you are; for so great a pleasure I would resign the waves of this beautiful sea, and the thousand "ladyes" on horseback, who are passing before me.

'Ever most affectionately yours,

'Samuel Rogers.

'I cannot say how much I think myself obliged to her who has written your charming letter.

'79 Marine Parade, Brighton.'

In a letter from the Duke of Devonshire to Lord Denman, written in February, 1854, acknowledging the receipt of some lines which Denman had copied and sent as his substitute for the letter he was unable to write, there is a glimpse of Rogers.

'I must add, besides, that you have been the means of my having a great satisfaction—that of giving pleasure to poor Rogers on seeing him to-day. I read the verses out loud to him, and it appeared to me that he admired and liked them very much indeed. When he saw your handwriting he kissed it.'

Eight months later Lord Denman died, and his son, now Mr. Justice Denman, announced the event in a letter which is of interest as showing the relation in which Rogers stood to the family, and as recalling the virtues of a Lord Chief Justice of England who deserved the affection with which his contemporaries regarded him.

The Hon. George Denman to Samuel Rogers.

'Stony Middleton, Bakewell: 24th Sept., 1854.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I hardly know whether in your present state of health I ought to write to you about an event which will give you so much pain as that which I have to communicate; but if you ought not to know it, your kind and considerate attendants will keep it from you; and if you were to hear it first from a newspaper, I know it would be a greater shock.

'My dear father was on Thursday evening last seized with another severe attack of apoplexy, and after more than twenty-four hours of unconsciousness, he died at half-past eight on Friday night. Up to the moment at which the attack became violent he preserved his calm and cheerful manner, seemed happy and contented and showed his usual sweet consideration of all around him.

'Trusting, my dear Mr. Rogers, that you may soon be sufficiently recovered to enjoy a visit to the sea or country,

'I am, as ever, sincerely yours,

'GEORGE DENMAN.'

Lord Brougham continued a frequent visitor to Rogers when they were both in town, and a correspondent when they were away from home. He writes from Paris in the autumn of 1853.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Paris: 1st Oct., 1853.

'My dear Rogers,—I was very unfortunate in calling as I passed through London a few hours after you had left town. But I had an excellent account of your health. I have been here a week and go to-morrow to the south. There are hardly any people of Paris here; but Lord Lansdowne, the Hollands, and one or two nice English, have made the place very agreeable. The appearance of things is pretty much the same as it has been these last eighteen months. No one seems to regret the loss of their Constitution except the members of the former government and former legislature. In fact, the parties had made their Parliament quite contemptible. On the other hand, the person at the head is taken as a mere necessary of political life which they can't do without, although they don't much relish it.

'Believe me, sincerely yours,

'H. BROUGHAM.'

Other letters tell their own story.

The Marchioness of Ely to Samuel Rogers.

'Marienbad en Bohème: 10th Sept. [1853].

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I hope this will find you pretty well. We have been here a short time now, and remain about ten days longer. I am afraid I have not much news to make my letter agreeable to you, but I hope to hear in return of you, and that will be a great pleasure to me. We found very few people left on our arrival here; very few English ever come here, but there are always a great many Poles and Hungarians. This year there is a poor Hungarian prisoner here, who is confined in the fortress at Olmutz, and has been allowed to come here to drink the waters; he returns to his fortress afterwards, and then he has still seven long years of captivity before him. His wife and children are in Hungary. He looks very sad and pale, but still, I believe, the Emperor has shown him great favour and kindness, for his was a case of desertion. I think after we leave this we shall go to spend a day or two with some friends we have in the Grand Duchy of Posen in Poland, but I will write to you again.

'Lord Ely is much better since he has been here, but he begins to get rather tired of this place. Marienbad is very pretty, surrounded with large dark pine woods, so still and fragrant; every one wishes to go now except the poor prisoner, and he will regret the fresh breezes here, and his walks and comparative freedom, when he is obliged to return to his fortress; he has two soldiers here, and one never leaves him, and they relieve each other. A letter directed under cover to Lord Augustus Loftus,

British Embassy, Berlin, will always find me. Lord Ely desires his kind regards to you. I have sent you a view of this place, and with every kind wish to you, my dear Mr. Rogers,

'Believe me ever yours very truly and sincerely,

'Jane Ely.'

Lady Emily Pusey to Samuel Rogers.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—It is so very long since I have heard of you that I can no longer refrain from writing to beg for a little news of how you are and where you are. I have not been in London for the last two seasons, or you would have been troubled with my visits. Last year I had the pleasure of hearing from a common friend that you were well and taking your daily drives; but this year I have not been so fortunate; and I now shall be most thankful to you for one line to say how you are. I sadly fear that there is no hope of your coming here, where we should be so delighted to see you. We are lately returned from Scotland, but the weather was so very variable that we could not visit the Lakes, as we had intended, and we are now settled at our home for the winter. The journey from London does not take more than two hours and a half. We could give you a bedroom on the ground floor, and we would do everything we could to contribute to your comfort. I must not give you the trouble of reading a long letter, but will conclude with kindest love from Mr. Pusey and my children.

'My dear Mr. Rogers, ever yours very affectionately,

'Emily Pusey.

'Pusey, Faringdon, Berks: 10th Oct., 1853.'

It is a pathetic circumstance that Lady Emily and her husband both died before Rogers—Lady Emily in November 1854, and Mr. Pusey in July 1855. Life was becoming less and less desirable to Rogers himself. Mr. Hayward says with complete truth of this period of gradual decline, that 'although his impressions of long past events were as fresh as ever, he forgot the names of his relations and oldest friends whilst they were sitting with him, and told the same stories to the same people two or three times over in the same interview. But there were frequent glimpses of intellect in all its original brightness, of tenderness, of refinement, and of grace.' He was quite conscious of this failure of his powers. A lady correspondent of Mr. Hayward's told him that once, driving out with him in his carriage, she asked him after a lady whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check-string, and appealed to his servant: 'Do I know Lady M——?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. Turning to his companion in the carriage, and taking her hand, he said, 'Never mind, my dear, I am not yet reduced to stop the carriage and ask if I know you.' This forgetfulness grew upon him; and in the last eighteen months—that is, from about the middle of the year 1854—he was no longer able to enjoy the visits of his friends. He had hitherto lived alone, but then his niece, Martha Rogers, went to live with him and take care of him; and her watchful devotion did much to smooth his slow and painful journey through the shadow. Almost to the last his friends still wrote to him, and he sometimes sent them messages in reply. In December, 1853, Lady Ely writes—

The Marchioness of Ely to Samuel Rogers.

'Osborne: 16 December [1853].

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—I am quite ashamed of the time that has elapsed since I wrote to you; I hope you are pretty well, and have been so since you have been at Brighton. I do not know whether you have seen Lord Ely, who has been there for the last ten days. . . . Since I wrote to you we went to Paris, and while there we paid a visit to the Emperor and Empress at Fontainebleau: it is a beautiful place, and we enjoyed our visit there so much; we went long drives into the forest every day, and two days we had a large *chasse*. The costume the Emperor has chosen is very pretty. The Empress rides very well indeed, and looks lovely in it. We have had very changeable weather since we have been here, a great deal of rain and cold.

'The Queen remains here till the 22nd, and then goes to Windsor. I am afraid I shall not see you at Brighton, as Lord Ely writes me he has settled to go to Paris for a short time, but I hope when you come to London we shall meet very often, and if later we go to Brighton I will not fail to let you know. I hear Miss Coutts is returning immediately from Paris; I saw her when we were there. The Duchess of Wellington is gone with the Duke to Italy for the winter, and her sister is gone with them.

'I hope you will believe how happy I shall be to hear some news of you, and that I am ever

'Yours very truly,

'Jane Ely.'

One of his earliest friends — the sole survivor of their schoolboy days, the companion with whom he had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door more than seventy years before, William Maltby—died on the 5th January 1854. He had succeeded Porson as librarian to the London Institution in 1809, and in 1834 had been superannuated, but continued to live in the building in Finsbury Circus till his death. The friendship between him and Rogers, begun at the Rev. James Pickbourne's school[1] at Hackney in the seventies of the eighteenth century, lasted unbroken to the end. It had led in very early days to a visit by Rogers to Winchester School, where another Maltby was a pupil. Rogers took this boy with him to an inn to dinner. He became afterwards Bishop of Durham, and used to say that he never ate such excellent duck and green peas as on that evening. He writes on the death of his relative.

The Bishop of Durham to Samuel Rogers.

'Auckland Castle: 22nd Jan., 1854.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—We have much to condole with each other—I with you on the loss of an old and justly esteemed friend; you with me who have to mourn over a kind relative to whom I have been known and attached for more than seventy years. And we both lose a worthy man and kind-hearted friend, possessed of varied and curious knowledge. But the loss to both of us is softened by the feeling that if his life had been spared, his infirmities would have increased rather than

[1] See *Early Life of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 29, 30.

diminished, and that he has been released from a state which no longer held out to him any prospect of enjoyment.

'Mrs. Maltby joins me in hoping that you have not suffered from this unexpectedly severe winter, and my granddaughter, whom you allowed me to introduce to you from her admiration of your writings, and to whom you were so very kind, desires to add her warmest wishes for your health and happiness to ours.

'Believe me, my dear Mr. Rogers, most sincerely your affectionate friend,

'E. Dunelm.

'Samuel Rogers, Esq.'

Mrs. Sigourney writes again.

Mrs. Sigourney to Samuel Rogers.

'Hartford: 10th Feb., 1854.

'My dear Mr. Rogers,—Your name is cherished with tender regard in this new Western World, and every passing notice in the public papers of him who enriched our common language and the treasury of poesy with "The Pleasures of Memory" and "Italy," appreciated as it should be.

'For myself, being able to add the memory of the countenance and the voice to these associations, I am often wishing for some more definite notices of your welfare than thus reach us fortuitously over the waves, "few and far between."

'Moved by the solicitation of friends visiting the Mother Land, I have sometimes given letters of introduction to yourself, which I should be happy to hear may

have not been too numerous, or deemed on my part too great a liberty.

'Should I again cross the ocean, it will be, I hope, to find you in health; and trusting ere long to be assured by yourself that it still continues comfortable, and that the blessing of God rests ever on your venerable and endeared head,

'I remain yours, with the greatest respect,

'L. H. SIGOURNEY.'

There are other letters from Mr. Everett in 1854, one introducing a friend, the other giving an account of his family. He had become, on the death of Daniel Webster, a senator for Massachusetts, and wrote with some pathos to Rogers announcing his return to public life. In the last letter there is a premonition that it is the final adieu.

Edward Everett to Samuel Rogers.

'Boston: 13th May, 1854.

'My dear and venerable Friend,—I am ashamed of myself for having allowed more than a year to pass without having acknowledged the receipt of your letter of the 22nd of March 1853, and thanked you for your ready compliance with the request of the literary executors of Mr. Webster. It is not necessary that they should have the originals of his letters in their possession, and they are grateful to you for sending the copies.

'Although I have not informed myself directly relative to your health, our good friend Sir Henry Holland seldom writes to me without mention of it. I rejoice that you

continue to enjoy life, and contribute to its enjoyment by all who have the happiness of knowing and seeing you.

'My own health is not satisfactory; and I am now in Boston to take advice of my family physician. Although there is a considerable difference in our ages, there will be no great difference in the time at which we cross the stream.

'My wife has been for more than a twelvemonth confined to her bedroom a confirmed invalid. My eldest son is well married and entering upon his profession as a surgeon; my second son is about to begin his last year at college; and my "youngest hope," as you used to call him, will enter college this year, not quite fifteen years of age. My daughter—now the mother of two children—is following the movements of her husband, who is an officer in our navy, and now in the Mediterranean. I write you of these children, all very dear to me, because you have signalised them by your kind remembrance.

'Adieu, my venerable and beloved friend, and if you can spare a few moments, let me have a line or two to assure me that you have not forgotten your sincerely affectionate

'Edward Everett.'

Mr. Everett survived his venerable friend a little less than ten years.

In the autumn Rogers removed as usual to Brighton, and was able to take the air in his carriage. His sister Sarah was near him, and he had the constant company

of his niece. But the end was drawing near. The last letter from Brougham was written in the succeeding January, and most appropriately is a recognition of a kindness done by Rogers to Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Lord Brougham to Samuel Rogers.

'Brougham: 16th January, 1855.

'My dear R.,—Lady Jersey is desirous you should know how grateful poor Bayly is for your great kindness. He says, "particularly Mr. Rogers, on whom I had no kind of claim." You are, indeed, the only benefactor whom he specially names.

'I have been here a month, and though it is the depth of winter, I have seen but one day of cold; the rest were dark enough, with a hurricane or two of wind, but mild.

'I hope you have had as tolerable a winter in the South.[1]

'Believe me, most sincerely yours,

'H. Brougham.'

There are other letters which were read to him when they arrived, and to some of which he partly dictated answers. Lord John Russell wrote, telling him of his intended journey to Paris: 'I am going to-morrow morning by the "Fury," a name which seems to portend a storm. I go straight to Paris, but whether I

[1] It is worthy of note that about a week later than the date of this letter a severe frost set in which lasted through the whole of February and into March, making this winter one of the most severe and prolonged in modern times.

shall come back straight is not quite so certain. If I could find a pleasant companion by advertising, I might, perhaps, go to Rome; as it is, I shall probably go back to smoking Carthage.' He came straight back; and the resignation of the Ministry took place at the end of January. He went again to Vienna in February, and Lady John Russell followed in March. Rogers himself was all the winter at Brighton, where, on the 29th of January, his sister Sarah died. She had been able to take her drive as usual on the previous Friday, and she passed away on the Monday without any suffering. She was nine years younger than her surviving brother and was in her eighty-third year when she died. She had had a long period of decay, and her brother's only remark when he heard that she was gone was, 'What a great blessing! I wish I could die too.' But he was to linger for nearly eleven months—months in which every day brought accounts of the loss of some one of his friends. He returned to St. James's Place early in the spring, taking occasional interest in things around him, but altogether withdrawn from the world; and in the last months—the beginning of his ninety-third year—unable to concern himself with anything. His niece watched over his slow decline with self-denying assiduity, and his servant, Edmund Paine, admirably seconded her efforts. His relations, and a few near and dear friends of the younger generation—for all his actual contemporaries were gone—paid him occasional visits; but, though glad to see them, he was unable to enjoy their society. So the last summer and autumn passed away, and he was still in his London house, waiting without

fear—indeed, with actual desire—for the approaching change. It came on Tuesday morning, the 18th of December, when he passed quietly and peacefully away. He had been ninety-two on the 30th of July. Dr. Beattie, writing on the same day, said: 'A more tranquil and placid transition I never beheld. His devoted niece closed his eyes, and his faithful domestics stood weeping round his bed. Some of the attendant circumstances reminded me of the death of Campbell; but this was more calm, solemn, and impressive—quite in keeping with the scene in his "Human Life."' I have before shown that the pictures drawn in that poem are from his own experience. The boy is himself; the home is the home of his childhood, on Newington Green; the mother is the sweet and tender woman who has drawn her own portrait in her letters; the philosophy of the poem is that which the guides and instructors of his youth had taught him; and it was not the least happiness of his long life that its closing scene should be thus in keeping with the picture he himself had drawn—

> They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees:
> Sees and exults. Were ever dreams like these?
> They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
> And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears.
>
> 'Tis past! That hand we grasped, alas, in vain!
> Nor shall we look upon his face again!
> But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
> Nothing was wanting; and through many a year
> We shall remember with a fond delight
> The words, so precious, which we heard to-night;

His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns, or music at the close.

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then, secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace—say rather, soared to Heaven,
Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 'tis given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of Eternity.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone
Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone ;
Like those of old on that thrice-hallowed night
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright,
And with a voice inspiring joy not fear,
Says, pointing upward, Know, ' He is not here.'

He was buried, in accordance with his own wish, in the same grave in Hornsey churchyard in which his brother Henry and his sister Sarah had been interred.

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